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DEC. 18,
1937

Liberty

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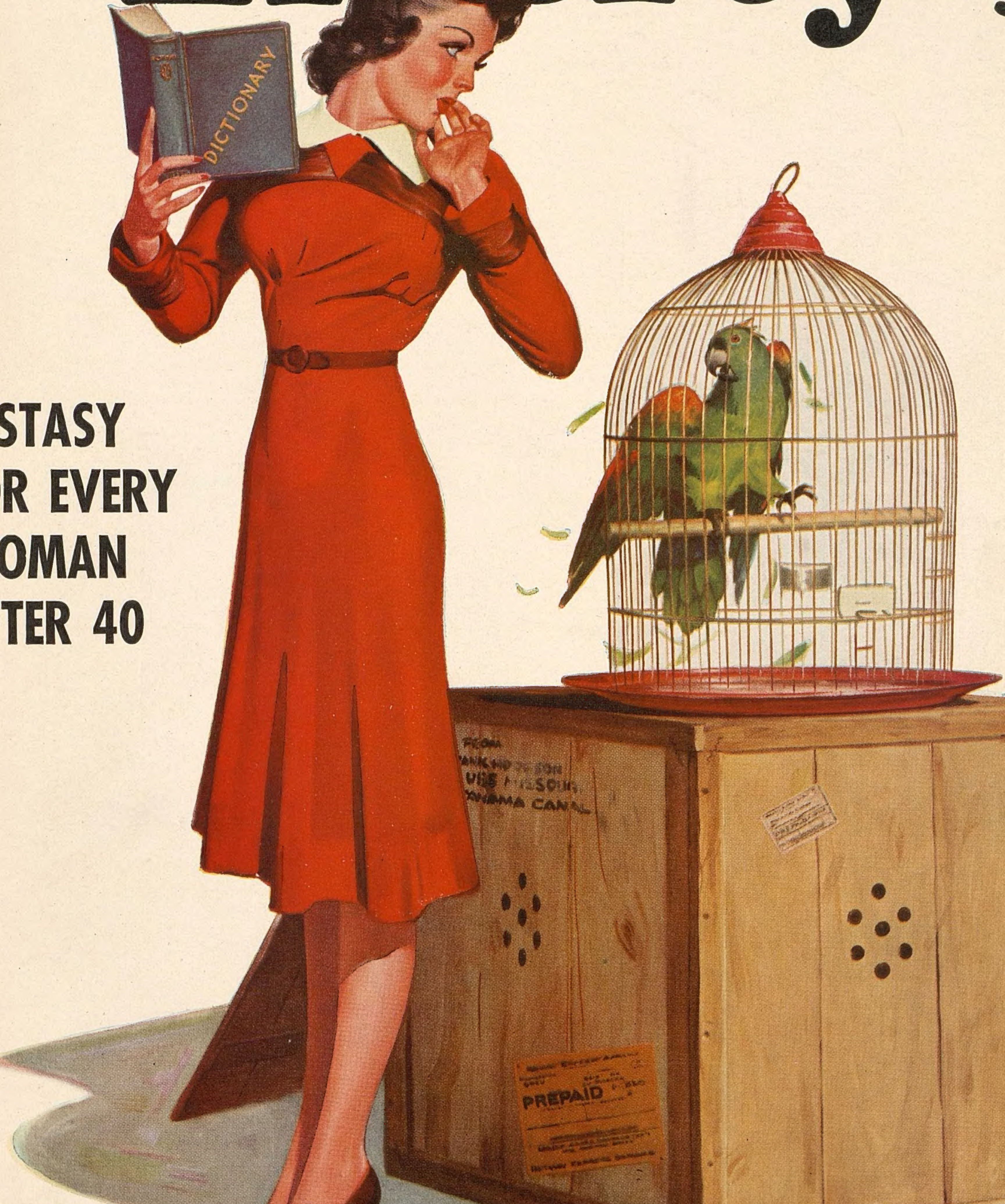
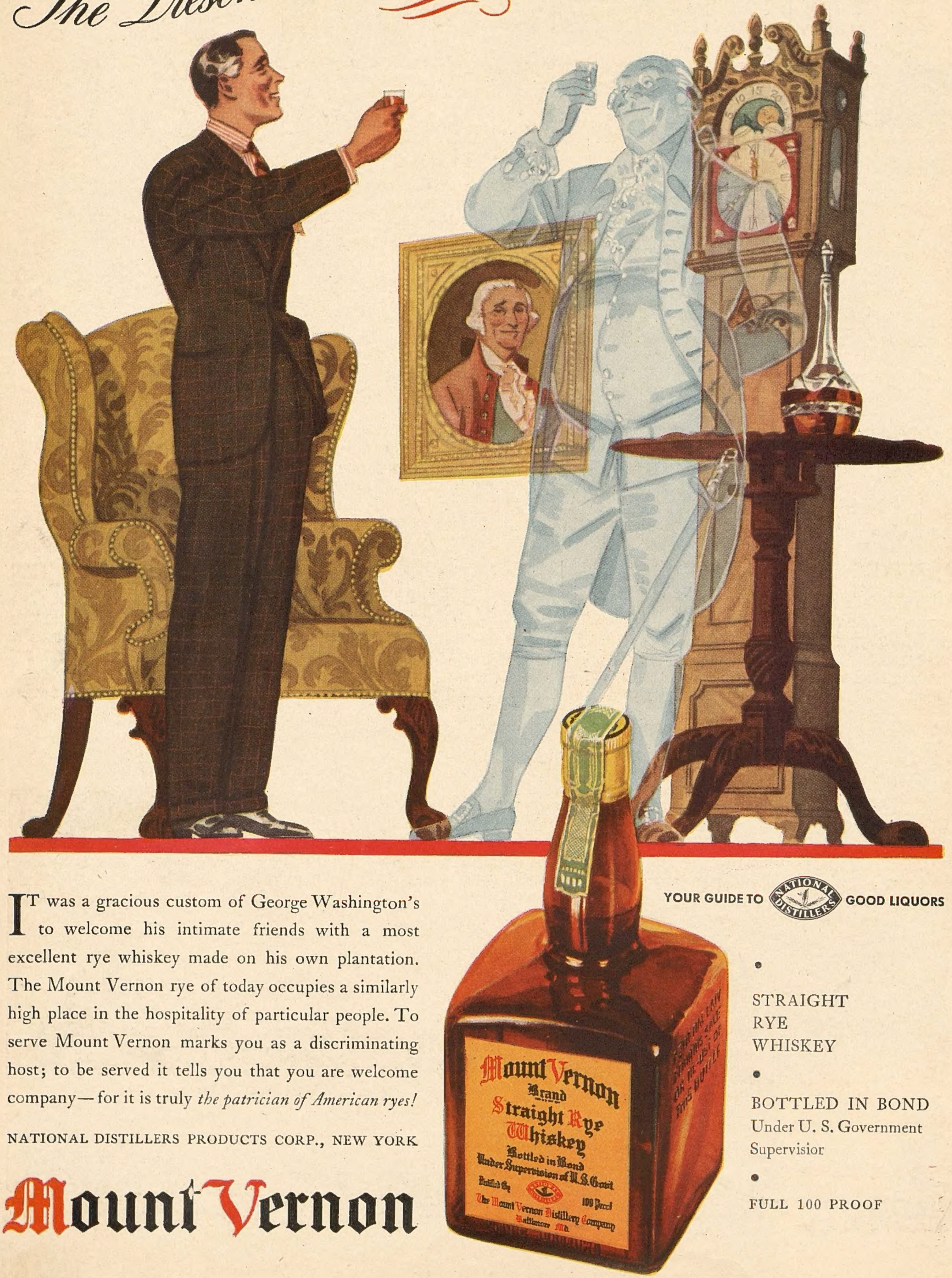

DICTIONARY
FROM
CANAL
PREPAID
ROBERT G HARRIS

ECSTASY
FOR EVERY
WOMAN
AFTER 40

I FLY IN THE SPANISH WAR—Dogfights in a Modern Hell

The Present toasts the Past in Mount Vernon!


Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U. S. Gov't
Bottled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

IT was a gracious custom of George Washington's to welcome his intimate friends with a most excellent rye whiskey made on his own plantation. The Mount Vernon rye of today occupies a similarly high place in the hospitality of particular people. To serve Mount Vernon marks you as a discriminating host; to be served it tells you that you are welcome company—for it is truly *the patrician of American ryes!*

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

Mount Vernon

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

•

STRAIGHT
RYE
WHISKEY

•

BOTTLED IN BOND
Under U. S. Government
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FULL 100 PROOF

Just Look at This for a Big, Beautiful Car

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PRICED CARS ON
ACTUAL VALUE!

AMAZING LOW PRICE

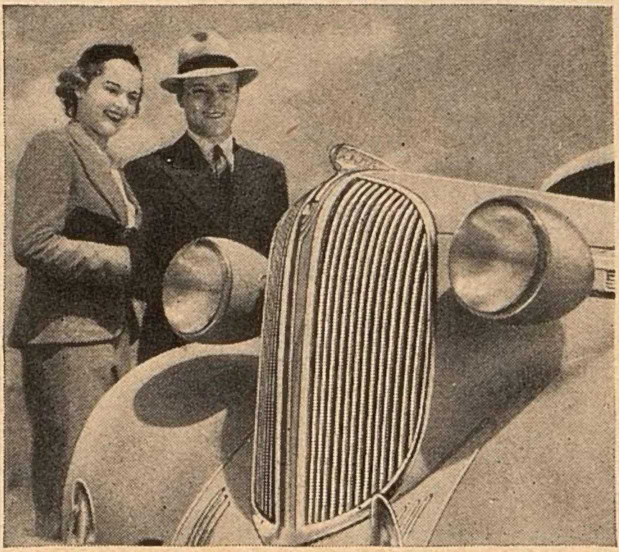
Don't be fooled by the size, luxury and beauty of the new Plymouth.

It is actually one of the lowest-priced cars you can buy today!

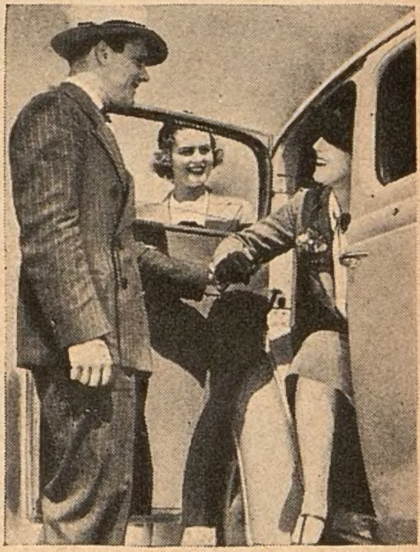
Be sure to go see it. Check the values. Learn about Plymouth's remarkable new ride...its easier steering, faster handling.

But...get the price. And by all means drive Plymouth—today!

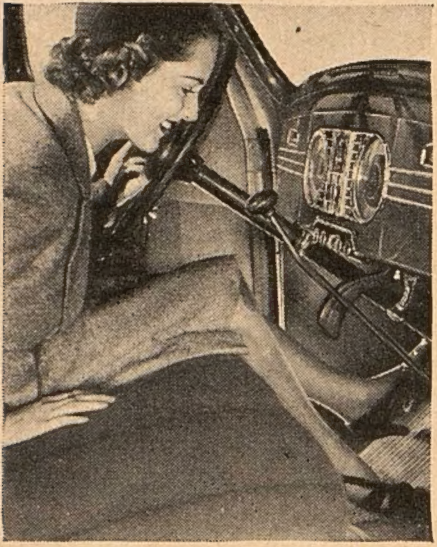
YOU'LL LIKE THE PRICE—The 1938 Plymouth is one of the lowest-priced cars. And the Commercial Credit Company offers easy terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Make it a habit—tune in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour... Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.



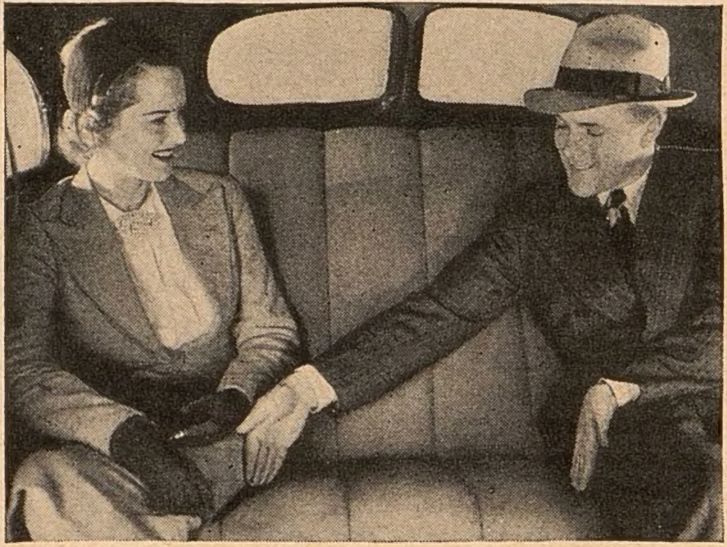
1 **Eye-Taking Personality.** Look at the beautiful radiator grille. Fenders now sweep clear around it. Headlights are larger and more efficient. The whole car looks more distinctive.



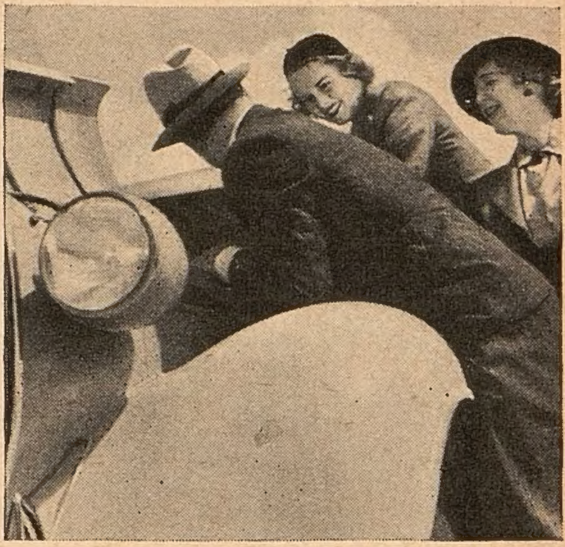
2 **It's Easy to Get Out** of the roomy 1938 Plymouth. The doors are wide...and seats are "chair-height."



3 **Clutch Pressure Eased 15%** ...and this big Plymouth's steering is *faster*. The new handbrake is out of the floor.

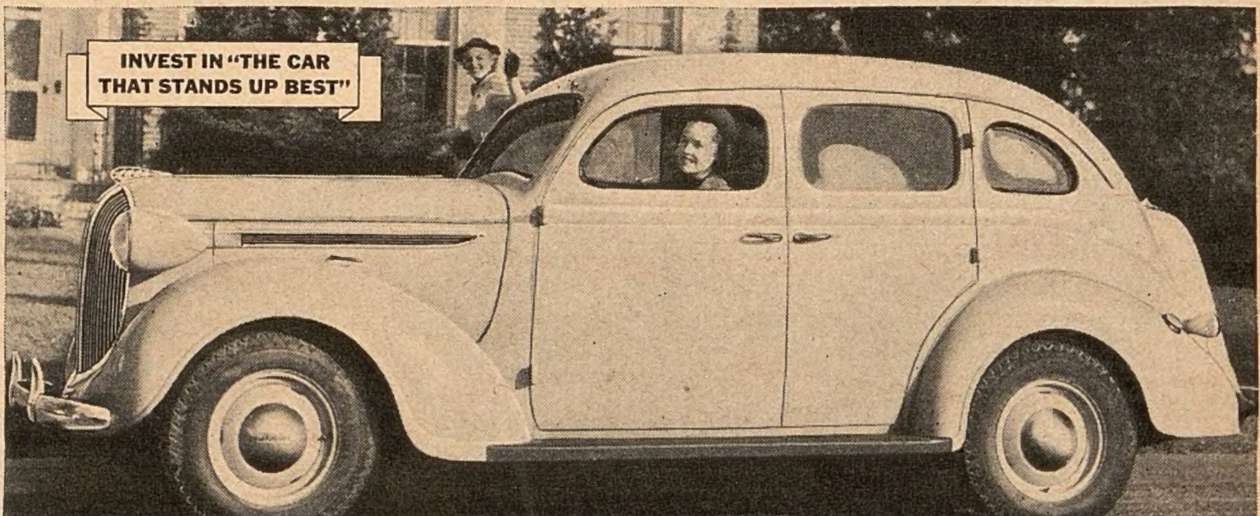


4 **Lots of Room.** Seats are wide...the cushions are soft and restful. And Plymouth's comfort is also due to airplane-type shock-absorbers..."live" rubber body mountings...scientific sound-proofing.



5 **The Gentleman's Looking** at Plymouth's big 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine. He can count on it for reliability —and for *big savings* in gas and oil.

6 **See the Bigger Baggage Space** you have. The floor is covered—so luggage is protected. And there's no sill to lift luggage over.



7 **Here's the Whole Car**—It's by far the handsomest car Plymouth has ever built. And the safest, the most comfortable, as well. Get the smooth, safe feeling of *double-action* hydraulic brakes...of full-powered performance...of a relaxed, "floating ride"! It's *"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

S e the 1938 Plymouth

ECEMBER 18, 1937

Liberty

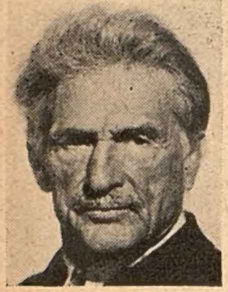
VOL. 14, NO. 51

ERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

AMERICAN YOUTH'S PRICELESS HERITAGE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The love of home folks is often the source of pleasurable anticipation. And the affection of friends brings many delightful moments.

But these invaluable possessions disappear with time. Our tender memories fade into the distant past. But we hold one great privilege in this country as free men—the realization that liberty is with us forever, provided we have the fighting spirit and intelligence to retain it; and that indeed is a glorious treasure—to pass on to our children and our children's children.

There is evidence before us at this time that our governmental system is being tampered with, and the necessity of defending our constitutional liberties has become a menacing reality. We are indeed facing a disquieting situation.

Our pioneer ancestors suffered the terrors of the damned under the reign of a tyrannical dictatorship. Years of toil, the terrific struggle which was their lot in gaining independence, developed a mental balance, a degree of wisdom that bordered on the miraculous; and these hardheaded pioneers created for us a Constitution that has guided us through approximately one hundred and fifty years.

There is no historical record of a government making the miraculous advancement which we have acquired under this particular system.

Realizing the desperate chances that some officials might take to acquire dictatorial powers, they divided our governmental system into three divisions—Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary. Each division was separate from the others, but they all combined in the end to insure justice and to protect the individual citizens in their rights.

Some of our officials are trying to merge these three divisions into one group. Extraordinary efforts were made to add six new judges to the United States Supreme Court.

The dramatic fight against this change raged in the United States Senate for weeks, and although victory for constitutional government was apparently achieved, the appointment of Senator Black has been termed a questionable procedure.

The liberties which we enjoy as free men, and that we hope our children and our children's children will inherit, have been safeguarded by the United States Supreme Court.

They are the watchdogs of our constitutional rights. It is the duty of this court to stand like an impenetrable wall and guard our freedom in accordance with the rules definitely set forth in our Constitution.

Destroy the Supreme Court, or in any way minimize its powers, and our liberties will soon disappear.

Already restrictive legislation of various kinds, which rob the individual citizen of liberties, has been placed in our statute books. This tendency is unpleasant evidence of the breaking down of the rigid rules which control our democratic system of government, and which have made us the wealthiest nation in the world, with a standard of living higher than that of any other nation.

Any attack on the United States Supreme Court is automatically aimed at American youth's priceless heritage—liberty! Generation after generation our governmental ideals have been held intact by decisions based on the principles of our Constitution.

When we hear the cry, " Down with the Constitution!" it comes from fanatical foreigners or from those whose knowledge of our governmental system is extremely limited.

If we do not want a dictatorship . . . if we do not want to lower our standard of living for our workers to the level of Russia, Italy, and Germany . . . if we do not want restrictions that might even interfere with our own thinking . . . that will result in a jail penalty when expressions are made against the government . . . if we want to avoid this regimentation . . . if we want to hold on to the priceless heritage we have enjoyed through many generations, we must support and uphold the decisions of our highest court, that was created for the one purpose of protecting our constitutional rights.

Bernarr Macfadden

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HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., once said: *"The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."*

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun?" To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost $25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—their second, how to understand and get along with *people;* how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to *give such a* course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

The book they were looking for was published not long ago. Almost overnight it became a best seller. It is today the fastest-selling book published in the twentieth century. More than 600,000 copies have been sold to date! It is outselling any other book in America!

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE BY Dale Carnegie

More than 600,000 people have already invested in this book. And out of its practical pages they have received how-to-do-it help that is daily opening up to them new avenues to happiness and undreamed-of success.

THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

- The Big Secret of Dealing with People
- Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
- An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
- A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
- How to Interest People
- Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
- A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
- The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
- How to Get Cooperation
- A Formula That Will Work Wonders for You
- The Movies Do It, Radio Does It, Why Don't You Do It?
- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
- How to Spur Men on to Success
- Making People Glad to Do What You Want
- Letters That Produce Miraculous Results
- Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 26 years, he has trained more than 22,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
New York Telephone Co.
Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York
McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., New York
Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce
Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce
Philadelphia Electric Co.
Philadelphia Gas Works Co.
Carrier Engineering Corp.
Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their executives.

This book is a direct result of Dale Carnegie's experience, the only working manual of its kind ever written to help people solve their daily problems in human relationships.

The Man Behind This Book

This book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 26 years he has trained more than 22,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on Public Speaking and How to Influence People in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (the second largest hall in New York) the place is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie in their own offices for their members and executives.

This book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience. As the panel above shows, it is as practical as 26 years' success with the problems of thousands in all walks of life can make it.

The Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic. When he got married he needed more money. So he tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop.

An inferiority complex was eating his heart out. On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Before he could get up courage to open an office door, he had to walk past it half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

"It may do you some good, Mike, God knows you need it"

He didn't want to go—was afraid he would be out of place. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike, God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting. Then he attended every other meeting of the course. He lost his fear, learned how to talk convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor, he stood before 3,800 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Michael O'Neil's problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of *getting along with people.* He is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 22,000 others in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information this book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. *Then* decide whether or not you want to own it.

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Try Dealing THIS WAY with People—for Just FIVE Days!

This book is sweeping the country. It is leading every best-seller list. The presses are running *continuously* to turn out 25,000 copies a week.

When you get your copy, simply *read* it; there are no "exercises" to practice. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, or no action at all.

It is not necessary to send any money now. You may pay for *"How to Win Friends and Influence People"* when it is delivered—with the definite understanding that its price of only $1.96 will be refunded to you if you wish it. If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you *than ANY book you have ever read.* If it doesn't, we do not want you to keep it. Mail this coupon at once.

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I FLY IN THE SPANISH

BY CAPTAIN ORRIN DWIGHT BELL

As told to FREDERICK C. PAINTON

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—DEATH-CRATES AND A WOMAN

WHEN I'm dead, if I ever meet up with the ghost of Richard Harding Davis I'm going to tell him plenty—most of it unpleasant. He was the chap who wrote a book called Soldiers of Fortune. I read it when I was a lad, and probably you did, too.

The story dealt with dashing Americanos and glamorous girls of devastating beauty; and it dealt with war—only it was a romantic war, where heroes with white shirts opened at the throat charged gallantly into an enemy who promptly fled. The war ended, the lovely girl fell soft and trembling into the arms of the victorious hero-in-chief.

War! Romance! Color! Glamour! Anybody would want to go to such a war; and from that day on I always thought of a soldier of fortune as a guy to be envied!

I don't think so any longer. I am, or rather I was, until a few weeks ago, a soldier of fortune. Maybe I ought to say a flyer of fortune, because I was an aviator with the Spanish Loyalist Air Corps, a pursuit pilot whose chief and only job was to shoot out of the sky planes with black wing tips and black tails. The best way to do that is kill the pilot of the enemy ship. And that is what we usually did.

Some pilots who went into the Spanish Loyalists' service were spiritually moved. For instance, Manuel Gomez left a wife and four kids in Mexico City; dropped his job as colonel in the Guatemalan Air Force to enlist. He talked about the cause of liberty, and his eyes blazed. He was almost a fanatic. Jim " Tex " Allison left a wife in Texas about to have a baby. " Right's right, O. D.," he said to me, " and I shore aim to put my oar in and see that the right side wins."

But me? No such ardor caused me to enlist. The Big Wind of '29 deprived me of a modest fortune of fifty thousand dollars. I was trying to run a floating seaplane base on the Jersey side of the Hudson and was going broke fast. I was thirty-eight years old, and the appalling task of starting anew at such an age dismayed me. I thought desperately of making vast sums of money in a brief time. Here seemed to be a way.

The verbal agreement with the Spanish agent in New York promised a $1,500-a-month salary and a $1,000 bonus for every insurgent crate I shot down.

I can truthfully say that I believed the Spanish Loyalist government's to be the right cause to aid, and that I would have turned down an offer from Franco. But money was a big motive—money and that mental picture from childhood of a swanking soldier of fortune, spurs clinking, walking through a war that had no blood in it.

Besides, I had been a " leftenant " in the Royal Air Force during the Great War. Then I had been a youth of eighteen to twenty, and it had been a lovely war. The girls loved a uniform, the drinking was pleasant, and you had just enough action, flying the big seaplanes on the North Sea patrol, to make life interesting. I had been happy in a war then; Q. E. D., I'd find my lost youth by going again to the wars.

The New York recruitment agents helped along my mental picture. Ah, *si*, Señor Bell, you will fly the latest pursuit combat planes—the de Wotaines, the Russian P ships modeled after your own famous Boeing Fighter. You will wear a blue uniform with gold wings and gold braid. You will have the best Vickers machine guns. *Si, si*, Señor Bell, we have everything. And if you go *pronto*, the pay, she is fifteen hundred dollars a month, and a bonus of one thousand dollars for each enemy craft shot down. It is I, Señor ——, who so declare.

You will eat the finest food, drink the smoothest wines. There will be plenty of leave, and the señoritas of Madrid —ah, Señor Bell, to one who fights for Spain they can refuse nothing! There will be sharp fighting and money when you win.

" Where do I sign? " I asked.

Without waiting for Christmas of 1936 I sailed on the Normandie. Even going Tourist Second did not break the illusion, because we were given fifty dollars for expense money. Charley " Tiny " Koch of the Seversky Corporation and Tex Allison and myself closed the bar every night.

I was slightly concerned in Paris when the Spanish Ambassador gave us only a *salvoconducto* (safe-conduct pass) to Barcelona instead of a contract. Until now I had signed only a document saying I had not been coerced into flying for Spain.

" Ah, Señor Bell," said he, " how can we sign the contract until we know whether you can fly? Whether you can fight? "

The point seemed reasonable then, so with illusions unbroken I shoved off for Barcelona. If it hadn't been for Tex and his imaginary white mouse, José, that trip would have been an unendurable nightmare, because after the Spanish frontier was crossed we only moved at night and then never very far. But Tex and the white mouse José amused us, startled and terrified the Spanish, and the cognac held out swell. I was enjoying once again having others do my thinking, obeying orders and doing nothing else.

Barcelona introduced me to the Spanish philosophy of *mañana* (tomorrow) and to a lovely Russian blonde who every one said was a spy. Nevertheless, I fell madly in love with Noka. Wasn't this the R. H. Davis pattern? Dashing soldier of fortune falls in love with beautiful spy.

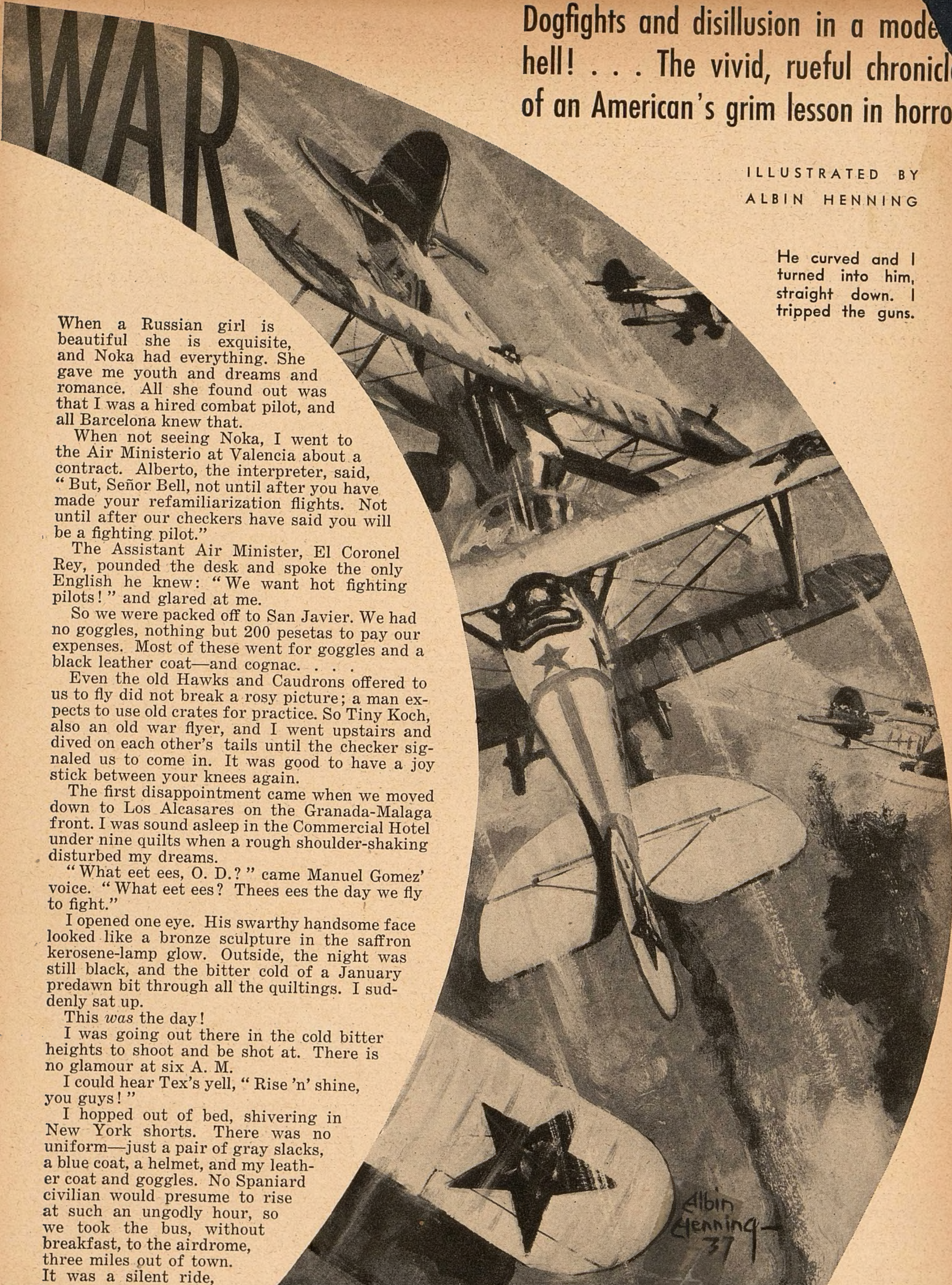
All during the voyage and the subsequent train trip to Spain we had been warned to remain silent as to our destination and mission. Ghastly stories of other volunteers found with throats slit, or not found at all after being tumbled overboard, were served up to emphasize the need of secrecy. Tex would say, " Don't bring her to our table, O. D.—they even shoot spies' friends down here."

I strolled with Noka on the Rampas; and if she asked questions, what of it? She was a lovely thing. I can still hear her soft throaty chuckle as we were side by side in the darkness, and she taught me how to tell time in Spanish from the illuminated dial of my strap watch.

WAR

Dogfights and disillusion in a mode hell! . . . The vivid, rueful chronicle of an American's grim lesson in horror

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALBIN HENNING



He curved and I turned into him, straight down. I tripped the guns.

When a Russian girl is beautiful she is exquisite, and Noka had everything. She gave me youth and dreams and romance. All she found out was that I was a hired combat pilot, and all Barcelona knew that.

When not seeing Noka, I went to the Air Ministerio at Valencia about a contract. Alberto, the interpreter, said, "But, Señor Bell, not until after you have made your refamiliarization flights. Not until after our checkers have said you will be a fighting pilot."

The Assistant Air Minister, El Coronel Rey, pounded the desk and spoke the only English he knew: "We want hot fighting pilots!" and glared at me.

So we were packed off to San Javier. We had no goggles, nothing but 200 pesetas to pay our expenses. Most of these went for goggles and a black leather coat—and cognac. . . .

Even the old Hawks and Caudrons offered to us to fly did not break a rosy picture; a man expects to use old crates for practice. So Tiny Koch, also an old war flyer, and I went upstairs and dived on each other's tails until the checker signaled us to come in. It was good to have a joy stick between your knees again.

The first disappointment came when we moved down to Los Alcasares on the Granada-Malaga front. I was sound asleep in the Commercial Hotel under nine quilts when a rough shoulder-shaking disturbed my dreams.

"What eet ees, O. D.?" came Manuel Gomez' voice. "What eet ees? Thees ees the day we fly to fight."

I opened one eye. His swarthy handsome face looked like a bronze sculpture in the saffron kerosene-lamp glow. Outside, the night was still black, and the bitter cold of a January predawn bit through all the quiltings. I suddenly sat up.

This *was* the day!

I was going out there in the cold bitter heights to shoot and be shot at. There is no glamour at six A. M.

I could hear Tex's yell, "Rise 'n' shine, you guys!"

I hopped out of bed, shivering in New York shorts. There was no uniform—just a pair of gray slacks, a blue coat, a helmet, and my leather coat and goggles. No Spaniard civilian would presume to rise at such an ungodly hour, so we took the bus, without breakfast, to the airdrome, three miles out of town. It was a silent ride, because every one thoughts of his own. Me, too. Back in New York it seemed easy to fly and fight again. But now, was it? eighteen you don't think of tomorrow; you don't think t all. At thirty-eight you think too much. My backbone prickled and my stomach began to twist. Just how good was I going to be?

At the field the familiar firecracker popping of warming motors soothed my mind. I abandoned my *café con leche* (black coffee with milk—goat's milk) to take a look at the crates.

I saw the familiar silhouette: I recognized the bark of the 600-horsepower Clergets.

"Geez!" I yelled. "Nieuports!"

Angrily I said to Luis Martinez, our squadron leader, "Where are the P crates we were promised? Where are the de Wotaines? Cripes, you can't send those mushy crates against Heinkels and Fiats that make two-forty tops. They won't do over one hundred and eighty."

"My fran," said Martinez gently, "the new planes are valuable. We do not entrust *pilotos* with them until the *piloto* proves he can handle them."

"I get it," I muttered. "I have to prove I can shoot down a Heinkel in this traveling kite."

CAPTAIN ORRIN D. BELL

enlisted at 18 in the British Royal Flying Corps; flew a plane in the famous North Sea Patrol; became a lieutenant. The war over, he returned to the United States to do commercial flying and to try farming in Connecticut. By birth he is a New Yorker.

I suppose it was fair enough; hot planes were very few and cost money. At any rate, it was something to remember, that dawn combat patrol.

Martinez had the only map of the sector, and for some reason he chose to fly at three, putting Tiny behind me at two, so that I was at point. I reached the front mostly by staring at Martinez and watching his poking finger. The instruments were French, and I couldn't read French, so after a while I quit trying to fly by instrument and did contact flying, the old by-guess-and-by-God flying we did in 1918. Thus, with the sun rising, tired and crimson, behind us out of the Mediterranean, we flew to Granada.

Just to make matters a little more complicated, three lumbering Breguet bombers came in under us, so that we must act as upstairs protection for them while they laid a few eggs along the trenches. I studied the trenches, as zigzag as saw teeth, and scrutinized the terrain for landmarks.

And then the Heinkels came!

NINE lean dragons, crimson in the sun, save for their black wing tips and tails. Queerly enough, the sight quashed the tickling in my backbone. I suddenly thought of this as a game, like stunt flying at the Cleveland air races. I watched Martinez. He indicated a stall to let the bombers get ahead and dump their freight on the enemy trenches; then they'd be free to take a hand in this game. We revamped from a twin-V formation to a geese wedge, and Martinez stepped out at point.

I suppose I should have been hesitant: six of us against nine of them. And these Nieuports, when you banked them right or left, wanted to stay over and you had to fight them back to level flight. But somehow I had no hesitation. I was actually eager.

I prepared to go upstairs for altitude before a dive, thinking to go quickly, because the Heinkels could climb faster and I didn't want them above me. But I learned a new air trick then. In World War days a pilot's main idea was to get above and behind his opponent to shoot down into his cockpit. That's still a good idea if you can do it, but with these new crates and motors, a different and perhaps a better tactic has been evolved.

These modern crates, like the Ps, the Boeings, the Heinkels, and Fiats, making 280 and better, can, when nosed up, climb straight, practically hanging on the prop. Such a position makes a tougher target of your opponent, but you get a free shot with no return fire. So you zoom at his undercarriage and turn loose your guns.

I saw the Heinkels suddenly nose up at us in this maneuver. Martinez signaled the smart move, we to dive and thus build up sufficient speed to be on equal terms with them at the initial collision.

I signaled I'd take their Number Two man. Martinez was diving on their point. I opened the throttle wide, braced my feet against the rudder bar, and, with fingers on the Bowden stick trigger, let her go.

For that brief second I had my wish—the recapture of youthful thrills. The metallic shrill of the wind in the braces; the human howl of a hot motor wide open; the wind impact of terrific speed—in that moment I lived again completely. I saw the long thin white trails of tracer bullets. They did not seem dangerous. I had no thought of dying.

The wing fabric was ripped by invisible fingers. Then I was up against the Heinkel on my right. I did not fire at once. In old war days we held our fire until we were close; it was a sign you were green to open fire at a hundred yards. I saw flashes from this Heinkel, beginning 150 yards away. He curved and I turned into him with a tight vertical.

THE *piloto's* head came into the sights, and I was coming straight down on him. He leveled to avoid a collision.

I tripped the guns.

The Vickers trembled; the familiar taste of powder and cordite reek was on my lips. The tracers were leaping out, clearly visible through the light whorl of my prop. I saw the *piloto* jerk his head. I pulled out and went straight up into a half loop, rolled out, and fell off on my right wing, and dived down. There he was. I tripped the trigger. An eight-shot burst was all. But a sheet of flame flared back over his cockpit and hid him from sight. His plane jerked and quivered and suddenly rolled, belly up. From that position it nosed straight down, smoking. It did not stop. As I followed down for perhaps 300 feet, I waited for the man to bail out. He never did. I kept thinking, why not? It didn't occur to me that he was dead.

Across my eyes white tracer streaks flashed. I faded off to the right, and nosed down to build up some speed. Only then did I glance back. Two Heinkels were converging on me, all guns flashing.

Tiny Koch came out of nowhere and took one off my back; but the other verticaled in behind me and threw another burst. I swore at the Nieuport because it was so slow. I couldn't turn away; I couldn't outrun him; I couldn't outdive him.

Three times he hit my plane with a burst. The third time, my left foot was suddenly knocked off the rudder. It was as if a club had hit it. The foot was numb when I put it back, but when I pressed the rudder I got pressure, so I knew the ankle wasn't too badly hurt. But it awoke me to a sharp sense of danger.

I split the air with every stunt I knew; I rolled, I looped, I made renversements, half renversements, and rolled out. I did snap rolls, vertical turns, climbing turns. But the Heinkel came in fast, wheeling on my tail or blasting at me from below.

The tail controls were mushy from bullet perforation. My head reeled from so much stunting. I was sick at my stomach and my arms were lead weights from horsing the Nieuport around the sky. My leg was beginning to pain. I faded out of one burst and nosed down, hoping for a respite to build up some flying speed. Already he had fought me down to 2,000 feet.

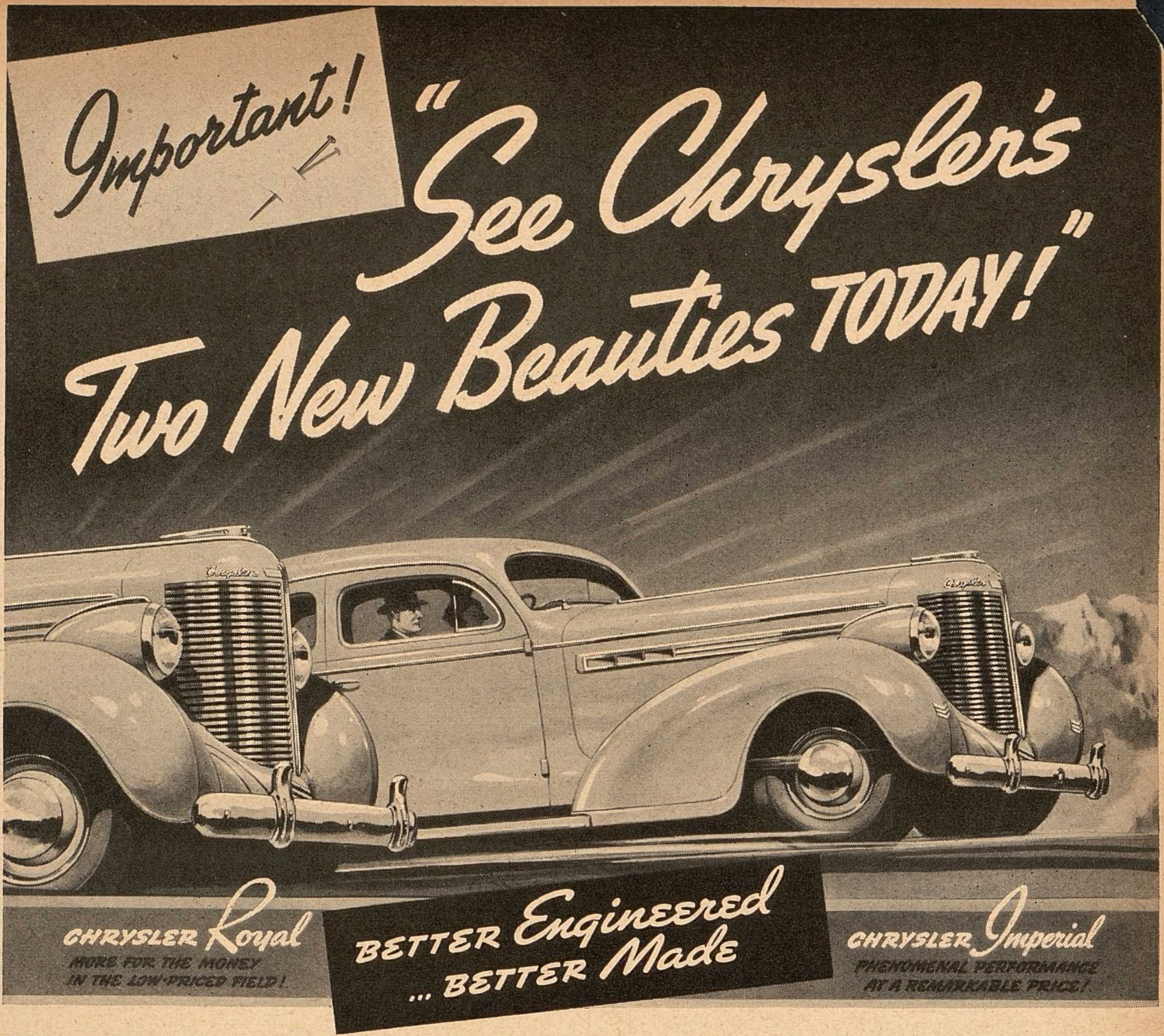
"This guy," I told myself, "is tough."

Then, and only then, I wondered if I might be killed.

A man thinks a lot in a moment like that. I told myself that if I was dizzy and tired and weak, he must be almost as badly off. Subconsciously I had noticed something, too: The half renversement with a half roll out had fooled him twice.

So now I bet my life on one move. I flattened out of the dive. He roared past me, hauled back on his stick to zoom and catch me with a burst as I hung by my prop. He expected me to be near a stall at the top of a half loop, and was going to shoot skeet on me. When I looked *down* at the sky, I kicked the crate into a half roll. How slowly she responded! But then I was

(*Continued on page 10*)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Chrysler Sweeps On

IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

Continued from page 8)

falling off on the right wing and I swung to bring his cockpit into the sights.

For a few brief seconds he was dead in my sights. I tripped the trigger and let the guns yammer—maybe a hundred shots, maybe less. I fired as long as he was hanging there in the sights, and even after he was gone, when I saw the tracers streaking into empty sky.

When I looked for the pilot I couldn't see him. He'd slumped down in his cockpit. I wheeled and tore in on his tail and triggered another thirty-shot burst. He went straight down in a tight spin. Still I didn't see the pilot or the white of a parachute. I stalled, watching the Heinkel into the ground.

There was a bright flash below like sun glinting off a mirror. The pilot had crashed with his ship.

Whoever that pilot was—German, Spaniard, Italian—my hat's off to him. He was the toughest, cleverest, hardest-shooting flyer I had ever met. After his crash I weakly leaned back and let the Nieuport have her head. If anybody had jumped my tail then I would have been an easy victim. But nobody came near me. After some moments I oriented myself and turned for home.

It was all I could do to hold the stick steady; and if I had had to bank the Nieuport to come into the field, I couldn't have done it. I slanted in, squashed down on the tarmac, and went limp.

They all came racing over—Tiny, Rick, Manuel, Juan Martinez, and Tex, blatting about how they thought I had been shot down. Front-line observers, it appeared, had verified my two victories, and four other Heinkels had also been shot down. On our side one of the Breguet bombers had been shot to pieces.

"So this," said Tex, "deserves a drink, eh, José?" He turned as if addressing his imaginary white mouse. Everybody laughed. They had to lift me out, and then they saw the blood. Martinez "carambaed" all over the place and said I must go instantly to the infirmary.

Tex agreed, and they helped me across the tarmac.

I started to cry, damned if I didn't. "I want that drink!" I yelled. "Get me the drink first!" Reaction had me, I suppose. I tore loose from their hold and I tried to punch Tex.

I got two drinks, and Tex just grinned and said, "Kinda upset, ain't you, guy?"

At the infirmary I learned how lucky I had been. A bullet, either spent or slowed down by tearing through a strut or longeron, had embedded itself full length in the bone of my left ankle. Even while the sawbones was gouging out the slug, the reality of what had happened was dimming. To know you have killed a man, you have to see him dead before you. You don't as a combat pilot. The enemy plane goes down and hits two miles below, and you can always think the man escaped.

I SPENT four days loafing while the wound healed. (I never completely recovered from it; the grease on the cartridge set up some kind of infection, and the hole hurts now as I write.) Loafing usually is fun. But it was no fun for me. I was alone from six in the morning until the gang came back at night. Nor was there promise of much action when I did get back on the tarmac.

"Them Heinkels think we're hotter than a sheriff's pistol," Tex laughed. "They stay on their side of the lines and we stay on ours."

Perhaps I should say here that we had a definite reason for staying on our side of the barbed wire—the Moors. These swarthy fighters hated airplanes for strafing their necks, and whenever a *piloto* fell into their hands they carved him in sundry ways. In one case they slit a *piloto's* abdomen open, dumped in a little dirt, and watched him die in agony. Tex was forever yelping for side arms, which we never had, so that a man, if he did crash on the Insurgent side, could save one slug for himself. Consequently, whenever possible, we did our fighting behind our own lines.

Little enough happened on the Granada front after the first savage brush. I had time to dwell on the question of contract, pay, and the bonus of $2,000 I should have for my two victories.

Luis Martinez shrugged. "Ah, Señor Bell, that is for the Air Ministerio. They will make all arrangements. Do not to worry, my fran. You are—how you say?—veree hot, and you will get money the next time you go to Valencia."

He gave me 200 pesetas, which paid the hotel rent and the food bill. We got only one meal a day on the government—that at two o'clock in the afternoon, just before siesta time (the war always stopped for a two-hour siesta period on both sides). This was a fish chowder, a sort of imitation *bouillabaisse*, and we had it four times out of five. The rest of the meals we bought ourselves. The peseta, though valueless outside Spain, had fair purchasing power within, and a full meal could be obtained for twenty cents American. A bottle of cognac sold for about thirty-five cents.

Somehow we made time pass. We talked, we smoked, we drank; we planned maneuvers we would never make, and checked up on our Spanish mechanics. But the routine became a dreadful monotony. I kept wishing for Noka, my Russian blonde. Her letters were lovely with promise.

High spirits at Valencia: Captain Bell (second from the right) with young Barbieri, Tex Allison, and Tiny Koch.

One day I craved novelty. "Why not make a trench strafe during siesta?" I asked Martinez.

He stared, horrified and pale. "What? Attack them in siesta?" he cried. "*Sangre de Cristo,* Señor Bell, if we deed that to them, then they would do eet to us!"

I admitted the possibility, but argued that it would speed up the war. Shocked, he shook his head. "Nevair breeng up such a matter again, nevair!" he stormed.

I asked about leave. "No, no leave, señor. There are only six of us. We mus' be always ready."

I sank into a bored stupor where time ceased to be.

During all these routine patrols, however, a splendid squadron *esprit de corps* was created. We learned each other's flying and personal peculiarities; we learned tight formation and trick maneuvers; we were on the way to becoming a hard-hitting, well disciplined unit. In the World War such a squadron would have been kept together as long as death and loss permitted. The Spaniards don't do things that way. It's too efficient.

Old Trusty Ricketson came in one cold morning the last of January, 1937, and said, "Pack your duffel, guy. You and I are going to the Huesca front, up north. The other guys are being split up on different fronts."

It seemed stupid to me, but orders were orders, so I prepared to go. I discovered that all such transfers cleared through Valencia. That meant I could see Noka and also get something better than a verbal promise of pay and bonus. I said to Martinez, "Do we fly the new P crates?"

"*Si, si,*" said he gravely. "We have ever'thing. Here with me you just—how you say?—break in your wings."

The meeting with Noka is a lovely memory. Not so my efforts to get a contract. When the Air Ministerio wasn't having a siesta, the officers were flying around in huge staff cars, accompanied by aides. Me, now, I wonder whether those moguls ever want the war ended. Right now they have power, glory, chauffeurs, yes-men aides, the best to eat, swank uniforms. They had none of these before this war began. It has given them good jobs, and the habit of a man in a good job is to hang on to it as long as possible, no matter how. Perhaps I do them an injustice; a soldier—even a soldier of fortune—loves to grouse. And I was angry with them.

Every time I saw Alberto, the interpreter, and spoke about money, he said, "Not now, señor. Later. A great attack is contemplated and we are all distracted."

So far I had been flying and fighting in a blue serge suit. Now I got 500 more pesetas and spent it on a snappy double-breasted blue uniform and cap. But that was all. In the end I went off to the Huesca front a *teniente* (lieutenant) only because they said I was. The last evening with Noka made many things worth while.

The Huesca front was very quiet and damnably cold until midday, when the sun warmed up sufficiently to make loafing possible. Out of the mountains blew, every day almost, a steady thirty-mile-an-hour breeze. We could have patrolled despite it. The *escuadrilla* leader did not think so and kept the ships on the ground. We billeted in the Commercial Hotel in Sariñena, about three miles from the airdrome, and bussed to the field every morning at six A. M. Then we'd sit around all day.

Rick and I belonged to the Las Rojas squadron, supposedly a crack outfit; but for a week we never left the ground. And neither did the Insurgents. In the first week Rick took off once on an offensive patrol, and I got away once—in Nieuports, God save the mark!—and never saw a black-tipped pair of wings in the sky.

Queerly enough, this was an efficiently organized *aerodromo.* Being only fifteen kilometers behind the Huesca-Zaragoza front, it had posts planted ready for barbed wire, machine-gun emplacements, and dugouts. But most of our time was spent entertaining the high officers who came swanking in. General Luis Aguillia, commandant of the district, was one. We drank wine, ate well, and gave the *salud* so much, clenched fists at the forehead, that it got to be like a setting-up exercise.

AND then, on a morning in February, an electric shock went through Sariñena. The Spanish government army was going to assault to break the deadlock around Madrid. The big push at last.

Rick came in excitedly. "This time it's the McCoy, O. D. We're going to the Madrid front and we're going to fly the P ships."

"Ah, man!" I jumped out of bed and into my clothes.

"It'll be tough going," he warned. "Franco's got a hundred Heinkels and Fiats r'aring to go."

We went to Valencia that night on a troop train. In the morning I went to the Air Ministerio about a real contract. As usual, nobody in authority was there. I saw Noka for a precious few hours and went to the Inglése Hotel. I stuck my head in the dining room.

A familiar voice said, "Damn, boy, don't I call my shots? I said we'd be sittin' here and in would walk O. D. to buy us a drink. José, damn your pink eyes, get back in your little white box—here's company."

It was like a letter from home. There was Tex Allison, 'Napolis (an Annapolis grad who had resigned from the navy after a pal cracked up trying to land on the Lexington), Kid Sol (I knew no other name for him), Manuel Gomez, Stolke the Swiss, Tiny Koch, the young Spaniard Barbieri, and finally Harold "Whitey" Dahl.*

I had the news from them between drinks. A group of young Spaniards were just back from Russia, where t had undergone intensive training in combat tacti There would be two of these youngsters to one of u older, more experienced men. Thus we would have a fighting squadron of twenty-seven men.

"And plenty to do," concluded Tex. "It's a hot front and I hope we can all be drinking together like this a month from now."

We went to Madrid that night; and none of us Americans had a line of writing to confirm our commissions or our jobs.

But what was that now? We were to be in a major battle; we would have the best fighting ships; we had the most active front. My spirits soared.

The next morning we were bussed out to Huete, where the airdrome was. There they were on the dead line, the snub-nosed Russian P ships built exactly like our beautiful Boeing Fighters. How splendid they looked, lined wing to wing! And how deadly! Not only were two machine guns prop-synchronized to shoot through the propeller, but there was a Vickers mounted on each wing; the four guns lined up to converge their tracer fire 150 feet ahead. And what guns! The latest Vickers models; their combined power was 3,200 shots a minute!

THE SECRET NO WIFE WILL EVER TALK ABOUT!

WHAT IS IT?

The mystery of childless marriages—of nerve-racked sleepless wives—of husbands in name only! This problem—far more extensive in American homes than we dream of, because women will not tell the shame of their marriage—is the theme of a great new serial soon to appear in Liberty.

DON'T MISS IT!

Our experiences on the first training patrols were funny. These P ships were so sensitive, so speedy. I started to throw the crate into a snap roll. I was used to the Nieuports and gave her too much stick. The ship went through the air like a corkscrew and made three and a half turns before I could level her out.

Landing them was the big laugh to the onlookers. Cruising at 280 miles an hour, we became accustomed to high speed and would come back to the field and start to sit down at 120 or so, and would float clear across. Then we had to gun all out and zoom up and make another circle to try it again. I made two circles trying to get in, and finally dipped down to the field edge as close to a stall as I could come, then cut the gun and brought her in—an engine-stall landing, I suppose you'd call it. We all worked this method of landing and finally got to be good at it. Say this much in praise of all Americans—flying in Spain we never so much as blew a tire on our equipment. The only planes lost were those that were shot down.

Life was perfect for a while. Noka came to Madrid, where I lived. We commuted to the field by bus. And there were grand flying ships and the thrill of flying at 14,000 feet to greet the sun.

And so I arrive at our first combat on the Madrid front. I was never to forget it!

Forget it? How could he? An early-morning take-off in those zipping Russian P ships; twenty enemy planes as decoys—and then thirty-six more swooping out of the sun; "Whitey" Dahl shot down, Manuel Gomez shot down, Captain Bell himself stunned and blinded with blood, yet downing three Insurgent fighters and machine-gunning Franco's trenches. . . . You'll never forget it, yourself, after reading about it in Liberty next week!

---

* Harold "Whitey" or "Blondy" Dahl was afterward captured by the Insurgent troops and sentenced by court-martial to be shot. Through the pleas of his wife, Edith Rogers Dahl, to General Francisco Franco, the sentence was commuted, and at this writing Dahl is to be exchanged and finally repatriated.

THREE'S A Crowd

ILLUSTRATED BY
STANLEY PARKHOUSE

BY EDWARD SHENTON

What's to be done when a mother sees a rival in her daughter?—A searching, surprising story of a frightened heart

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

THEY had been married three years before Myra Barnes told Pete that she had a seventeen-year-old daughter. She wouldn't have then, if it hadn't been absolutely necessary. It was ridiculously hard to do.

"You know, Pete," she said, "I never loved him the way I do you. I was just a kid. Crazy to get away from a small town. . . ." Oh, damn! Why should the mere existence of a child make so much difference? Pete knew she had been married before.

"Frances wants to come East. There isn't anything for her out there." Myra reached across the table and laid her hand pleadingly upon his arm. "Don't you see, Pete? I don't want her to . . . to . . ." The urgency drained out of her voice. Pete's tall gangling figure was slumped against the red leather cushions of the restaurant booth. Myra cast a despairing look at his square snub-nosed face with its russety coloring of hair and skin, his bright green expressionless eyes. He took a tiny bottle of Scotch, ice, seltzer, and put together a drink with elaborate attention.

It would be a shock to any man—even Pete. Frances was her child, her responsibility. If she said, "Pete must never know about you," Frances would think there was something wrong; all sorts of degrading ideas might grow up in her, the careful planning of the last ten years be destroyed. . . .

So there it was, like a bombshell in the midst of the cockeyed loveliness of their life together.

Pete glanced at the watch on his wrist; said, "The bulldog ought to be on the street"; gathered his long legs under him and went out of the restaurant.

MYRA felt tears pressing upon her eyelids. She got up and dashed blindly for the powder room. She examined her face critically in the mirror. She was the type that time treated kindly. The color in her cheeks sprang from her healthy slim eager body. Her eyes, darkly lambent, slanting a little toward the outer corners, were unusual. A moment of pleasure, without vanity, enclosed her. Pete would go on thinking her tops. . . .

But human relationships were so delicate; filled with chance. Her meeting Pete at all was an example. To come half across the continent and find the man you loved merely because you never glanced at signs on doors.

There she had been, pushing angrily at the door, when a large hand, the back covered with fine sandy hairs that looked golden in the sunlight, reached over her shoulder and an amused voice said, "Don't you believe in signs?"

She had looked up and backward—up a long way, since her head barely reached his shoulders—had seen his green eyes smiling at her.

"P U double L spells 'pull' from coast to coast."

On the pavement, he had taken her arm firmly. When she had glanced inquiringly at him, he explained, "I'm the official guide for the News. The Old Man always says to me, 'Pete, you're no damn good on a newspaper, but you know a lot of swell places to eat.'"

They had come to this very restaurant, sat in the same booth where they were sitting tonight. Pete had plunged at once into the history of his life.

"Usually," he said, "I save this for the second meeting. I don't know what's the matter with me. It must be spring."

He was, he said, a Yankee farm boy. As a kid, he had wanted to be a professional ballplayer. But he'd found it more interesting to write about sports than to take part in them. So he went through the newspaper mill and eventually landed on the sports page.

Afterward, when Myra discovered that she was in love with him, she realized he had actually told her nothing about himself. Dates and events were there, but what he felt or thought she could only surmise. She had never tried to find out. Nor did this prevent her from revealing herself to him utterly—every desire, belief, aspiration—except about her daughter. And it was all of this that made it so difficult now.

The clock on the wall said twelve minutes past five in the morning. The time was a symbol of their life together. Presently, having finished this meal which was neither supper nor breakfast, they would take a taxi, go through the dark wintry streets to their apartment and sleep.

Myra adjusted her flat beret to shadow the fear in her eyes.

The very reversal of the customary routine of existence had drawn them close together. The swarming crowds at prize fights, hockey matches, wrestling bouts, the incalculable range of Pete's friendships and acquaintances, the night life of a vast city, passed into and became part of Myra. She loved it, she loved him. Her heart still skipped a beat when she saw him swaggering across the restaurant toward her, his hand lifted in friendly gestures, in his wake a trail of "Hi, kid!" "'Lo, mug!" "Hi y'u, pal?"

And coming into their quiet apartment, with the gray edge of dawn upon the windows, books and papers scattered about, mixing a last drink, drinking it, not talking, the radio muted to a whisper of some foreign music, feeling the liquor adding its warm weight of drowsiness—sitting there, Myra would be overcome anew with a tumultuous sense of living, of inhabiting a world romantic beyond words, dissociated from time, themselves suspended in its motionless core, their love swinging like a star across the untarnished hours of the night. . . .

Myra thrust open the door. Pete sat in the booth, bent over a newspaper. As she came near, he looked up and grinned.

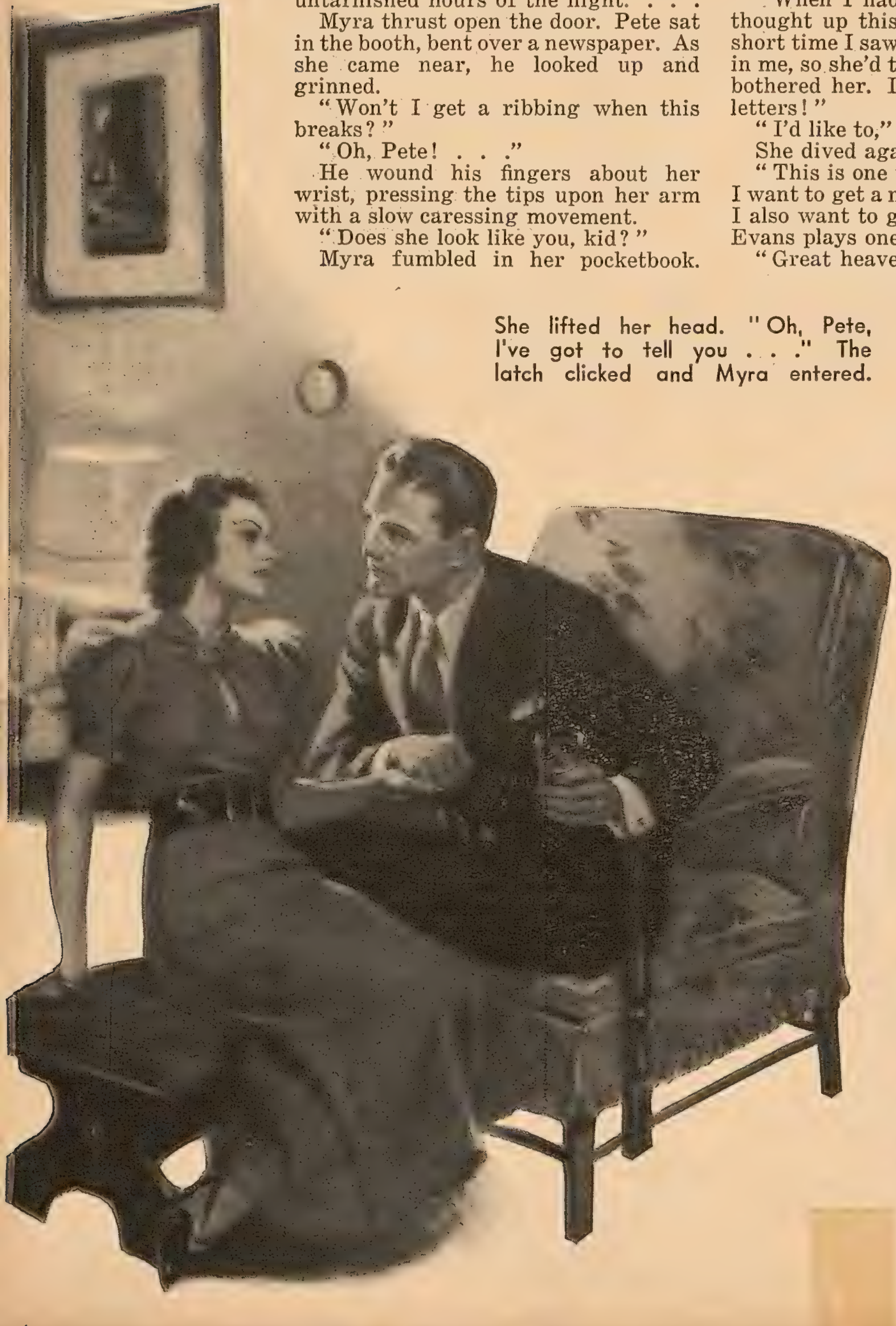
"Won't I get a ribbing when this breaks?"

"Oh, Pete! . . ."

He wound his fingers about her wrist, pressing the tips upon her arm with a slow caressing movement.

"Does she look like you, kid?"

Myra fumbled in her pocketbook. Now she was going to cry, damn it, and spoil everything. She found the photograph, gave it to him, took out a handkerchief and blew her nose. Pete's sandy brows lifted.



She lifted her head. "Oh, Pete, I've got to tell you . . ." The latch clicked and Myra entered.

"She's got it all over you, baby."

Myra laughed shakily. "Thanks, mister." She leaned over and took his hands.

"Pete, I . . . I want you to like her. She's had such a queer life. No memory of her father. She wasn't two when he died. Scarcely a mother. . . . Do you know, since she was little I've only seen her a dozen times, and never for more than two weeks."

"I'd say she's hale and hearty."

"Oh, Aunt Agnes has taken good care of her. And then, in a way, I've raised her—by correspondence."

"Trust you to figure something like that. I suppose you had a set of questions and answers. 'One: Did you eat your spinach? Two: Are your ears clean?'"

Myra laughed.

"When I had to get out and make a living for us, I thought up this plan of letters. It wasn't easy. In the short time I saw her I had to build up complete confidence in me, so she'd tell me everything, ask any questions that bothered her. It worked. If you could see some of the letters!"

"I'd like to," Pete said.

She dived again into her handbag.

"This is one when she was thirteen: 'Mother dearest, I want to get a new dress with the money you sent me but I also want to get a sax. I'm crazy to play a sax. Mary Evans plays one wonderful. Which should I do?'"

"Great heaven," said Pete reverently, "did you solve that?"

"In a way. Here is a recent one: 'Dearest Mother, I've met the nicest boy. He really is nice, mother, and clever. He wants to work on a newspaper or advertising. Aunt Agnes likes him, too. He took me to the movies and we saw Greta Garbo. She was divine. When we came home Charles wanted to kiss me good night. I didn't let him. Was that right?'"

"Ah," said Pete, "sex rears its fascinating profile. Now she's got you."

"I gave her a lecture on puppy love and used myself as a horrible example of a too early marriage. Apparently Charles was a passing fancy. The first, I suppose, of a long line."

"Judging by her mother." Pete yawned and looked at his watch. "Let's go to beddy-by."

In the taxi he put his arms about her and kissed her. Happiness settled upon Myra; she relaxed, her eyes closing. It was all turning out marvelously. In another day she would have Frances. Pete would be crazy about her. She'd get Frances a job so she would not be dependent upon them; find friends for her, a nice young fellow like Pete. . . .

PETE awoke with a groan. The alarm was going off and it seemed as if he had just gotten into bed. Then he realized it was not the alarm but the buzzer of the apartment. He got up, shivering and cursing, casting malevolent glances at Myra sleeping tranquilly under the fluffy eiderdown comfort, put on robe and slippers, went into the living room, and jerked open the door.

A young girl, holding in both hands a valise half the size of a trunk, stood in the hallway. She wore a truncated cone for a hat, with a red feather sticking out like a mad semaphore, and a raccoon coat. She looked at him out of dark eyes circled with fatigue.

"You're Pete, aren't you?" she asked. "I'm Frances."

Her mouth began to quiver. Pete realized that she was tired and desperately embarrassed. He grinned and flung open the door.

"You caught me with my . . . I mean, we weren't expecting you until tomorrow."

"The bus broke down."

Pete lifted the valise and groaned.

"What's in this—lead soldiers?"

Frances smiled slightly, and something hot and unpleasant nipped at Pete's ribs. In the photograph she had looked exactly like her mother, but now there was the shadowy impress of some one else upon her features—a stranger. The unpleasant sensation became acute and unreasonable. Could he be jealous of a man dead and out of mind? Pete thought in astonishment. That was goofy.

He had determined to do everything to make the kid feel at home. She looked nice. She must be half a head taller than Myra. He noticed her back, straight and strong, and thought, I bet she plays basketball. Myra hadn't an athletic corpuscle in her body. . . . Well, there was nothing to get steamed up about. Most of the time Myra would be taking her around. . . .

"Myra—your mother's sleeping," he said. "We just got in an hour ago. What do you say we don't wake her?"

"All right."

"We'll have a spot of breakfast and get acquainted," Pete babbled on. "Nothing like a fried egg to break down social barriers. Bath's in there. Guest towels under the sign 'Not in use.'"

BY the time she returned, he had the table laid, the eggs ready, and the coffee was rising for the third time in the coffee maker. Frances sat down and said:

"Won't mother be surprised?"

"She'll have a stroke."

"It was silly, I guess," Frances said. "But I was crazy to get here and see her—and you."

"I'm not at my best," Pete said. "The hair rumpled. The eyes sunken and dull. The beard sprouting unashamed. You ought to see me first in Inverness and topper."

Frances laughed, a rich clear sound that brought Pete's glance back to her. Some of the weariness had left her face. There were wings of color across her cheeks. Her skin was faintly olive and her eyes were brilliantly black, like polished ebony. She's a wow, Pete thought. It's going to take strong-arm methods to keep the boys away.

"What I started to explain," she said. "After the bus broke down we had to wait six or seven hours. I went into a lunchroom and there I met a nice man who gave me a lift here. And that was funny too, because he knows you. He said to tell you that Yo-Yo had brought your daughter home. I think," she added speculatively, "he didn't believe I was your daughter."

Pete passed a hand across his brow.

"Little fat guy? Bald? Gold teeth?"

"Yes. He was driving from Chicago in a marvelous Packard. We had a grand time."

"Your mother's daughter," Pete murmured. "Listen, my child. Yo-Yo Roush has just been sprung after serving eight months for petty larceny. The Packard undoubtedly was stolen."

"But he said he was your friend!" Frances replied in astonishment. "He knows mother, too."

"Why, Fran darling! . . ." Myra stood in the doorway. "Sweetie, how on earth did you get here?"

Myra put her arms about Frances and kissed her. A radiant happiness shone upon her face. In her robe and pajamas, her hair tousled, she looked scarcely older than her daughter.

"Isn't she lovely, Pete?"

"She's a lot of girl," Pete said. "She has an appetite, too."

Myra sat down and poured herself a cup of coffee. Pete mixed a drink.

"We drove all night, mother," Frances said, quite willing to begin over again with her adventures.

The first thin sunlight touched the cornices of the city outside.

"You must be dead," Myra said. "Come in with me. Pete can sleep on the davenport."

"He'll be uncomfortable," Frances protested.

"Nonsense. Pete loves the davvy. He'd sleep there all the time if I'd let him."

"Sometimes, though," Pete said, "I prefer the dumbwaiter. But that's only when I've got the bends."

"After a bender he means, dear," Myra said.

"I think you're both absolutely crazy." Frances looked at them with eyes of wonder. "But I love it." She rubbed her cheek against Myra's. "Pete's just like you said he was."

"How is that?" Pete asked.

"Come to bed," Myra said. "Pete's spoiled enough as it is."

The buzzer of the apartment sounded. Pete went to the door and came back with three folded morning papers.

"Bring Fran's suitcase in, will you, Pete?" Myra called.

He laid down the papers and carried the bag into the bedroom. The two reading lamps cast pools of rosy light upon the pillows. There was his pipe on the bedside table, an empty highball glass, a book upside down, as he had left it. Yet he had a curious impression that it was not the same room.

"Set the alarm, Pete," Myra said, "and take the clock with you. Fran needn't get up until she wants to."

Pete went out, the clock in his hand. Always before, Myra had wound the alarm the last thing and moved the little lever to ON. He undressed, mixed a highball, and lay down on the davenport. Now he'd run through the papers. But he remained still, his legs bent uncomfortably, his cupped hands balancing the glass on his chest. A grown-up daughter who wasn't his. He'd be kidded a bit, but he didn't mind that. He'd have to lay himself out occasionally to amuse her, take her here and there. None of that bothered him. It was something else, profound and elusive. It was the way he had felt when he opened the door and saw her standing there, looking as Myra must have looked at seventeen, but with the shadow of a stranger across her face. Pete jabbed his cigarette savagely in the tray. He drank the highball in one long gulp. He fell asleep with the light still burning.

IT seemed to work out very well. They got Frances a single apartment adjoining theirs. Usually she slept late and came in to eat breakfast with them at noon. These were pleasant hours, the apartment odorous of toast and coffee; snow perhaps, glittering on the roofs of the buildings opposite; the sky a bright winter blue. Pete, in bathrobe and slippers, reading the paper and dropping an occasional word into the chattering flow of their talk. At first Frances arrived dressed with great care. But after Pete complained that it made him uncomfortable, she came, like Myra, in robe and mules, her black heavy hair falling in somber waves to her shoulders. Afterward she and her mother would go off together until Myra was due at the paper.

They all met again for dinner at the restaurant in the evening. If Pete was covering a story, Frances often went with Myra to the office and watched her work. The newspaper fascinated Frances.

"She's got a nose for it," Pete said to Myra.

Her interest diminished the feeling that Pete had first had about her. He became quite proud of the way she grasped the mechanics of producing a great metropolitan daily. "Just a cog off the old Hoe," he said. He began to take her places—to a hockey match, the Dog Show, the six-day bike race. Myra was delighted.

And then, suddenly, nothing was quite the way it had been before. Myra first became aware of it the afternoon she took Frances to buy a new hat. The saleswoman put an absurd affair like an inverted flowerpot on the girl's dark head.

"Cute," Myra said. "Lucky you haven't a husband, to shriek in male horror."

Frances' expression altered; the happiness went out of her eyes. Myra bit her lip. She shouldn't have said that. Girls had impossibly romantic ideas concerning husbands and marriage, and such remarks distressed them.

"Wouldn't Pete like it?"

"Pete?" Myra was astonished. "He'd probably say, 'I'll get you a few dahlias to plant in it.'" She laughed. "But you'd never know if he liked it or not."

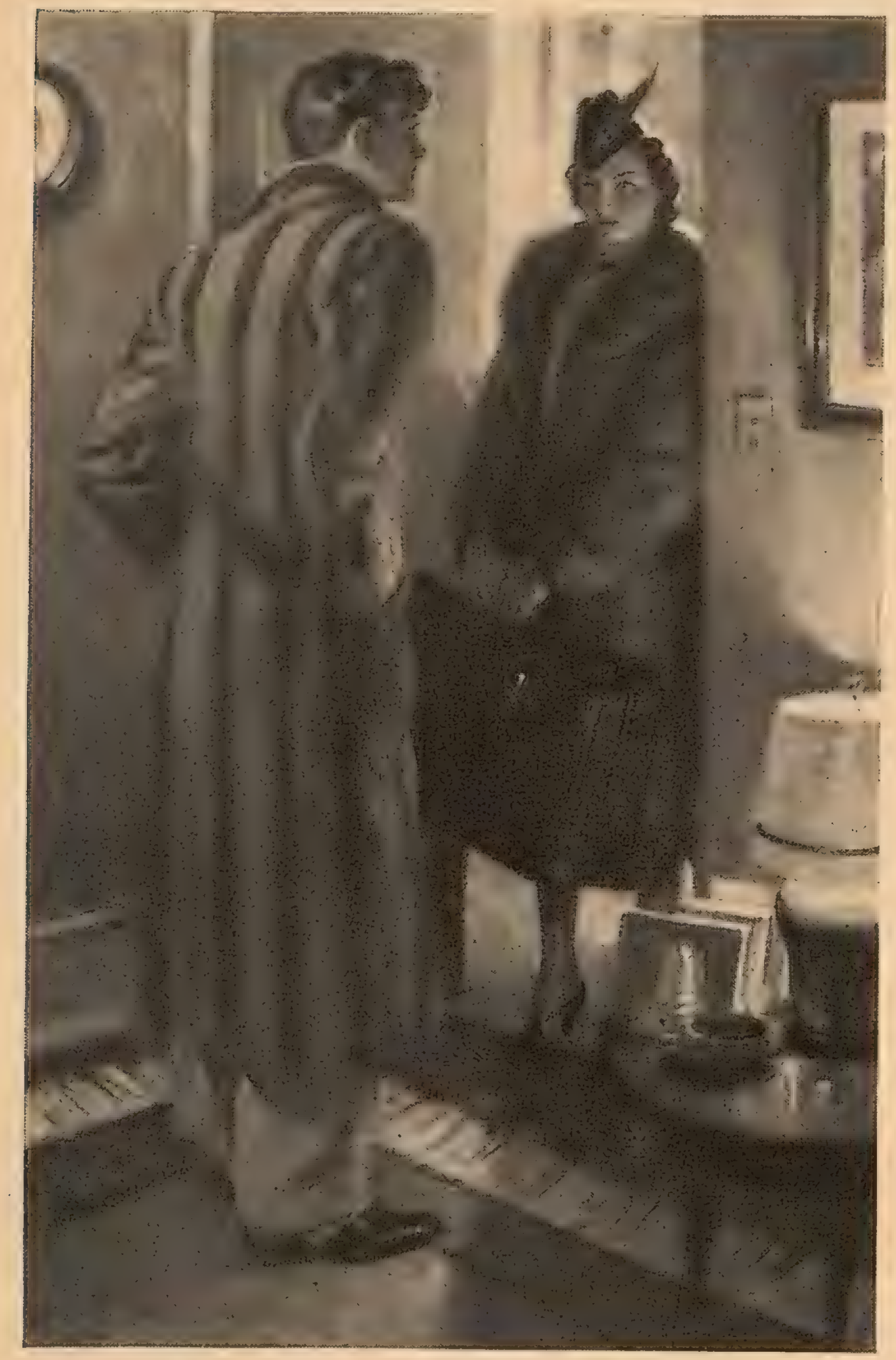
"He doesn't seem that way to me."

Myra reached over impulsively and squeezed her hand. "I'm so glad you two get along, sweetie. I'd never told him about you until just before you came. Poor Pete. It was kind of a shock."

Frances lifted wide startled eyes to her.

"It seems silly now," Myra went on. "Probably you can't understand. But you will some day."

For a moment they looked at each other, and Myra, with dismay, felt that her confidence had been a mistake. In that instant a barrier seemed to rise between them.


"You're Pete, aren't you?" she asked. "I'm Frances."

"I think," Frances said to the salesgirl, "I'll take the felt sports hat, after all."

MYRA lit a cigarette and glanced at the clock over the bar at the far end of the restaurant. Nine fifteen. They ought to be here.

The proprietor stopped beside the booth and put down a Martini on the table.

"With my compliments," he said. "Where is Pete and the beautiful daughter?"

"Christmas shopping."

"So?" His little eyes twinkled in a large fleshy face. "This is making a new man of Pete. He was getting all crotchety, like us old fellows. Now he acts young again. Nothing like children to make a man feel good and important."

"You ought to know, Adolph."

He beamed upon her, wagging a fat finger.

"Tck, tck, Mrs. Barnes. It is us old bachelors who see things clear."

His words reverberated upon the stillness of her heart. She sat revolving the cocktail glass between her fingers, and the several inexplicable happenings of the past few weeks seemed to take on unmistakable significance. The prize fight, for example.

Frances had gone with Pete eagerly, curious and excited. When Myra returned to the apartment after completing her work at the office, to her surprise, they were there. Frances was pale and on the verge of tears; Pete, disturbed and puzzled.

"Oh, mother, it was awful! Look!"

The front of her dress was spotted with blood.

"It was that palooka, Cucchi," Pete explained. "He's a bleeder. Ryan got him on the ropes right over us and slugged hell out of him. The blood . . ."

Frances covered her face with her hands.

"I'm sorry," Pete said. "I'm sorry, Fran. The mug wasn't hurt. You saw that."

He had been more upset than Myra ever remembered seeing him.

She hadn't thought much about it at the time. Now she recalled how Pete had laughed and kidded her when she had reacted in much the same way when he had first taken her to fights. But I was older, she told herself. I'd been around. I was on a newspaper. . . . Then tonight, Pete sending young Abrams to cover an important heavyweight bout so that he could go shopping with Frances.

HI y'u, Mrs. Barnes?"

Myra's taut nerves jumped. The cocktail slopped over the rim of the glass. She lifted it quickly and drank.

"Hello, Yo-Yo," she said. "Where have you been hiding?"

"Not hiding," Yo-Yo said reproachfully. "Just keeping them dumb cops from making a serious error. Imagine my surprise when I was tipped off that the go-cart I drove from Chicago was hot. Why, if I'd . . ."

"Save it for the tabloids. Anyway, this is the first chance I've had to thank you for taking care of Frances."

"Don't mention it. Pete give me hell, so I guess that makes us all even."

"Pete did what?" Myra asked, startled.

"Let's skip it, Mrs. Barnes. Pete just took the angle a guy like me shouldn't be giving lifts to young girls. As if I don't know a nice girl when I see one. . . . Well, here comes Pete now. I'll run along."

Myra turned and saw Frances and Pete coming through the revolving door, their faces ruddy from the cold, their arms laden with packages. Frances was wearing the gray kidskin coat with pillbox hat to match that Pete had insisted on buying for her. To make up, he had explained, for all the birthdays he had missed. Myra was busy with mirror and lipstick when they reached the table. She raised her head and crinkled her eyes, saying:

"Hello, Santa Clauses."

Frances tumbled her bundles on to the seat, bent down and kissed her.

"We had a simply marvelous time!"

Pete grinned, unwinding a tawny wool muffler.

"That's new, isn't it?" Myra asked.

"I bought it for him," Frances said. "We bought each other presents. Pre-Christmas, Pete calls them. Wait till you see mine." She dug into the little round kidskin muff and drew out a tiny fuzzy bear.

"Isn't he sweet? Look at his eyes, mother." She cuddled the bear under her chin and her glance sought Pete. They smiled at each other and between them passed an understanding in which, it seemed to Myra, she had no part.

"I'm famished," Frances said. "Pete, may I have a cocktail?"

Myra thought: *Pete,* may I have. Not, mother, may I.

"One," Pete said sternly. "Pink and very weak. What's yours, Myra?"

"Martini," she answered, thinking, *Myra,* not baby or kid or sweetheart or apple . . . Stop it!

"Scotch-and-soda for the big man."

The bear sat propped against the water bottle, its brown glass eyes shining. The scarf hung over the side of the booth. She and Pete, Myra thought, had always bought each other presents—silly things, useless trinkets, odds and ends.

"Yo-Yo was here," Myra said.

The good humor left Pete's face.

"That heel is looking for trouble."

"He said you'd given him a going over."

"What about?" Frances asked. "He's cute. I like him."

"I don't quite understand your attitude, Pete."

"Don't you?"

Pete's green eyes rested on her, bright and inscrutable. She mustn't go on with this. But she knew she would. She had to. There was something that she must find out.

"Fran," Myra said, "I think I left my handkerchief in the powder room. Do you mind asking the maid if she found it?"

When her daughter had gone, Myra said slowly:

"We all understand Yo-Yo's failings. But otherwise I'd trust him a lot further than a good many so-called gentlemen. Besides"—she compelled herself to look directly at him—"you've never objected to my knowing him."

Pete's glance turned away, passed across the restaurant to the door where Frances had vanished.

"That's different," he said.

EDWARD SHENTON

is an artist and editor as well as a writer. He served in the World War and later returned to France on a scholarship to the Academy of Fine Arts. While there, he wrote his first novel. Most of his short stories have dealt with war and flying. He is married and has a young son.

PUT the star at the top," Frances said.

"How's that?"

"Lovely."

Pete stood back from the tree, picked up his glass from the table and drank absently. Frances put the plug into the electric socket and the tiny candles flamed into brightness.

"I wish mother would come."

"She's just taking a Christmas basket up to that pet poor family of hers. She does it every year."

"But it's almost twelve o'clock."

Pete didn't answer. He felt angry, and beneath the anger he was uneasy. Something had happened and he did not know what it was. Myra was unhappy, and now Frances was troubled and remote.

"Look here, Fran," he said, "what's bothering you?"

She glanced at him quickly—exactly like Myra—and away.

"Nothing, Pete, really."

He reached over and took her hands, drawing her down to the low stool beside him.

"Tell your old—" The glib phrase choked him. "Tell me, kid."

She lifted her head, her dark eyes soft and blurred with tears.

"Oh, Pete, I've just got to tell you . . ."

The latch clicked and Myra entered. In the dusky room the red and yellow and blue lights on the tree shone like distant stars. She saw them turn to her, and in the faint light their attitudes seemed fixed in surprise. Frances' unfinished words faded into the quiet.

Myra took off her hat and tossed it on a chair, let her coat slide to the floor, stripped her gloves from her long fingers. She would not let the uncertainty growing in her heart affect her. She was having vapors—from not enough sleep or too much coffee. This apartment, secure and satisfying, was the world she had created for herself and Pete. It was safe against intrusion, even of her own delusions. She said gaily:

"Merry Christmas, children! Pete, mix me a drink, please."

MYRA, going up in the apartment elevator, knew all at once that she did not want to go out tonight. The prospect of sitting in a night club with Pete and Frances amid the din and confusion of New Year's Eve seemed suddenly appalling. True, she and Pete had always done it; Pete took such established customs seriously. If she were just alone with Pete tonight—or if she were taking only Frances, she would enjoy afresh the excitement, the gaiety through her daughter's unaccustomed eyes.

The fact was she had come to prefer each of them alone. Together, they became strangers to her; somehow detached from her.

She unlocked the door and entered the apartment. It was dark, and there was a strange sensation of emptiness. She snapped on the light, called, "Fran, where are you?" went into the bedroom, and saw the note at once.

In the midst of a great cold creeping up around her, she read the hasty phrases: ". . . I didn't tell you at first, and then, somehow, I couldn't. . . . I can't explain now. There isn't time for me to find the right words to make you understand. Forgive me, mother, for being such a coward and shoving this off on Pete to explain."

Myra went into the living room, walked aimlessly.

They had fallen in love and Frances was running away. She had discovered . . . or Pete had told her. . . . Myra shook her head. Pete would never do that, not behind her back. Frances had found out. She was a woman; such things are intuitive. The only honorable thing she could do was what she was doing. But love was not appeased by honorable gestures. It went on its way, blind, compelling, destructive. By fleeing, Frances might avoid a definite encounter, but the effect upon them all, together and to each other, could not be foreseen or evaded.

The door opened and Myra glanced up, startled.

"Hi, baby!" Pete said.

He came into the room, but he did not look at her while he removed his coat, opened the cabinet, and took out glasses and a bottle.

He said, "I've got a little news for you. Some of it's bad, maybe."

Her knuckles whitened from the pressure of her clasped hands. That wasn't the way to do it. She said quietly, "I'm not a child, Pete. It's about Fran, of course. Tell me."

"She's married," he said. Seltzer hissed loudly in the silence.

Myra sat dazed. Pete was speaking hurriedly.

"That was the main reason why she wanted to come. To tell you. But she lost her nerve. She thought she'd deceived you, and you'd be hurt. After all you'd said about marrying young." He finished mixing the drink and took a long grateful swallow. "So she told me. She was starting to when you walked in on us Christmas Eve. She got around to it again yesterday. I was to break it." He looked at her, his eyes anxious with compassion. "You've been acting sort of upset lately. I thought maybe having her here might have stirred up old memories. So I waited. . . . Don't cry, sweetie."

"I'm not . . . I'm just . . . it's so unexpected."

"Sure," said Pete. "I know just how you feel. But she's a sound kid. She'll make a go of it."

Myra took the handkerchief from her eyes, but she did not dare glance at him; he'd *see* the singing in her heart.

"She stood it as long as she could," Pete went on. "But today she said she couldn't stay away from him any longer. It's that guy Charles she wrote about. I just put her on the choo-choo."

"Pete," Myra said, "I need a drink."

Pete shot seltzer into two glasses. Myra went to the window and stood sipping the brandy and looking at the vast luminous spaces of the night. Pete must never know what she had thought, never, never, never! Pete came and stood beside her.

"I thought maybe if they wanted to settle here, I could wangle a job for him."

"Pete, would you? I'll write tomorrow."

Pete grinned.

"I like being a father. It made me feel respectable."

He put his arm about her and her head fell back against his shoulder. Myra had a lovely sensation that they were one person, their minds and hearts touching and flowing together. Pete tilted her face to his and kissed her. Outside, the first impatient horns were calling the New Year to heel. Myra said:

"Pete, do you know you forgot to bring a paper?"

THE END

WHY HITLER FEARS HIS ARMY

An amazing secret from one who knows—How Der Führer's power may end!

BY "ENVOY"

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ADOLF HITLER is the German Number One man of today; Ludwig Beck is the Number One man of tomorrow. His accession to power is an absolute certainty. The transfer of leadership will take place the moment the next world war starts. Ludwig Beck, generalissimo, will then have power unlimited.

Hitler will then find himself hopelessly in the background. No doubt this realization is what restrains Hitler from action whenever his war hysteria makes him bellow.

Today General Ludwig Beck's name is known to only a small circle of the initiate. His sharply chiseled head and smooth-shaven face cannot be found in any published photograph of Der Führer and his cohorts. Not even his name may be mentioned in German newspapers. Foreign correspondents voicing an interest in this mysterious person are immediately requested to leave Germany.

This man, whose slightest gesture will be more important than all of Hitler's speeches, I once met in a Berlin restaurant as the waiter casually waved him to a neglected table in the rear of the dining room. In the Third Reich not much fuss is made over a simple civilian who doesn't even wear a brown shirt. General Beck is the one and only member of the German armed forces who ever appears in public in civilian clothes.

He also enjoys still another special privilege: He may say "No" to Der Führer with impunity. Not so long ago Spanish Loyalist aviators fired on a German cruiser. Hitler raved, he raged, he sobbed. He summoned Foreign Minister Baron von Neurath and Minister of War von Blomberg. He ordered them immediately to mobilize for a war of revenge against Spain! In vain did Neurath point out the certainty that such a move would start a new world war; in vain did Blomberg talk of the military difficulties. For five hours Der Führer thundered. Then a telephone call sent Beck to him. Without giving Der Führer a chance to burst out, the general said politely, "I prefer not to head a losing war. In this Spanish adventure we would have to lose."

Hitler was aghast, and world peace was preserved—until the next time.

Of course Beck considers war his business. But it must be a good business; one that promises success. He will not be led into any other.

His predecessor, Hans von Seeckt, built the Reichswehr into a model army by shrewdly circumventing the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Then Beck created from this model army one of the largest and most terrifying military machines of all times. He was merely a colonel when he undertook to make the German people once again a "nation in arms." That was before Hitler's seizure of power.

His intimate co-operation with the marshal of Russia's Red army can be traced back to the time when Republican Germany's first tanks were manufactured in the Russian Putilow Works, and when it used the Ukrainian lowlands for training its air forces. The military clauses of the Versailles Treaty necessitated these secret goings-on. With Hitler's seizure of power, the picture changed—at least externally. Der Führer did not miss a single opportunity to thunder against Moscow. But General Beck quietly continued his traffic with the Soviet marshal. General Putna, Military Attaché at the Embassy of the U. S. S. R. in London, served as liaison between him and Tukhachevsky.

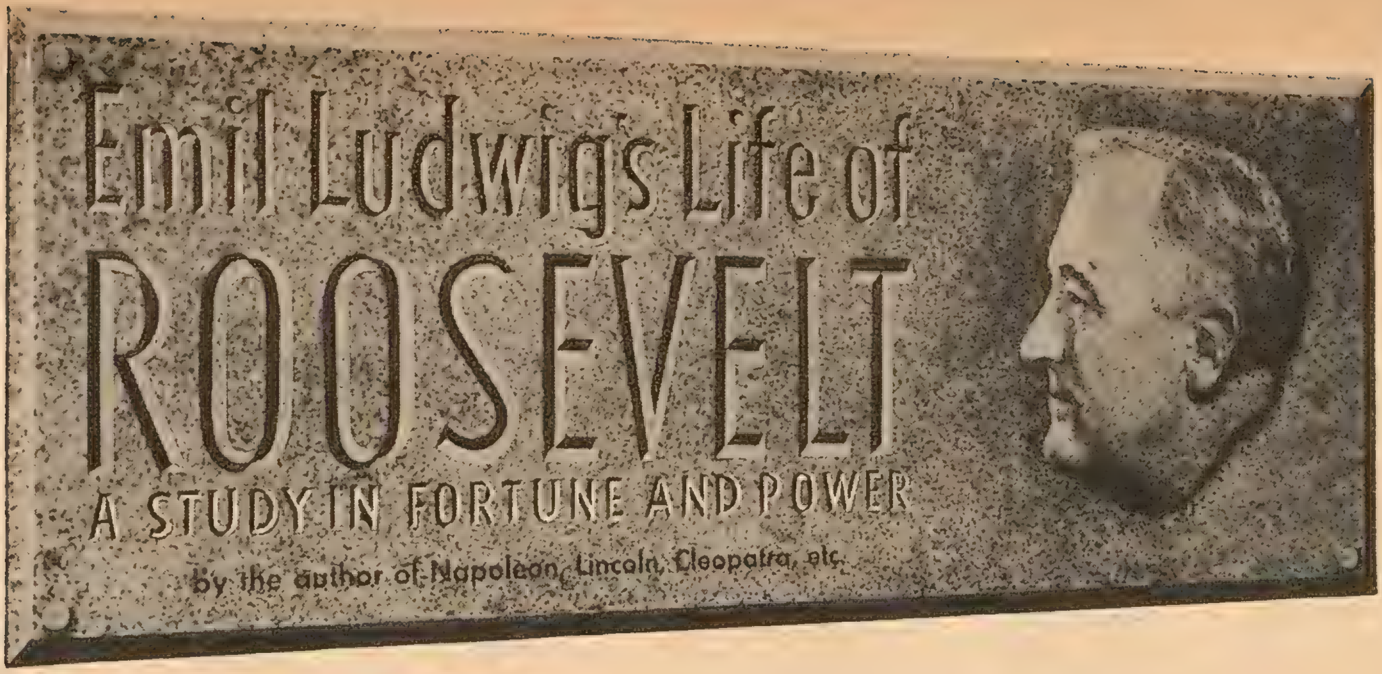
As long as this traffic remained verbal, it worked. After a while, however, Beck began to press for written records of the agreements. "If you trust me sufficiently to work out a plan of military co-operation between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia," was the message he sent Marshal Tukhachevsky, "you must also agree to a written memorandum of our plans. Besides, we are both soldiers, aren't we? And we both laugh at our political dictators."

The appeal seems to have worked. Tukhachevsky was drawn into a voluminous correspondence with Beck. But Stalin is no Hitler, and when the Red ruler learned from a stool pigeon that the highest generals of the Russian army were in contact with the chief of the German General Staff, he had eight of them, including the marshal and Putna, shot.

The intrigue collapsed. Whereupon Beck took a train to Paris and showed his French colleague, Chief of Staff Gamelin, the entire correspondence. "These," he said, "are your fine Russian allies. They have a military alliance with you and they conspired with us."

General Beck has no free time and no hobbies. He is impenetrable, almost impersonal. Even as a guest he refused to be photographed.

THE END



Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

Boy and Bridegroom

HOW ONE KIND OF ROOSEVELT MARRIED ANOTHER AND WHAT THEY LEARNED

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MR. LUDWIG has studied President Roosevelt in this country and at first hand, but—as he avows in his introduction, published in Liberty last week—from a European viewpoint. The biography's opening installment was devoted to the future President's sheltered childhood at Hyde Park as the son of a country gentleman in his fifties and a much younger mother; to the child's ancestral background; and to the influences of his surroundings and especially of the Hudson, the great river from which he "took in almost the whole of American history through his eyes." The installment left the boy with his father on a journey downstream.

PART TWO—HE WANTED TO BE A SAILOR!

WHILE they have been talking thus, the river has been curving and narrowing down. When they reach the Palisades his father tells him how these perpendicular cliffs of basalt came about, and how blocks are blasted out of them for building purposes. At last the boat loses itself in the river where it flows into the bay, and the uproar around them tells them that they are in New York.

Hearing it all from the mouth of an old conservative merchant, a youngster understands more readily, and retains forever, the significance of a waterway in the life of a city and a people; understands how commerce and history are linked to it, how from earliest days the Hudson connected the old and new country with Canada to the north and the ocean to the south. He understands why, as far back as the time of Charles II, the "Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," eighteen English gentlemen of the aristocracy, leased a monopoly for hunting furs and skins in these parts, and how robbers and hunters finally became great noblemen, issuing and administering laws.

Here the boy learns with his own eyes how and why, in later years, the French fur dealers came down the Hudson from Canada, when the river had become English, and how the Indians were courted and demoralized by the two races of whites. Perhaps this history of blind exploitation will help him to understand, in a few years, the lot of the Oklahoma Indians and the nature of the oil wars which are to begin in the Middle West. Yes, it is here, on this excursion down the Hudson, that he learns to see clearly the injustice of monopoly, first denounced by Lincoln. For every question that he raises, if it concerns land and water, commerce and traffic, he gets an answer from his father, who himself directed one of the great railroads.

Every summer now they go up to the islands on the other side of the Canadian border. There, on Campobello Island, his parents have built a little summer home; and what with fishing and rowing and voyages of discovery along the island-dotted coasts, the boy becomes so intimate with a life on the water that he makes up his mind to become a seaman. What does he lack for it? Not one of his friends is more skillful, certainly not one is healthier, than this slim, strong, growing boy.

Meanwhile, for eight successive years he spends several weeks on board a big liner; for when his parents want a holiday—especially his young and beautiful mother—they cannot bear to leave their only son at home. And so, during these receptive years between the ages of seven and fourteen, he gets to know bits of England, France, and Germany, and absorbs the languages of these countries as if in play. Thus his outlook broadens; he learns early the characteristics, gifts, and quirks of the peoples of the foreign countries toward which Americans look across the water, sometimes admiringly, sometimes arrogantly, never simply.

HOW THE BOY SAW THE GERMANS RULED WITH A ROD OF IRON

There is being developed in the boy, as a permanent possession, a spirit which grasps swiftly through the

ILLUSTRATED BY PIERRE BRISSAUD

eyes what others must gather slowly from books, and with this a natural respect for foreign peoples side by side with the beginnings of a healthy criticism, born of comparison, of his own people.

At a very early age he learns to distinguish between English freedom and the dutifulness of the German subject. He notes down, for the remainder of his life, that, when he was on a cycling holiday in Germany with his tutor, they were arrested near Strassburg four times in one day: once for plucking cherries on a country road; once for bringing their bicycles into the waiting room of a railroad station; and twice for similar crimes.

In London the experiences of the fourteen-year-old boy are of the opposite kind. At the door of the Kensington Museum he and his tutor are stopped because the Prince of Wales and his court are within; thereupon he produces his membership card in a bird society to which his uncle had him elected more as a joke than because he had collected three hundred specimens. The doors of the museum at once fly open and, torn between curiosity and shyness, he finds himself suddenly playing the role of a distinguished savant in this illustrious company.

With what deep effect such pictures are engraved in the soul of a boy! How formative and instructive are these journeys in far countries, during which he has seen their monuments and pictures, the names of their streets and public squares, and has built up out of them a plastic idea of their histories; has learned, too, by continuous comparison, to evaluate better the history of his own country. How profound, above all, must the effect be on this visually conditioned spirit looking around at the world with the eagerness of youth!

Then, when he has to leave his father's house and go up to school in Groton, he finds it, spoiled as he is by freedom, very hard; but his parents talk everything over with him. They try to make him see why one can't go to sea and become a sailor at once. Besides, the Christmas holidays are not far off, and then there will be skating and iceboating; for above Troy the Hudson freezes over and transforms the landscape into a true Dutch winter idyl.

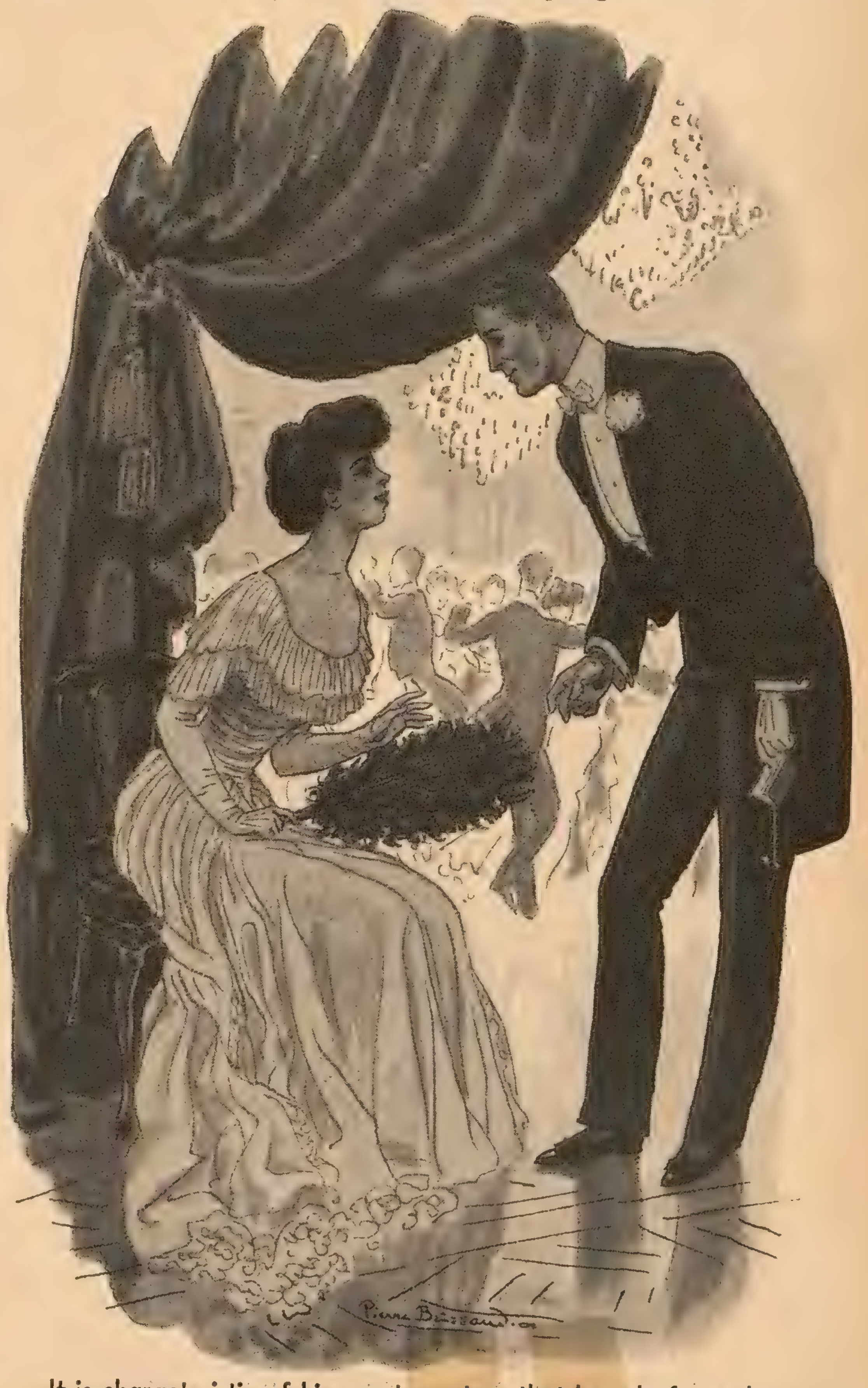
Franklin grew up into a handsome youth with a close resemblance to his mother. With his small, innocent mouth, he had about him something sylphlike, often to be observed in young sons of beautiful mothers. Moreover, when there is so decisive a gap between the ages of the parents, a young man is apt to model himself on his mother's image, which is so much nearer to him; he will therefore appear much more feminine than in later years. In a photograph of the football team which he joined in his new school, the sixteen-year-old youth may be seen as a Prince Charming on whom life is ready to shower all its gifts.

A prophecy based on that picture would have given him the following life course: he would marry the daughter of an English duke, wear a gray topper at Ascot, and from time to time read out thin verses of his own writing in some literary club. The slightly bored expression of beautiful young people who have not yet found themselves lies on this picture, as it does on the older one of his mother. Both seem to be a little frightened by a tumultuous world for which they are too good.

HE TRIED TO RUN AWAY TO FIGHT THE SPANIARDS

Two personal and characteristic stories are reported of these four school years. Reading, at the age of sixteen, about the beginning of the Spanish-American War, he makes up his mind to enlist as a sailor together with a friend. They set out secretly for Boston on a vegetable cart. By next morning they will have made their getaway; then their sailor's life will begin, and after that what can a father do or say to his son who has begun life as a patriot and a hero? But that same evening, in the strange inn, the two runaways suddenly begin to feel sick. The next morning they have the measles, a reminder from Providence that they are still children.

But it is not only war and the sea which tug at the romantic youth. It seems that he was not happy at this school, which is a matter for astonishment, for his gifts and aptitudes should make him happy everywhere. But in this place where only the children of the rich forgathered and were already competing in clothes and even in money—in this place where the natural, leveling influence of his father's house was lacking—the sixteen-year-old Roosevelt began to find himself in opposition to his schoolmates showing off with their parents' incomes. The aristocrat in him is wounded. His attempt to use the war as an excuse for flight springs likewise from the



It is characteristic of his great courtesy that he asks for a dance.

general impulse to betake himself, with his healthy body and eager spirit, to the sea, to the democratizing deck of a ship, where the man of ability comes to the fore, whoever he is.

When, at the age of eighteen, he goes up to Harvard, this distrust of his own class breaks out more clearly. This time it is the Boer War which brings him into the open. For while one of his uncles, as a descendant of the Dutch, collects money for the Boer women and children whom the English have imprisoned, Franklin sees his rich fellow students, into whose club he has been pulled by his friends, turning from these "dirty, bearded Boers" with affected loathing and offering their sympathies to the smart and noble English.

It is the Dutchman in Roosevelt that now redoubles his efforts for the Boers; but it is also the uncorrupted student, free from every taint of snobbishness, irritated by the arrogance and self-sufficiency of his comrades.

For with his developing manhood there comes to life in him a decisive sense of justice, compounded of aptitudes and upbringing, and as long as he lives this sense of justice will be stronger than his sense of freedom. Why? Because he never saw the latter challenged about him, while the former is threatened more and more with the passing of the years.

But young Roosevelt is not content to defend himself against what he dislikes. He passes to the attack; and if about this time he begins to distinguish himself at sport, it is the joy of battle which drives him. How could it be otherwise with a young man who has found everything prepared for him, who sees no difficulties darkening his future, on whom his parents have expended all their kindness, and for whom a broad, generous life has been assured? How could he, radiant in health as he was, feel otherwise than called upon to render voluntarily, in the joy of the game, those services which are wrung from others by the life struggle?

HOW AT HARVARD HE PITCHED INTO HIS OWN SOCIAL CLASS

But how is this will to be given effect when one is studying history? This sporting desire to fight and to win without the help of accidental advantages, with nothing more than one's ideas as weapons—where can it be given better effect than in journalism? And so, with the student newspapers as his arena, he flings himself with gusto into the struggle as champion of a juster distribution of the honors and official positions created by the students among themselves.

Member of what might be called the governing club, in which one hundred sons of rich and distinguished Americans assume the administrative power over six hundred unorganized students, nineteen-year-old Roosevelt rises against the privileges of his own class. This is his first struggle, directed equally against wealth and the political machine. Before the election of the Senior Class Day officers he writes: "There is a higher duty than to vote for one's personal friend, and that is to secure for the whole class leaders who really deserve the position." No one, he continues, should be elected on the basis of his class, but all on the basis of their abilities.

On the whole, ambition already plays a much lighter role in his early years than does the joy of the fight; and this will remain true for the rest of his life. The struggles into which this man is to precipitate himself decades later are all of his own choosing. Not one of them is forced upon him as part of the price paid by the man who lusts for power. If, as a rich student, he takes it upon himself to write against the leadership of rich students, it is certainly not heroism in the grand style; but it is just as certainly a valiant beginning.

So far, the fighting game had been confined to the limits of a student newspaper. The manner in which he soon became its editor provides us with the first symbol of the significance and practical value of his family origin throughout his life.

For it was just then that Theodore Roosevelt, a fifth cousin or uncle of his, rose, while a very young man, and under unusual circumstances, to the position of Vice-President of the United States. When he happened to come on a visit to his old university, the young student's name was enough to open for him the door to the much-sought guest. Thus he could invite the visitor to address the students. He obtained an interview from him; won his journalistic spurs definitely as a relative of the other Roosevelt. The manner of man this uncle was, and his overnight translation to the Presidency with the assassination of McKinley, left a deep and obvious impression on the young and sensitive student.

Eleanor as a bride. Her uncle Theodore gave her away. He was President.

There could not, of course, be any talk of rivalry between them for the time being, but the younger of the two seized the practical opportunity. From now on he distinguished himself, as editor of the Crimson, by the speed with which he printed the news of football matches; and on one occasion he scooped a political item regarding the president of the university which the entire press of the country quoted. But the things he demanded and stood for in the paper indicate a turn, or rather a clarification, of his spiritual direction. In his advocacy of fire escapes for Harvard buildings, after a big fire, we perceive the feeling for the common good asserting itself in a young mind; and in his agitation for lectures on current events and the machinery of politics by practical politicians we perceive the will to clarity concerning the realities of the surrounding world.

WHAT HE LEARNED FROM THE MOB THAT THREATENED HIM

The way he learned from experience and not from books is revealed in the story of an incident which occurred one rainy day when he was rushing to the station in Boston to catch the train for a week-end in New York:

The carriage wheels stick on the road; he snatches up his valise and runs for the station, slips, collides with a boy running across his path, and knocks him down. There is a great hullabaloo; the fellow Italians of the young boy, who has not been hurt, come rushing up; a crowd gathers. To get away, the student offers the boy a dollar. General indignation! Bribery! The crowd increases, the outcry grows louder, attack is threatened, he grabs his valise and runs for it, and finally he manages to leap all breathless on to the moving train. "The whole trouble," Roosevelt ended up when he told the story after-

Franklin and his sixth cousin Eleanor when she became engaged to him.

With the Groton eleven. He is in the front row, center; he "may be seen as a Prince Charming."

In his school days, with his mother and his venerable father, nearing 70.

ward, "was that I didn't solve the problem. I tried to dodge it by creating a diversion. That doesn't work. I'll never try that again."

A political life was practically indicated for him, though he did not yet perceive it. His passionate interest in water and ships had led him to the history of American sea voyages, which is almost synonymous with the history of his country. Thence he had inevitably come upon the study of contemporary conditions, and then, as a climax, the appearance of his illustrious uncle had filled him with an eager curiosity about the present.

In all this he retained his boyishness beyond the usual years; and when in 1900, at the age of eighteen, he lost his seventy-two-year-old father, he was still described as "more a boy than a man."

WHY THIS PRINCE CHARMING CHOSE HIS COUSIN ELEANOR

The youth of a young and handsome heir, if it passes without friction and without surprises, is either decided entirely by women or else is wholly unaffected by them; and until he was twenty-three Roosevelt seems to have avoided rather than have been avoided by them. Everything was there to attract a girl of good family. His health gave her promise of strong children; his beauty insured her the envy of other women, making her willing to accept the dangers of jealousy; the name was aristocratic in itself and now its association with the Presidency had made it the most popular in the country. Furthermore, the young man had inherited a decent fortune with an income of five thousand dollars a year, to which his mother's fortune was some day to be added. Such a young man, elected for happiness by destiny, is definitely meant for early marriage.

He had lived until then under his mother's wing. When she became a widow in her early forties she was a beautiful and elegant woman. She followed her only child to the university and lived for some years in Boston in order to have the boy near her. Thus, seeking to make things easier for him in every conceivable way, she provided him with a home during his studies, and in the summer and during the vacations they had only to change this for their country home. There he could look upon himself as a little prince come to power very young, feeling the responsibility for administering his father's estate well, but finding the greatest pleasure in this freedom of motion, in the deliberations and decisions.

From this side too everything seemed to conspire for an early marriage in which he would assure himself, through his own royal heirs, of perpetuity of possession and government. Living always in the wide family circle, among a dozen male and female cousins, nothing would have been more natural under these circumstances than for him to have fallen in love with one of the girls with whom he had grown up.

"Destiny," says Goethe, "fulfills our wishes, but in her own way, without advising us"; and since destiny had something unusual in store for this young man, until then as pleasant as he was uninteresting, it intervened with decisive foresight in the determination of his choice. We may also call it the happy instinct of a well-meaning young man who wants to do the right thing with his life, but who mistakes or does not yet recognize his vocation, and only follows a presentiment in this fateful decision. If until then he had had no decisions to make, everything having been prepared for him, if he had sacrificed his one personal desire, that of becoming a seaman, to his father's wishes, without however having relinquished it inwardly, he now found himself, a twenty-three-year-old heir, free to make his own choice. The decision was a serious one. It cut deep into the spiritual being of this young man which, in the absence of published letters, is so little known to us.

For the girl he chose—so she testifies in her memoirs—had become close to him more through gallantry and cousinly inclination than through a profound passion. It is characteristic of his great courtesy that, attending a ball in his student days, he should approach one of the uncourted girls and ask her for a dance, something which she records with special gratitude a generation later.

The two youngsters were sixth cousins; as a child she had visited Hyde Park occasionally. Moreover, like himself, she had passed a considerable part of her childhood on the land, another part in Europe. She was also accustomed to external standards much like his, for she had inherited from her well-to-do father a similar income. She too had been surrounded by little art and religion; both of them were strangers to music.

And yet in character she was unlike him, and for that very reason was a creative influence in his life. Not the moral foundations of her own life but the circumstances, internal and external, had been completely different from his. Orphaned at ten, brought up affectionately by a grandmother and a clever French governess, she had met everywhere only patience and sympathy. She had early withdrawn into herself and had passed through a youth like that of Ottilie in Goethe's Elective Affinities, very lonely, very introspective, responsible, filled with the womanly impulse to help others: a life as thoroughly inward and spiritual as his was physical and active. When she was three years old they called her " granny " jokingly, so solemn and meditative did she seem. If Franklin had in his elderly father a practical expositor of the world, and in his mother a happy and active playmate, Eleanor was in her tenderest years torn by the restless question, What was the matter with her beloved father. For no one told the child that he had begun to drink. " Something was wrong with my father, and from my point of view nothing could be wrong with him."

THE SHADOW THAT HAD DARKENED THE BRIDE'S YOUTH

Later, lonely as she was, she grew up in dreams of renunciation, and to call her dead father " the one great love of my childhood." " And around his memory," she writes, " many long years after his death, still centered a dream life . . . which a less lonely child might never have needed, but which meant many happy hours to me."

No wonder this young girl, independent in thought and feeling, called upon to observe the life about her, thoroughly indifferent to amusement and society, forever concerned with conscience and justice, turned, during her long stay at a London school, from the salons of that city and sought out its lodginghouses, that she might learn how the poor live. Having herself, as a fatherless and motherless child, encountered much more pity than understanding, she bestowed her natural womanly sympathy on those who had grown up on the darker levels of life and who suffered undeservedly, just as she had known, without having earned them, the advantages of a comfortable life.

In contrast to Franklin she did not tacitly accept the inheritance of her rich parents as something to make life pleasanter. Her skeptical, restrained, and more burdened nature, the older spirit that lived in her, filled her with the problem of the oppressed and the disadvantaged at an earlier age, indeed when she was still half child; for after that childhood experience her character turned her from the brighter aspects of life. She herself writes, " I looked at everything from the point of view of what I ought to do, rarely from that of what I wanted to do." Until now Franklin had thought only of the things he liked to do. Now two characters met, one of which had been too much spoiled in youth, the other too little: Cinderella and the favorite of fortune.

If we put two such persons in the pages of a novel, and unite them at such an early age that their mutual influence can still rebuild their characters, we should expect the young wife to be affected by the activity of her husband, and her thoughtfulness transformed even more vigorously into active help; while we should expect the husband to be led to more earnest observation and more energetic criticism of his surroundings. But both of these eventualities will be possible only because both persons are by their aptitudes and upbringing fitted for the change and ready for it in advance. Each, under the influence of the other, will develop more decisively away from the world into which he was born and toward the peculiar world of his personality.

It is for this reason that we reckon Roosevelt's marriage, in spite of its almost casual beginning, among the three significant experiences of his life.

When the twenty-three-year-old Roosevelt united his life with that of his twenty-year-old relative, they seemed to be linked by a great common curiosity about life. This was only what his character would lead us to expect, but she has given us her confession in these fine sentences: " I had very high standards as to what a wife and mother should be and not the faintest notion of what it meant to be either a wife or a mother. It was years later before I understood what being in love was or what loving really meant."

So these two very unripe but eager and natural persons found themselves together, both of them thoroughly unmaterialistic in their outlook. The belief that he, the inheritor of wealth, found it easier to think in idealistic terms, is an old mistake; in Europe it is thrown up as a reproach to rich-born friends of the people. Men commonly build up their systems of happiness on their own weaknesses, or on those of their situation; it is therefore actually easier for a poor young man to build himself an ideal world, in which he stands at the top because of his inner drive, than for a rich young man, whose instinct of self-preservation drives him to perpetuate the hegemony of wealth. This is the reason why Christianity takes quicker hold on the poor than on the rich.

What makes it easier for a young heir like Roosevelt to be skeptical about wealth is solely the feeling that he comes from a family long established in affluence. The son of a successful speculator will be more energetic in defense of his accidental fortune than the son of a landowner, who finds in the family possession something which has already been perpetuated.

That other oft repeated argument, that the friend of the people must live like one of the people, likewise reveals itself as completely irrelevant. To be effective it is not necessary to follow in the footsteps of Buddha. Thus Filippo Lippi, the painter of innocence, lived constantly in the midst of love affairs, Schopenhauer did not always observe his own ethics, Pestalozzi could not bring up his own children, Tolstoi did not leave the castle of his fathers for half a century. To demand of a friend of the people that he shall live as a poor man is to misjudge not only the person but also the instruments of politics. When the German Socialist leader, Bebel, was told that he ought to travel third-class, he retorted that he was, instead, trying to have every one travel first.

In his young wife Roosevelt found corroboration of the uncertain instinct which had impelled him to venture forth against his own class. Her nature, heavier than his, more responsible, more ethically fixed, bade this young man, carried along joyously on the broad stream of his health, listen more closely to that which his own inner voice had until then only whispered to him fleetingly. These premonitions must have decided him unconsciously, for when his mother, thinking he had made his choice too early, invited him on a sea voyage, this oft applied recipe only increased his longing for the one from whom he was parted, and sent him back more fixed than ever on her and on his resolve.

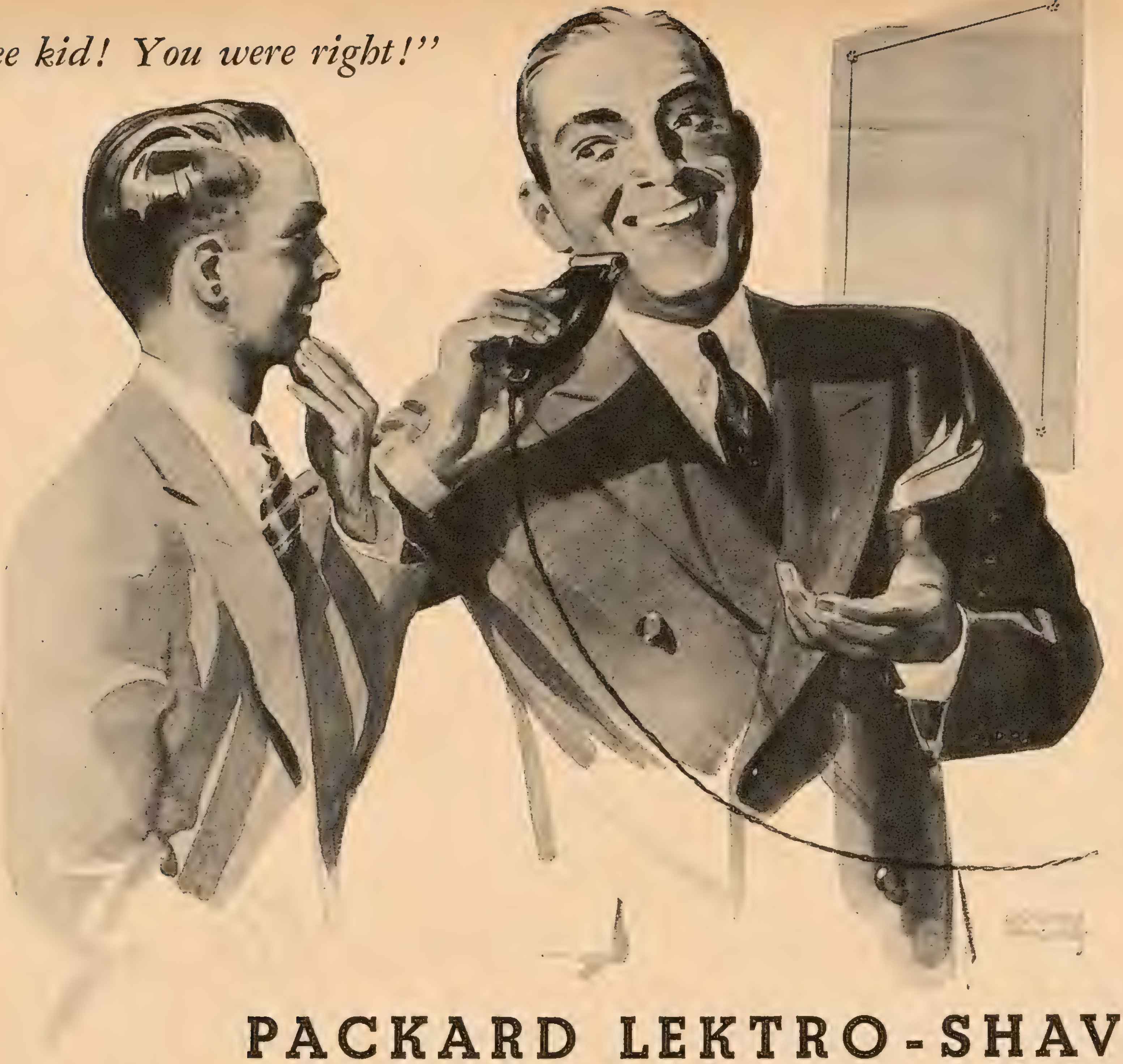
Yes, he was finding in this new friend the confirmation for his actions, until then more subconscious than otherwise. If he, as a student, had dared to gather money for the Boers, he now heard from her that under the influence of her governess she had been passionately pro-Boer, though she had been living in England at the time. If he, in his student paper, had carried on a fight against the privileges of his own club, he found that his companion had a whole library of books dealing with the principles according to which he had, more or less unconsciously, acted. Obviously she had read much more than he, and in the ensuing decades she continued to do so. All in all, her nervous nature seems to live more with the intelligence, his harmonious nature more with the feelings, than one would have believed at first. I can only add to this that one of the most intimate sources has assured me that the contrary is the case.

DID "T. R." INSPIRE FRANKLIN, IN PART, WITH JEALOUSY ?

Meanwhile a second motive seems to have influenced his choice: the girl was the niece, indeed the openly declared favorite niece, of Theodore Roosevelt. Not that he was looking to a career through this marriage; the grounds obviously lie deeper. The emergence of this remote uncle, who had suddenly

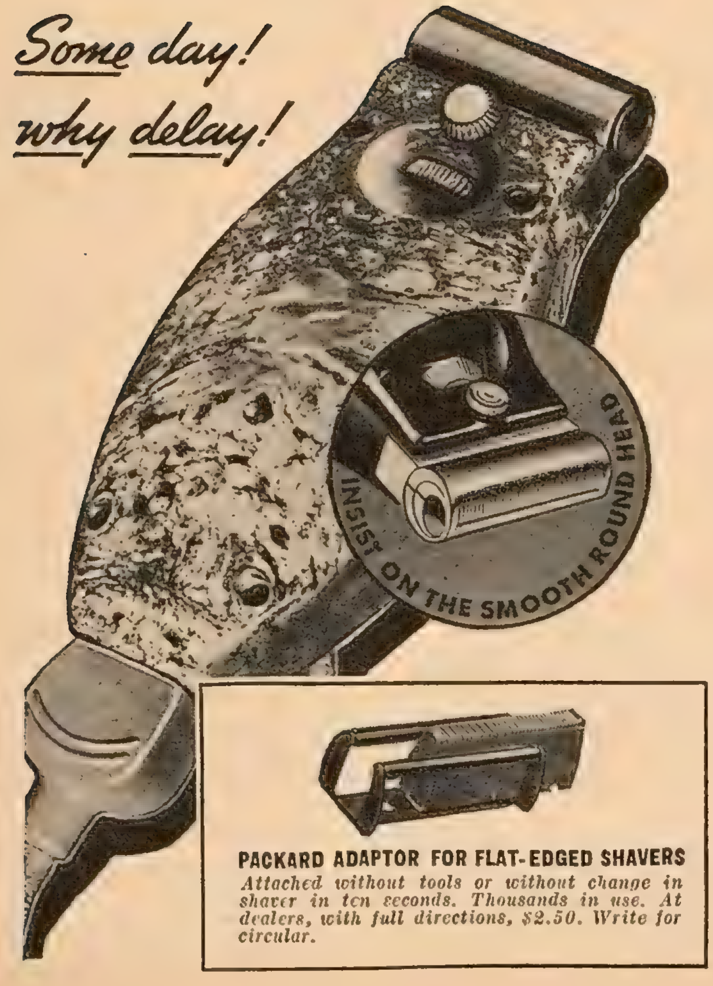
(Continued on page 24)

"Gee kid! You were right!"



PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER

Some day!
why delay!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(Continued from page 22)

sent the name of Roosevelt ringing round the world, must have had about it, for the twenty-year-old boy, something magically attractive and fascinating. Distinguished gentlemen and politicians of that name had been known before; but for him it was Theodore Roosevelt who embodied the pride of an aristocratic family which in a certain sense had now given a king to the country.

To what extent Franklin later criticized the figure of his predecessor, and whether he still criticizes him today, he will never reveal quite frankly, not even in his memoirs; for he has it in mind to write these soon after his relinquishment of the Presidency—too soon, therefore, to put down all those intimate truths which Mrs. Roosevelt may permit herself in her memoirs.

Today, in any case, political and family reasons alike move him to pay homage to that past President who is so honored by his wife and by the people, and all the more because he belongs to the other party. When we contrast the refreshingly natural second Roosevelt with the self-contradictory first, we must be on our guard against underrating the latter. It is the age, it is the Fascist spirit, which separates us Europeans today from the barbaric, power- and race-exalting Theodore, even though full recognition be given to the services he rendered in his day.

Whether it was as a beckoning light or as an obscuring shadow, one thing is certain: from childhood on the far-off nephew (as he virtually was, though literally no more than a fifth cousin) was deeply stirred by his illustrious uncle. At the time of Franklin's birth the twenty-three-year-old Theodore was already a New York State Assemblyman, and he was pledged principally to a war against corruption in the government and the party. Then he went to live for several years on the land, among ranchers and herds of cattle, close to the people.

When Franklin was thirteen years old he saw his uncle's name in the paper as Police Commissioner of New York, and read how he was fighting against corruption once more; so there was left on the boy's mind the impression of a courageous and at the same time aristocratic champion of the people, sprung from his family. At fifteen he learned that his uncle had gone into the service of the federal government. He followed him in thought, for now his uncle had become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, closely associated with the ships and the life on the water which his own heart longed for.

A year later he hears, of all things, that this curious relative of his has thrown up his post to go and fight in Cuba, and the papers are full of a terrific charge of his at San Juan Hill which made him into a sort of war hero. Nothing was lacking to induce the sixteen-year-old boy to run away from school and try to get into the war.

HOW DIFFERENT WAS A DONKEY FROM AN ELEPHANT?

And now that Theodore has distinguished himself by land and sea, his nephew follows eagerly what this uncle, who has meanwhile risen rapidly to the Governorship of New York, is doing or trying to do for the people of his state. Soon he sees him, invested with the high honors of the Vice-Presidency, at Harvard. Must he not have observed every gesture, every trick of expression, of the older man? Must he not have read deep into his thoughts when he began to understand that they were trying to sidetrack his uncle, a Vice-President being essentially a figurehead? Was he pleased or displeased by the noisy theatricality with which Colonel Roosevelt made his election rounds on horseback, ready and willing to talk about his deed of derring-do at Santiago?

One thing is certain—namely, that from this career of Theodore's, unrolling so closely under his gaze, Franklin learned to understand the workings of a political party. For this man of visual perception, who learned practically nothing from books, nothing could have been a better guide to the inner secrets of politics, to teach him how one becomes President.

True enough, said the student to himself, those are the Republicans—and we are Democrats! But supposing, he must have asked himself, our kitchen isn't much cleaner than theirs? And what, after all, does the difference amount to four decades after the split? Is there really any fundamental difference between the parties?

Thus Franklin, stirred by the career of his politically opposed uncle, began to revise the views handed on to him by tradition. He recognized that he called himself a Democrat only because his father had remained one in the Civil War, while he heard his uncle openly admit that he had become a Republican because in his home neighborhood the Republicans were a majority and therefore offered better prospects of success. It is thus, between curiosity and family pride, between party enmity and jealousy, that he must have looked upon the stand taken by his uncle.

Then suddenly, within a year after his uncle's election, President McKinley was shot down by an assassin, and the whole country looked to the man designated by the law to take his place; in a few days the one was dead, the other was President. This happened shortly after the death of Franklin's old father, and it would not be difficult for psychoanalysts to weave together, out of these two incidents, Franklin's dreams and their own.

CZOLGOSZ'S PISTOL SHOT AS A SIGN FROM THE GOD OF LUCK

So it was possible for a Roosevelt to rise from the position of country squire to that of President, and it was possible, too, as a friend of the poor, as fighter against wealthy society! What one needed was party friends, the gift of speech, and, certainly, luck. Queer thoughts must have passed then through the mind of the nineteen-year-old youth, thoroughly straight-minded and right-feeling; wild contradictions must have started up in him when he reflected that it was only the assassination of the President, to him a horrible thing, which had opened the great path to his uncle. His faith in luck as the greatest of the gods was bound to grow stronger.

A few times he was permitted to visit this strange, debatable hero of his youth when the hero was at the height of his power. Many years later he recounted how he once saw his uncle-President get up from the breakfast table in the White House and stride up and down the room silently, reaching some decision, then sit down again. Perhaps this was nothing more than a little drama enacted for the benefit of the guests. The incident left the student more astonished than enthusiastic; he himself, in the same position today, would never do anything that remotely resembled it.

Then he found himself, by reason of his marriage, brought much closer to this same President. Even today, and perhaps precisely now with the accumulation of the years, we may observe the uncle emerging in the upper half of Mrs. Roosevelt's face, while in her nature there is nothing of Theodore's explosive temperament. She who had won her uncle's affections like a daughter cannot but have learned to honor and admire him, with all his tremendous activity. Nor has she ever unlearned these feelings, and perhaps her ideal of manhood has remained forever this uncle; perhaps an unconquerable jealousy of this ideal in the heart of his wife was an additional spur to the younger Roosevelt.

At her marriage, too, her uncle stood by her side, to give the orphaned bride away. It took place on St. Patrick's Day, in the heart of New York; outside, troops defiled, bands played marches; a great dinner was given. One might have supposed that the President was marrying off his own daughter. Very young, a trifle embarrassed indeed, the bridegroom stood there, hardly noticed; and the self-conscious President could think of nothing better to say about the choice the bride had made than that she was doing well to stick to the name of Roosevelt. When, after the ceremony, the bridegroom saw how he and the bride were being ignored, while everybody pressed around the President, his emotions, a mingling of admiration, revolt, and a dash of jealousy, must have centered on his uncle. No self-conscious young man ever forgets such moments of discomfiture, and no one continues cheerfully to be only the inheritor of a name which another man has made illustrious.

How this young man studied and for a while practiced law; made his first campaign for office in imitation of "T. R."; won his first serious battle as an insurgent; helped make Wilson President:—on these phases of his career Emil Ludwig has focused next week's installment.

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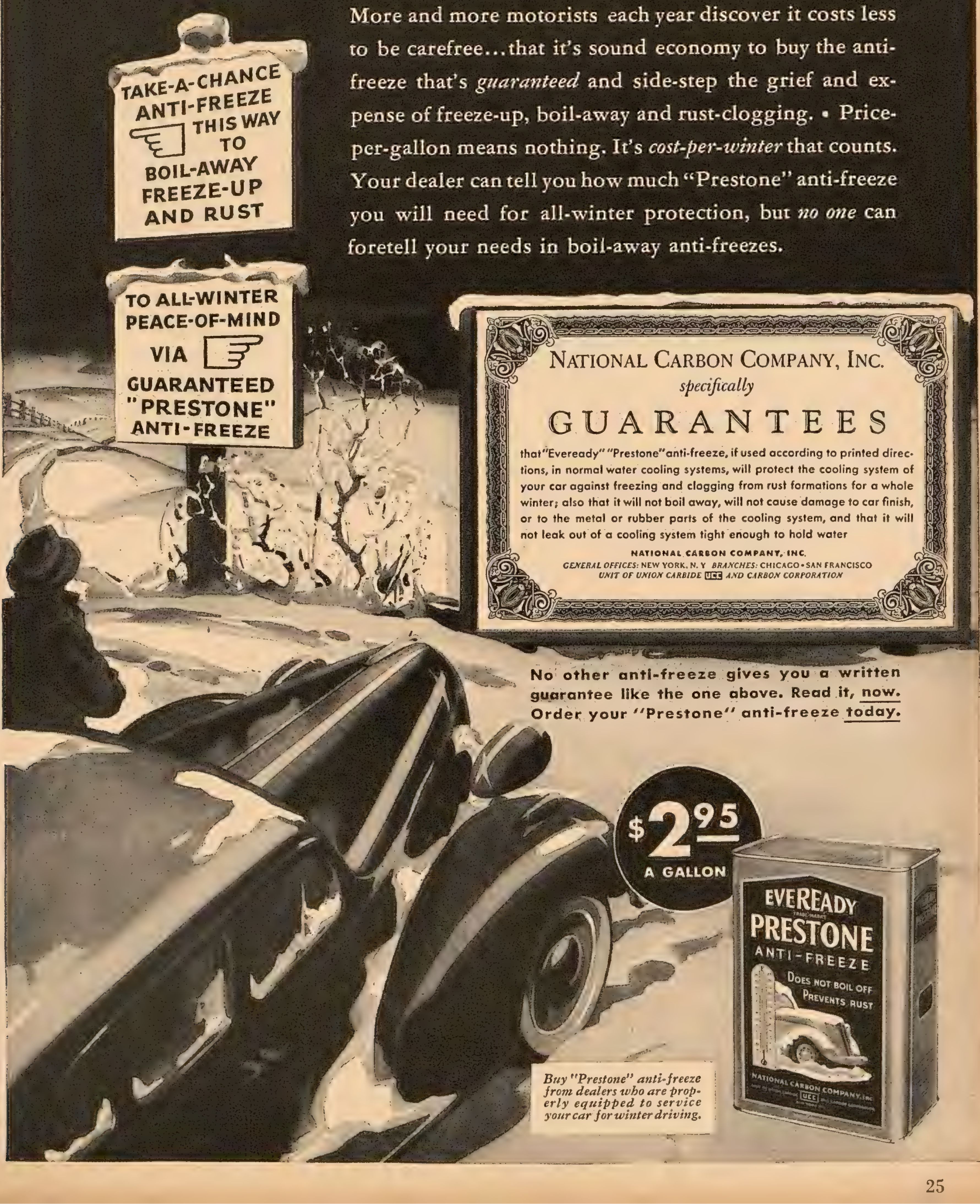
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Donald, How Could You?

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For lovers . . The gay story of a rash young man who picked the wrong girl—and what the right one did about it

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

MRS. MORTYN BRACKETT'S maternal axioms, though rather prolific in number, were at least to the point and reasonably astute.

Take the one, for instance, about marriage, as delivered from their earliest adolescence to her two fatherless daughters.

"Every man," affirmed Mrs. Brackett, "has the right to be refused the first time that he proposes marriage to a woman. Precipitated as it so often is by some quite unconsidered moment of music, moonlight, motoring, or any other kind of madness, his first proposal should always be regarded as the proffer of a compliment rather than of a contract."

Whereupon, in absolute contradiction to this most sage advice, Mrs. Brackett's older daughter Bernice, in her own moment of music, moonlight, and madness, had accepted Donald Perry in *his*, and confiding the rash betrothal to a girl friend on the way home from the Country Club dance, after a supper of lobster and champagne, had awakened somewhat wearily, shortly after noon of the succeeding day, to find the "happy news" already broadcast in the first edition of the so-called "evening paper."

It was her mother and her sister who brought the newspaper to her.

"Bernice!" gasped her mother.

"Mother!" gasped Bernice.

"*Nuts!*" observed Bernice's younger sister Louise.

By no means, however, be led to believe by this somewhat ribald outburst on Louise's part that she was by any chance interested in pomology—or phrenology—or whatever the science may be called that concerns itself mostly with "nuts" either meaty or mental.

The very first time she had ever seen Donald Perry, and without the slightest sense of having fallen in love with him, she had yet recognized at once that he was her potential mate. Now the problem was colossal.

As to Donald Perry himself, between astonishment at the immediate publicity of his impulsive betrothal and dismay at the seeming finality of it, his perturbation was extreme. While never acknowledging even to himself that he was not in love with Bernice Brackett, neither could he honestly swear to the same self that he was in love with her. Frankly he admitted her to be very beautiful, very talented, very capable, very ambitious!

But then, for the matter of that, so was her mother, Mrs. Brackett!

Yet, when he stopped to think of her sister Louise, it occurred to him suddenly that if he had really been given any choice in the matter it would most distinctly have been Louise with whom he would have chosen to fall in love, rather than with Bernice.

Louise was a funny little thing, freckled and fanciful both—which is in itself a disturbing combination—still believing in fairies, he hadn't a doubt, was crazy about tennis, and absolutely dippy about all tramps, waifs, strays, or itinerant animals who happened to throw themselves upon her mercy.

Late to his office, yet still thinking more about Louise than about Bernice as he labored through his ordinary routine, he found himself summoned rather peremptorily to the telephone to talk to his fiancée.

"Hello, darling!" she said.

"Hello, darling!" he countered instantly. "Maybe, after all," he reflected, "it will always be enough just to echo Bernice."

"How did you sleep?" inquired Bernice.

"Oh—fairly well," he ventured with caution. "And you?"

"Not a wink!" fibbed Bernice cheerfully. She began to laugh a little. She had a lovely though rather formal contralto laugh, like the laugh of a choir singer who was trying to chant a joke instead of tell it. Even in laughter her enunciation was absolutely perfect. "One doesn't get engaged every evening, you know," she confided.

"You're quite right!" agreed Perry. Though proffered neither as a brilliant nor amusing retort, it did seem just a bit stark without at least a laugh of his own wreathed around it. He laughed. Even to his own ears the laugh sounded suddenly like the laugh of a schoolboy who has just sat on a pin.

"What an extraordinary laugh!" observed Bernice.

"Yes, isn't it?" acknowledged Perry.

With what seemed to him like consummate tact, however, Bernice changed the subject at once.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" she questioned.

"Why—why, just business as usual—I suppose. Perhaps—perhaps you hadn't had time to notice yet that I happen to be a struggling young architect?" he suggested with would-be facetiousness.

"No, I hadn't," admitted Bernice, with another lovely laugh; "but mother was rather interested to know."

"Oh—why, yes, of course; I suppose I ought to come to see your mother," he conceded hastily. "Sort of 'ask for your hand,' as the saying goes? I believe it's still done?"

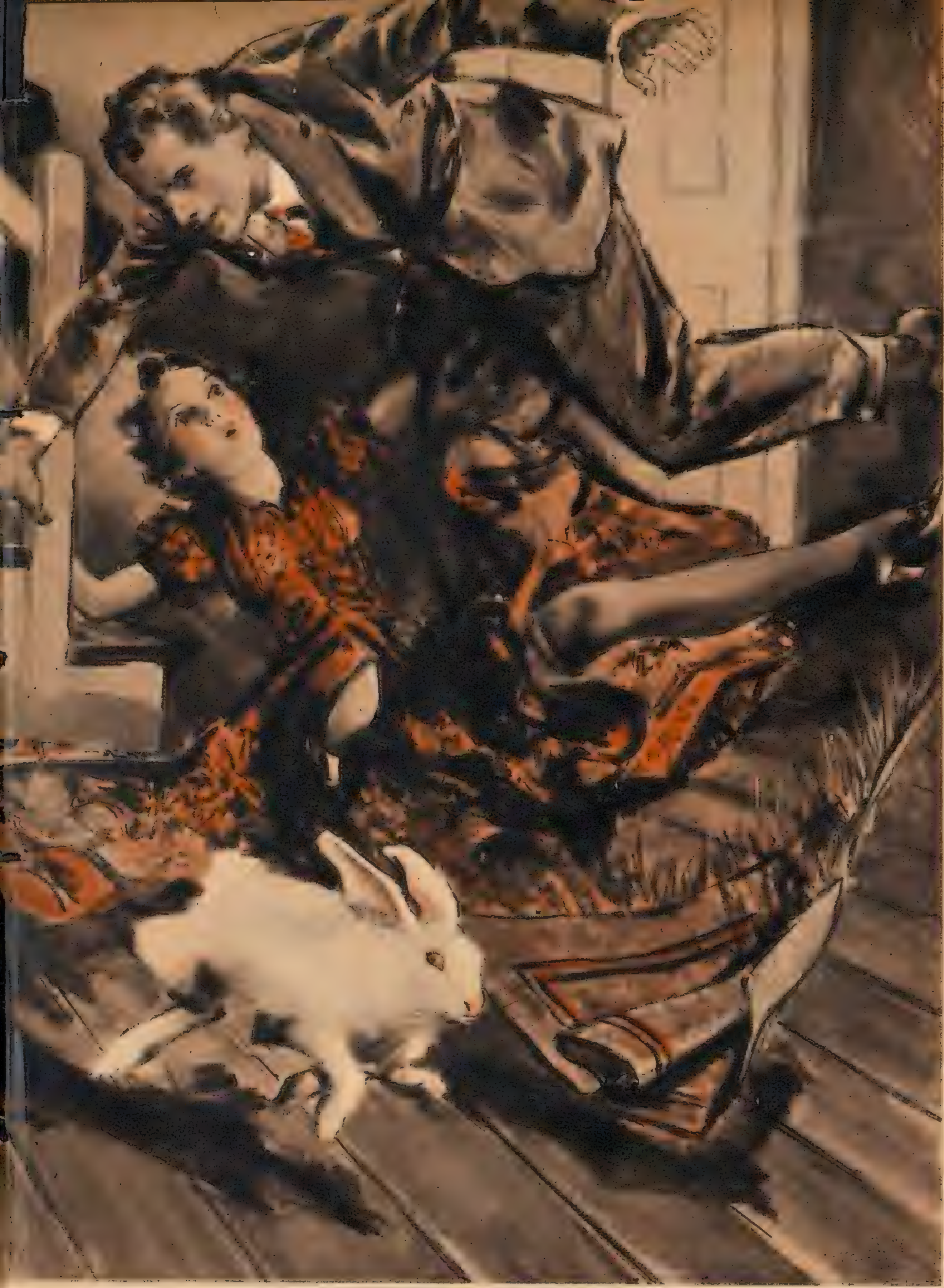
"Mercy!" cried Bernice. "I almost forgot! Mother said to bring you home to dinner with me tonight!"

"Tonight?" stammered Perry. The precipitousness of the issue left him aghast. "Tonight?"

"What?" she coquetted. "Can't you wait *that* long?"

For an instant, indeed, he almost thought that he couldn't.

"Where are you now?" he demanded.



In a head-on collision they met. By sheer force of the impact Louise fell.

"A—a—husband?" he questioned.

"Yes—?" challenged Bernice.

The most fearful sense of bravado, of actual recklessness, swept over him in that instant. He yearned suddenly to startle her, to shock her, or at least to precipitate her into some small measure of the panic which he himself was experiencing at that moment. Only by the utmost self-control did he resort instead to the more dulcet gibe of sheer irony.

"Sure I'll show up—my dear!" he announced quite brazenly. "But it's all been so sudden! How in the world will I ever know you?"

"I'm a hunchback and cross-eyed! I have a wooden leg! And will be sitting with an alms basin at the back door of the club. If you have an extra dime, drop it in!"

"I sure will!" attested Perry heartily. "And hanged if you aren't a good sport!" He felt better almost at once.

"I'll be seeing you!" she said.

"I'll be seeing you!" echoed Perry.

Perry, though still a comparative newcomer in the community, had already established himself on a thorough basis of cordiality with both men and women. Several of the men at the club that afternoon envied him very genuinely, he knew, for his engagement to Bernice Brackett, but envied him cordially. Certainly she had never looked handsomer.

Only one man envied him bitterly and tragically.

Irving Remett, as everybody knew, was faithfully in love with Bernice Brackett. And everybody had supposed, of course, that in time Bernice would be only too glad to settle down with some one as outstandingly steady and reliable, even in a small-town way, as Remett had proved himself to be. But now—

Quite suddenly Donald Perry found himself feeling sorry for Irving Remett.

They met. Neither man put out his hand but merely stood and grinned at the other.

"Congratulations!" grinned Remett.

"Thanks!" grinned Perry. "This getting engaged seems to be quite a gay stunt!"

Remett schooled both his voice and his grin to meet the occasion.

"Yeah—very gay—very," he grimaced.

Fumbling for something further to say, they turned to greet Bernice's radiant approach.

Her eyes avoided Irving Remett's eyes. But with a faintly exaggerated air of possessiveness she reached her gaily veneered finger tips to Donald Perry's shoulder.

"Come on, you laggard!" she cried out. "Mother'll be waiting! Let's go home!"

"By all means!" acquiesced Donald Perry.

Mrs. Mortyn Brackett and Louise were already in the

"I'm just starting for the Country Club," explained Bernice. "Golf as usual! Perhaps you haven't had time to notice that I'm a real addict to golf. There's quite a crowd there this afternoon, I understand," she confided with significance. "Why not show up about five o'clock—and we'll take the rap together instead of leaving me to bear it all alone? And then we'll go home?"

"I'll be hanged if I'll take any 'rap'!" he said decisively.

Bernice laughed again.

"You'll take what you get!" she said.

"I'll take no such thing!" he insisted.

Bernice stopped laughing.

"Mercy!" she said. "Already are you beginning to talk like a husband!"

"Like a 'husband'?" gasped Perry. Even on his own lips, even to his own ears, the amazing word struck like a blow. Apprehension began to beat upon his senses.

drawing room when they arrived. Mrs. Brackett was courteous but not effusive. Louise seemed stricken dumb. Beyond the normal felicitations of introduction, a comment on the weather, the day, the hour, only the briefest phrases passed.

"Let's have dinner," suggested Mrs. Brackett. "Whatever talking there is to be done may wait till afterward!"

"Now let me see, Mr. Perry—?" she speculated reflectively at the beginning of the salad course. "Your first name is Irving, I believe? Bernice has talked incessantly about you. 'Irving' this—'Irving' that—"

Louise's face lifted suddenly from her plate with an expression of horror and shock.

"Why—why, *mother!*" she gasped. "His first name is *Donald!*" Then, without waiting to note the devastating possibilities of such a correction, she threw down her napkin and fled from the room. Out of the nether distances a whoop of joy smothered itself discreetly into a giggle, then, escaping all confinement, rose and went babbling off into space. A door slammed.

Into the appalling silence that ensued, Perry's answering laugh broke suddenly forth in a most reassuring denial of any injured feelings in the matter. A little tardily, Bernice lifted her own melodious note to close what otherwise might have been an awkward moment.

If Mrs. Brackett herself experienced any discomfiture at her nomenclative slip, she gave no sign of it.

"Very stupid of me, of course, my dear *Donald,*" she merely acknowledged graciously. "But, after all, even you must admit that this has all been very sudden. And with a girl who has had as many admirers as Bernice—"

Only too willing to concede the "suddenness" as well as the "admirers," Perry found himself strangely speechless. Except indeed for Louise's sudden return, the whole matter and manner of the dinner hour might well have reverted into formality. But no scene could retain its formality as long as it also contained Louise.

Louise brought her large and exceedingly alive pet rabbit back to the table with her.

By the suggestion of Alice in Wonderland which the presence of the white rabbit seemed to introduce into the picture, Perry found himself easing to the conviction that no girl who was young enough to bring a white rabbit to the dinner table could possibly be old enough to threaten any emotional hazard to a man who was already, even if almost accidentally as it were, engaged to her older sister. Bernice would always be a pride and a most dignified adornment to any man's table. Bernice most certainly would never hold a rabbit in her lap, nor be freckled, nor be fanciful, nor—nor sit staring off—as Louise was staring off now—with half-defiant, half-wounded eyes across the rabbit's twittering ears into some unfathomable perplexity.

He had no chance, however, for introspection. Incisively, adroitly, Mrs. Brackett was beginning to probe.

Under her skillful interest and enthusiasm Perry found himself confessing very comfortably his church, his state, his bank, his favorite sport. It developed naturally what social sets he traveled with, what people he liked, what people he didn't—and that through a sister's rather distinguished marriage abroad he was by no means unfamiliar with both the great and the near great of the Old World, knowing thus not only many people whom Mrs. Brackett knew but a considerable number whom she wished she knew. And was, moreover, expecting to go to Scotland a little later in the season, with a rather interesting list of house-party guests, for the hunting or the fishing or the bagpiping or whatever it was that people went to Scotland for in their odd moments.

Nothing now remained to be confessed by him except his financial status. This information, of course, could hardly be developed across a filet mignon, or even across coffee, crackers, and cheese. Such interim of time and space as remained to be filled was foreordained, it seemed, to be filled only by the informalities.

Louise's rabbit, it appeared, did not like vinegar. Even the single drop accidentally proffered by Perry on a succulent leaf of lettuce precipitated the poor creature into such a panic of nerves as sent it from Louise's lap in a zigzagged course of strategical terror to the unfathomed stretches of pantry and kitchen.

It having been Perry who had instigated the disaster, honor compelled him to follow the rabbit. It having been Louise who had instigated the rabbit, duty demanded that she follow Perry. Both yielded to their conscientious impulses at topmost speed. In a head-on collision at the foot of the back stairs they met, with the rabbit itself slipping like a white shadow through their futile hands.

By the sheer force of the impact Louise fell down.

As Perry stooped to pick her up, and gathered her of necessity for one brief moment into the steadying curve of his arm, he noted with astonishment that her eyes were blurred with tears.

"Oh, my dear, have I hurt you?" he questioned.

"Yes—and—no," she answered. Askance he viewed the fast-swelling bump on her forehead.

"Just what do you mean?" he said.

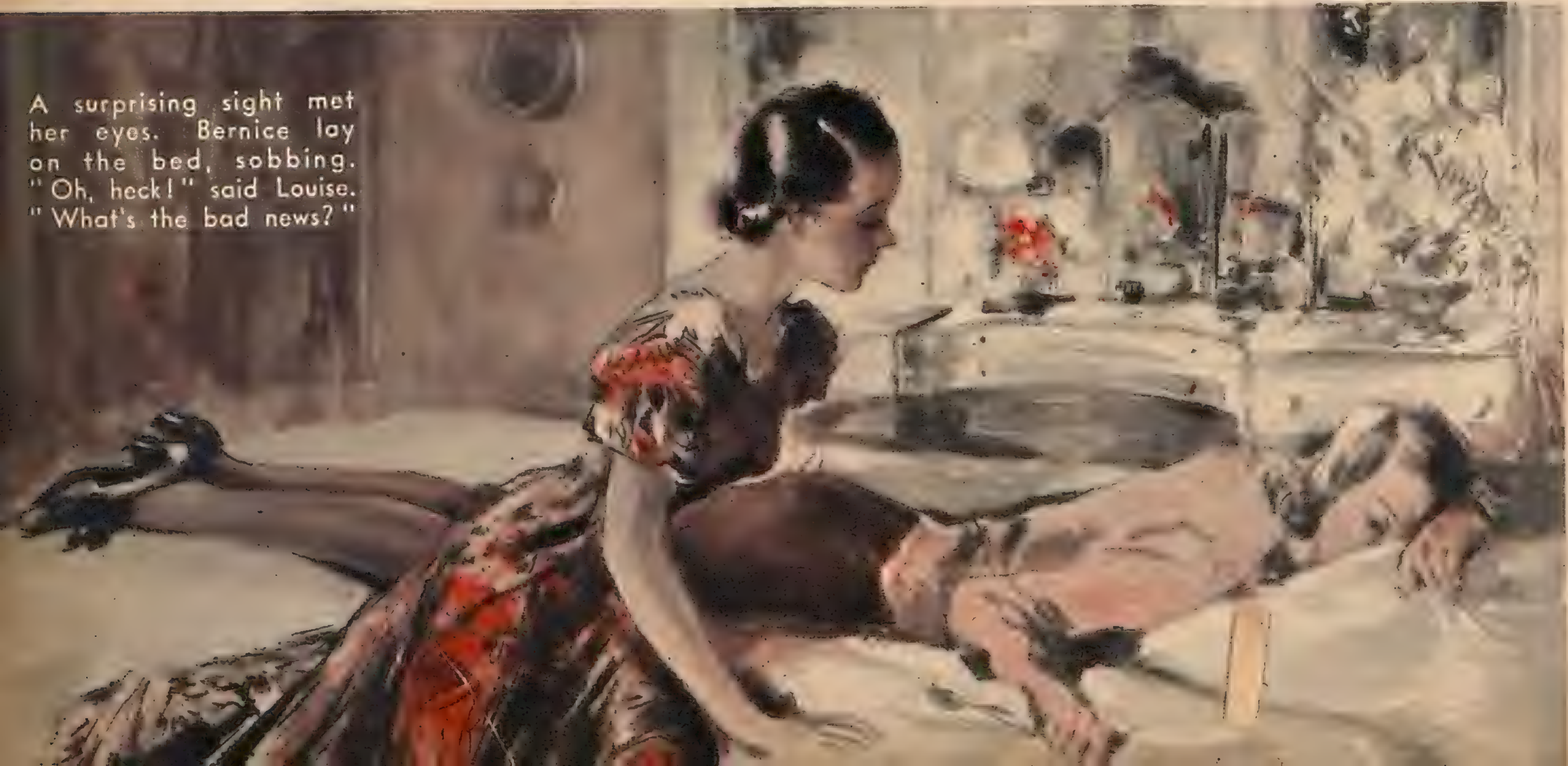
For only explanation she reached up and drew his head down till his eyes were almost level with hers.

"Oh, Donald Perry—how could you do it?" she reproached him. "How could you? How could you?"

"For the love of Mike," cried Perry with some heat, "do you think that I did it on purpose? I'm dreadfully sorry—but can't you see that it was just an accident? The speed we were going—"

"I guess we're talking about different things." Her voice came small. "What I meant was your getting engaged to Bernice!"

(Continued on page 30)



A surprising sight met her eyes. Bernice lay on the bed, sobbing. "Oh, heck!" said Louise. "What's the bad news?"

Gillette Aristocrat Package (No. 5) contains new $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blades. Also 20 additional blades in special container and a large tube Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. $5.00.

Gillette Sheraton (No. 4) includes one-piece gold-plated Sheraton Razor and 5 Gillette Blades in traveling case with leather-like cover. Also 25 additional blades and a tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. $2.48

Welcome Gifts FOR ANY "HIM"

illette Aristocrat De Luxe Package (No. 6) contains the new $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor. Also 70 Gillette Blades and 2 large tubes of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. An xceptionally impressive gift for $7.23

Gillette Red and Black Package (No. 1) is fitted with a gold-plated Gillette Razor and 5 Gillette Blades in a sturdy traveling case. Also, an additional supply of 10 Gillette Blades. Here is an outstanding holiday value at only 98¢

FOR HIS Christmas this year get him—*any* "him" old enough to raise a beard and wield a razor—one of Gillette's brilliantly styled Gift Sets. You can shop for hours on end without finding an inexpensive present that will be more welcome!

Priced for Every Purse

There are six fine Gillette shaving kits, priced from 98¢ to $7.23. Each includes a handsome, gold-plated Gillette Razor and a generous supply of super-keen Gillette Blades. All but one also contain a full-sized tube or two of Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream.

Nearly every man needs—and definitely wants—an extra Gillette Razor set for home, office, locker room or traveling bag. And you can rest assured that almost no man on your Christmas list is already the proud possessor of a new Gillette one-piece razor. Be sure to examine the Gillette Aristocrat and Sheraton sets that contain these remarkable new-type holders. They have no loose parts to fumble. Blades can be changed in three seconds.

Colorful Christmas Packages

Dealers now have Gillette Gift Sets in gay packages. Make your selections while assortments are complete. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.

Gillette GIFT SETS

"THIS FLAVOR'S GOT SOMETHING"
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM GOOD FOR DIGESTION
"A dash and a lilt—a fresh, wake-you-up taste that's deliciously smooth and lasting. Beeman's flavor exactly suits me! And that ingenious airtight package keeps it right at the high pitch of fresh perfection."
"But gracious, man, you've left out the very reason half the people we know buy Beeman's · they choose it as a delightful way to top off 'most every meal, because Beeman's not only tastes grand but actually helps digestion!"
Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

(Continued from page 28) His consternation grew apace. "Why—what in the dickens—" he stammered.

"I mean," said Louise, "that ever since the first time I saw you I've been trying to save you for *me!*"

"For *you?* Ha—*ha!*" he hooted. "Fine! You are telling me that you love me?"

"Oh, no!" denied Louise quite flatly. "Merely that I was *planning* to love you when I got around to it!"

"And when would that be?" laughed Perry.

"Oh, not of course until I was at least twenty," confided Louise. "I'm just eighteenish now."

"And you're a jolly sweet kid, too!" interposed Perry hastily but with sincerity. "A *jolly* sweet kid!" he reiterated.

Louise ignored the compliment.

"And now you've gone and spoiled it all," she chided him, "by going off and getting engaged to Bernice!"

"But suppose I happen to love Bernice?" he fended.

"But suppose you should happen not to?" countered Louise. "Or at least weren't perfectly positive about it? So that even after you were married you weren't perfectly happy but always regretted—"

Random as the shot was, it gave Perry a start.

"Oh, then, of course," he rallied, "you'd be all grown up by that time, and Bernice and I would get a nice amiable divorce and I'd come back and marry you."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" said Louise decisively. "I wouldn't want you at all unless you were new!"

Suddenly it was no longer the eyes of a child that he was looking into, but the eyes of a woman. By his unwitting share in the miracle of such a transfiguration, he felt strangely sobered; startled. Yet fantastically he pictured the absurdity of himself racing down the long vista of the years after an endless horde of slippery rabbits—with a—with a little face fairly starred with freckles—and love—and love.

Almost roughly he put out his hand. "Let's go back to the others, you little idiot!" he said.

When they reached the dining room the bruise on Louise's forehead was blue against her unwonted pallor.

"Mercy, Donald!" said Bernice. "We heard the bump! Have you already begun to torture my poor little sister?"

"It would seem so," admitted Perry.

Mrs. Brackett took a swift glance at his face.

"Where is the rabbit, Louise?" she turned sharply to question.

"What rabbit?" said Louise.

Everybody laughed except Mrs. Brackett.

Except for laughing, Bernice was now deep in the day's mail which she had brought in from the hall to spread upon the dining-room table.

"Great heavens! How the news spreads!" she said. "Here's a note left at the door by a near-by farmer who offers me for a most reasonable consideration, he says, all the laurel bloom he's got for a June wedding!"

"Now see here, my dear young people," protested Mrs. Brackett with forced lightness. "Just as though your engagement itself hadn't been impetuous enough to mock the gods, must you double your hazard by risking an equally impetuous marriage? A—a—marriage in June indeed!" she scoffed, "and this already April?"

"I have never mentioned being married in June!" flared Donald.

"But you did—I believe—ask my daughter to marry you sometime, didn't you?" The good humor of the question was unimpeachable.

"Oh, yes, of course, 'sometime.'"

"What time?" prodded Mrs. Brackett with synthetic sportiveness.

"Not June!" grinned Perry.

"*Why?*"

"Because I can't afford it!" he said quite simply. There was no possible doubt of his sincerity.

Mrs. Mortyn Brackett said nothing. Louise said nothing.

"With business conditions the way they have been—" he annotated. "Especially perhaps for architects," he added. "It just wouldn't be fair!"

Mrs. Mortyn Brackett straightened up in her chair.

"Fair to whom?" she questioned. "Not fair to Bernice? Or to you?"

"Not fair to either of us!" Perry answered.

Infinitely to his astonishment, Mrs. Brackett patted his sleeve.

"Good boy!" she said. "You've got more sense than I thought you had! I not only like you but respect you!" With the faintest possible hint of malice she began to shake her head. "But what a pity, my dear Irving—*Donald,* I mean—to waste all such good judgment on Bernice, who already—except for this hasty engagement—has got enough good judgment all by herself to run not just her own but her husband's life as well. Now, if it had only been my poor little scatterbrained Louise here—"

"Louise?" hooted Bernice delightedly.

"Ha-ha!" said Perry.

"Ha-ha!" mimicked Louise.

Slowly they returned to the drawing room. As though it had never been interrupted, the conversation reverted once more to golf and tennis and the general small-talk interests of the day. Bernice still waved a sheaf of the day's mail.

"Here's a bid for next week-end," she announced. "A sailing party on the Sound. The Grays are very anxious to meet you, it would seem. Wonder how they heard so soon?"

"Sorry," said Perry, "but I've got a tennis match on hand for that particular date."

"Well, that's just too bad, of course," admitted Bernice somewhat ironically, "but you'll simply have to give it up and go to the Grays' with me. It would look awfully funny to everybody if you didn't, and I wouldn't miss the party for anything! And here's a dinner for Thursday night," she reported with a faint frown. "The Rupert Koles."

"Now *that's* jolly!" brightened Perry. "I adore the Rupert Koles!"

"Well, I don't!" said Bernice with finality. "They are much too horsy! So let's wipe that date off the slate!" Half distraitly, yet still with that strange underlying suggestion of excitement in her manner, she returned to the perusal of the various fluttering pages in her hand. "Opera tickets," she recounted, "the art exhibit, bridge, golf, three dances! Now I will be sure of an escort. Sounds like a jolly week! Eh? What, Mr. Perry?" she looked up abruptly to challenge him.

"You seem to forget that I am a poor workingman," observed Perry.

The conversation languished. The clock struck ten. It seemed a good time to go home. Perry went.

With a single somewhat quizzical glance at both her daughters' faces, Mrs. Brackett retired to her usual game of solitaire in her room. Bernice, too, vanished.

Later, when Louise peeped into her sister's room to say good night, a surprising sight met her eyes. Bernice lay on the bed, sobbing.

"Oh, heck!" said Louise. "What's the bad news?"

The face that Bernice lifted was ravished with despair.

"Oh, what a mess—what a mess!" she protested. "How in the world did I ever get into it?"

"Into what?" parried Louise.

"Into — getting — engaged!" sobbed Bernice.

"You could break it, of course."

Bernice sat up and looked aghast. She was clutching a letter.

"Break an engagement as soon as it's announced? What in the world do you think people would say? You seem to forget it has already been published in the paper—and—and—Oh, I'm positively jittery! Everything happening so suddenly last night! The moon was so bright! The music so mad! Maybe the cocktails had something to do with it! Donald, I know, had four!" With a little gesture of dismay, she threw out her hands. "So how can I tell what I really want?" she demanded.

"Well, you'd jolly well better find out!" said Louise. Her voice faded almost to nothing. "Donald Perry's a pretty nice sort of fellow," she murmured. "It would be kind of too bad to break his heart."

"But to think of his liking those awfully horsy Rupert Koles people when I hate them so!" persisted Bernice.

"I think the Rupert Koles are *sweet!*" testified Louise. "They are so nice with animals."

Ignoring the testimony, Bernice bent her beautiful head absorbedly over her letter.

"It's from Irving Remett," she said.

"Well, what does he have to say?" quizzed Louise.

"*Plenty!*" admitted Bernice.

Whether she intended to confide

This Santa Claus couldn't **afford** to catch cold!

MR.: Ker-choo! If I can only earn that sales bonus this week, we can buy Junior that train he's set his heart on! Ker-choo!

MRS.: You'll be in bed this week, honey, if we don't head off that cold!

MRS.: What you need, dear, is a laxative and something to help Nature counteract acidity. And Sal Hepatica gives you BOTH. Now drink this.

MRS.: Everything's wonderful! You got your sales bonus! Junior got his train!

MR.: And all because I got rid of that cold! I'm certainly glad you knew about Sal Hepatica, darling!

Sal Hepatica

A COLD COMING?

DO 2 THINGS:

1. **Cleanse the intestinal tract.**
2. **Help Nature counteract acidity.**

TUNE IN: *Fred Allen* in "Town Hall Tonight"—full hour of music, comedy. Every Wednesday night.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

any more than this was never known. The doorbell rang.

"Goodness!" said Bernice. "The maid has gone to bed! Mother's probably dozing over her cards!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Louise thrust her head out of the open window and called out:

"Who is it?"

Her face as it turned to meet her sister's was flushed.

"Why, it's Donald!" she reported.

"Whatever in the world brought him back?" fretted Bernice.

"Maybe you forgot to kiss him good night," Louise suggested. Rather quickly she turned to the window again and leaned out.

"Why, he's waving something in his hand," she reported. "He says it's a telegram! He met the messenger boy down the road! The boy said they told him at the office that it was awfully important! So Donald came back with it himself." She turned back to the window. "Bernice will be right down," she called into the darkness.

Suddenly cold, she gathered a quilt across her shoulders and stood shivering as the sound of Bernice's descending footsteps, her mother's drowsily questioning voice, the click of the opening door latch passed vaguely through her consciousness.

Hearing Bernice give a little scream, and the sudden sound of disturbed voices, Bernice's and Perry's, she floundered downstairs. Tripping inevitably on the dragging corner of the quilt, she landed in the middle of the floor. Perry picked her up and settled her in a big chair with the puffy quilt heaped high around her.

"Donald, have you an 'Uncle Horace'?" Bernice demanded.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he admitted. "Though I haven't heard anything from him in ages!"

"This telegram is from your Uncle Horace!" attested Bernice, still accusingly.

"*What?*" protested Perry incredulously. "Read it! Read it aloud!"

Bernice read:

"NOTE WITH INTEREST IN TONIGHT'S PAPER NEWS OF ENGAGEMENT TO MY NEPHEW. MUCH PLEASED. YOUR FATHER AND I GREAT PALS COLLEGE DAYS. AM SAILING FOR ORIENT TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY IN PRECARIOUS HEALTH. TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCE BEING WHAT THEY ARE, WOULD SUGGEST IMMEDIATE MARRIAGE AND ACCOMPANY ME AS MY GUEST WEDDING TRIP. ALL EXPENSES PAID. WILL TELEPHONE TEN FORTY FIVE TONIGHT FOR ANSWER, AS TIME IS SHORT.

"SIGNED—HORACE PERRY."

Bernice crumpled the yellow sheet suddenly in her hand and threw it to the floor.

"The *lunatic!*" she cried. "Trying to stampede me like this? The—the nerve of the man! Marry you in two weeks? No, never!" Her face cleared suddenly to an invincible decision. "Nor ever—nor ever—*nor ever!*" she asserted.

"Oh, Bernice!" said Perry. His face was white.

With a little cry Louise started a bit flounderingly toward the door.

"I'll get mother!" she said. "Mother always knows what to do! She might even have an axiom about it!"

"You'll do no such thing," said Bernice, and jumped forward to block her way.

When they turned around again, Perry was barely discernible in the far framework of the front door, his shadowy figure standing as one who merely loitered without aim, staring out into the night.

"I guess he's just getting the air," said Louise.

"You're right," observed Bernice tartly.

Louise gave a little jump.

"Why—why, what do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean I'm *through!*" said Bernice. "Absolutely through. Perhaps in time I might have liked him enough! But not in two weeks! I just tell you I won't be stampeded! Why—why—a man with an uncle like that," she floundered just a bit hysterically, "why, you couldn't tell *what* he might do!"

Slowly Louise turned and walked down the long hall. Perry was no longer standing in the doorway but was outside in the dark garden when she reached him.

"Donald, you seem to be jilted!" she said.

"Yes, thank God!" said Donald Perry. Absurdly palpable as was his relief, no merciful person could possibly have laughed at him. Yet even across the frankness of his relief there flickered a real shadow of consternation. "Oh, I say, Louise—Louise," he implored her, "you're such an honest little thing! Do you think I ought to tell Bernice that my Uncle Horace is a very, very rich man—and that I am presumably his only heir?"

Louise had to stop short right in the middle of the path to consider the matter.

"No," she decided at last, and with such finality that Perry laughed aloud.

The laugh relieved the tension even as it faded.

In a gesture halfway between gravity and playfulness he turned round and took her by the shoulders.

"You funny, funny little kid," he said. "I see it very plainly now. It was *you*—not Bernice—that I really loved all the time. Oh, the dolt I've been, the fool, the blind!" Infinitely to his own consternation, he felt his eyes brim with tears.

"Oh, there—there!" pleaded Louise.

Quite desperately he tried to grin again.

"Oh, of course it's going to be all right now," he hastened to reassure both himself as well as her, "only hanged if it wasn't a pretty close call!"

For only answer she drew his head down till her yearning lips could just barely graze his worried forehead, then turned and fled up the steps and into the house.

When Perry reached the drawing room the telephone was ringing. Both girls were standing there, but neither noted his return. They were staring rather helplessly at each other as though stricken speechless with some argument left unfinished on their lips.

The telephone rang again.

"Somebody's got to answer it!" conceded Louise.

As out of nowhere, Donald Perry stepped into the room and made a single stride for the telephone.

"Maybe I'd better handle this matter myself!" he asserted. "It being my Uncle Horace and everything."

"What are you going to tell him?" Bernice asked.

"Just—what—do—you want me to tell him?" questioned Perry.

For an awful fragment of silence the whole world seemed hung in the balance. Then Bernice threw back her beautiful head and laughed her most beautiful laugh.

"Tell him that you'll have to find another bride to cruise with you to the Orient!" she said.

"Here, you silly people," interrupted Louise precipitously, "you've bungled things long enough!"

She butted Perry aside and took the phone from his hand. Clear and sweet as a child's voice her dulcet greeting rang out across the prescient wire.

"Oh—Uncle Horace? Uncle Horace? Is that you, Uncle Horace?" she called.

Bernice's face was aghast. Even Perry's winced a little.

"Why, he isn't your 'Uncle Horace,'" protested Bernice.

"Oh, isn't he, though?" cried Louise across her shoulder. "Well, you just wait and see!" she chortled delightedly. "He wants to know what I'm laughing at," she confided to her listeners. "Why—what *am* I laughing at?"

The question was never answered.

"Why, he's laughing too!" she cried out suddenly. All the strain went out of her voice.

"Why—why, Uncle Horace," she resumed quite easily. "What a jolly man you are! Why, of course I sound happy! . . . .

"No, Uncle Horace, this is Louise! . . . No, *not* Bernice, but Louise, Bernice's younger sister. Yes! That was a lovely telegram you sent, but there has been a mistake! It's I, not Bernice, that your nephew is in love with! . . . Oh, yes, Uncle Horace, it was quite sudden indeed."

"Why—why, *Louise!*" protested Bernice.

Louise ignored the protest.

"Yes, I know the papers said so—but Bernice, you see, is in love with Irving Remett," she further confided.

"Why—why, Louise!" protested Bernice all over again.

"And oh, Uncle Horace," she resumed, "I really am a very good sailor! Much better than Bernice, in fact, though not half as good-looking! And Donnie and I can be ready in two weeks just as easy as not! . . . Yes, sure we'll motor down to see you tomorrow—we'd love to. . . . Oh, thank you. Good night, Uncle—"

With a manner fairly icy with astonishment, Mrs. Brackett's indomitable figure loomed suddenly in the doorway.

"Louise, have I just heard you proposing to—to Mr. Perry?"

"Yes'm," admitted Louise.

"And am I to infer—Mr. Perry," enunciated Mrs. Brackett a bit huskily, "that you intend to accept her?"

"You bet I do!" attested Perry. He bent and kissed her.

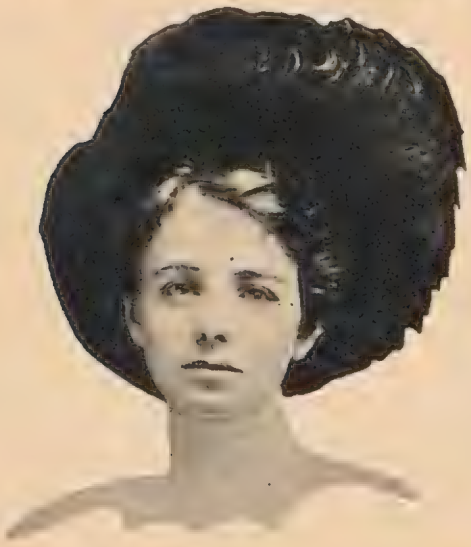
With a little gasp, Mrs. Brackett sank down in the nearest chair.

In all the worldly wisdom of her years there loomed no single axiom that warned a man what to do with a woman the first time that she proposed to HIM.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by
Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth



1—She (see this week's early photo) delighted an earlier generation when portraying a boy who didn't grow up—who asked, "Do you believe in fairies?" Just now she's sixty-five and teaching at Stephens College for Women. Remember?

2—Genuine Tokay wine comes from where?

3—Which is faster, the deer or the deer fly?

4—If you peeled the paint off the White House at Washington, D. C., what would you find?

5—What caused the death of 548,452 persons (U. S.) in nine months of 1918-19?

6—If the final score was Bryn Mawr, 7; P. M. C., 4½, which game was contested?

7—In England, what are some private schools called?

8—There is no what to "Hobson's choice"?

9—Does the Queen Mary normally carry about 450, 4,200, or 8,900 tons of cargo?

10—What is the origin of the word "Yankee"?

11—Is Montessori a method of training children, an Italian opera singer, or one of the Virgin Islands?

12—What post does Konstantin von Neurath hold?

13—Which U. S. university, founded 1812, has the same seal as the state wherein it's located?

14—Whatever happened to the pianist, Paderewski?

15—Charles Gehringer led what in what the past season?

16—Does the word echidna describe a type of salad popular in South America, a death-dealing insect, or an egg-laying mammal?

17—Port-au-Prince is the capital of what?

18—Which Canadian author wrote The Sky Pilot?

19—White cats with pink eyes are said to be what?

20—What related quartet makes art and business of simulating insanity?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

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PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
-this Christmas you hit it right on the nose, Dad
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
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UP FROM THE RANKS

These are the presidents of the operating telephone companies of the Bell System. They all started at the bottom of the ladder.

The Bell System aims to keep the opportunity for advancement open to all.

One of its traditions is that its executives come up from the ranks. This has been true of the business for many years—and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the careers of the eighteen men who now serve as presidents of Bell telephone companies.

As a group they have put in 619 years of telephone service, an average of 34 years each.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WALTER S. GIFFORD
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *clerk* with the Western Electric Company in 1904.

ARCHIBALD J. ALLEN
President of The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company. Started as a *service inspector* in Pittsburgh in 1907.

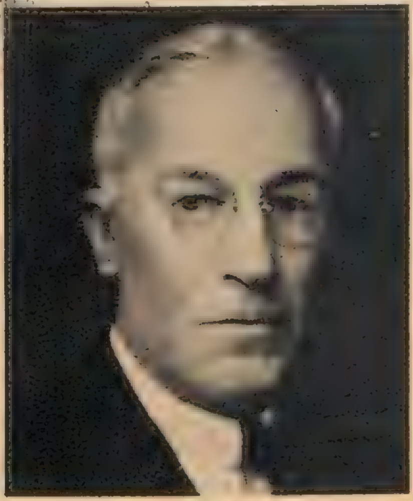
CHESTER I. BARNARD
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Boston in 1909.

JAMES F. CARROLL
President of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. Started his telephone career as a *traffic student* in Syracuse in 1906.

RANDOLPH EIDE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. First telephone job was as a *special inspector* in New York in 1911.

FLOYD O. HALE
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. With the Bell System since 1903. Started in Pittsburgh as a *clerk*.

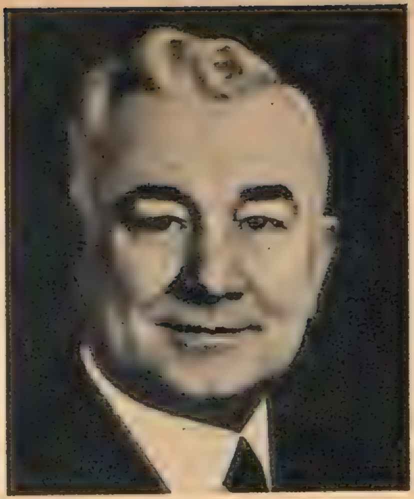
JAMES L. KILPATRICK
President of the New York Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as a *wireman* in Philadelphia in 1896.



HARRY C. KNIGHT
President of The Southern New England Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as a *canvassing agent* in New Haven in 1902.

ARTHUR A. LOWMAN

President of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. With the Bell System since 1894. Started in Clarinda, Iowa, as *repairman.*



WILLIAM R. McGOVERN

President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. First telephone job was in Milwaukee as a *draftsman* in 1900.

NED R. POWLEY

President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *statistical clerk* in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1908.

FREDERICK H. REID

President of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *collector* in Denver, Colorado, in 1902.

JOHN J. ROBINSON

President of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *cable splicer's helper* in New York in 1899.

ALBERT C. STANNARD

President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *night operator* in Springfield, Mass., in 1899.

PHILIP C. STAPLES

President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with Bell System as *salesman* in Baltimore in 1904.

JAMES E. WARREN

President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started in telephone business as *stenographer* in Nashville in 1900.

GEORGE M. WELCH

President of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. With Bell System since 1904. Started in Minneapolis as *stenographer.*

LLOYD B. WILSON

President of The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Started as *night operator* in Plattsmouth, Neb., in 1899.

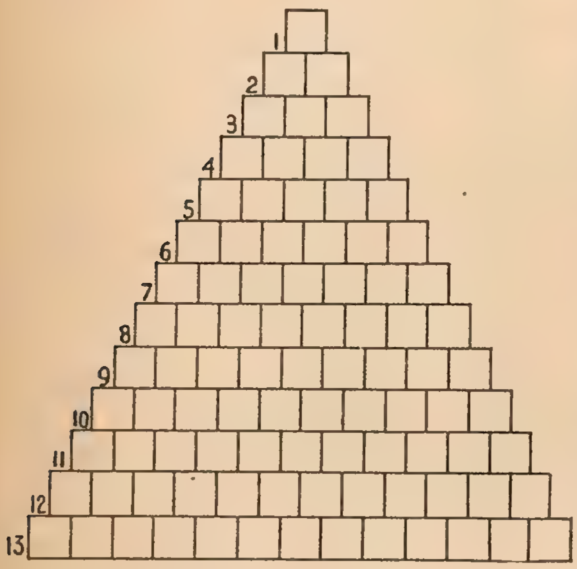
PRESIDENTS OF BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Company	*Name*	*Date*	*Place of Start*	*First Pay*	*First Job*
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.	Walter S. Gifford	1904	Chicago	$10 week	Clerk, Payroll Dept.
New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	John J. Robinson	1899	New York City	$9 week	Cable Splicer's Helper
Southern New England Tel. Co.	Harry C. Knight	1902	New Haven	$19 week	Genl. Canvass. Agent
New York Tel. Co.	James L. Kilpatrick	1896	Philadelphia	$10.50 week	Wireman
New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	Chester I. Barnard	1909	Boston	$50 month	Clerk
Bell Tel. Co. of Pa.	Philip C. Staples	1904	Baltimore	$12 week	Salesman
Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co.	Lloyd B. Wilson	1899	Plattsmouth, Neb.	$12 month	Night Operator
Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	James E. Warren	1900	Nashville, Tenn.	$30 month	Stenographer
Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	Randolph Eide	1911	New York City	$15 week	Special Inspector
Cincinnati & Suburban Bell Tel. Co.	Archibald J. Allen	1907	Pittsburgh	$50 month	Service Inspector
Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	George M. Welch	1904	Minneapolis	$15 week	Stenographer
Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	James F. Carroll	1906	Syracuse, N. Y.	$12 week	Traffic Student
Wisconsin Tel. Co.	William R. McGovern	1900	Milwaukee	$25 month	Draftsman
Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	Floyd O. Hale	1903	Pittsburgh	$50 month	Clerk
Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	Arthur A. Lowman	1894	Clarinda, Iowa	$1 a day and board	Repairman
Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	Albert C. Stannard	1899	Springfield, Mass.	$25 month	Night Operator
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	Frederick H. Reid	1902	Denver	$50 month	Collector
Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	Ned R. Powley	1908	Boston	$50 month	Statistical Clerk

READING TIME • ONE HOUR

PYRAGRAMS

To work a Pyragram you first fill in Row 13. From this row you take away a certain letter, rearrange what is left, and fill in Row 12. Continue this procedure until all rows are filled in. Clues to the proper way to fill in the various rows appear below. If you want, you can start from the top down.



CLUES TO ROWS: 13—"Conspicuous." 12—Four words, including three two-letter ones and "poured forth." 11—Two words, including "serving." 10—Three words, including "hang" and part of "to be." 9—Three words, including "distilled liquor" and a pronoun. 8—Two words, including "a goddess." 7—Three words, including "me" and "strike." 6—Three two-letter words. 5—Two words, including "repose." 4—"Insect eggs." 3—"An element." 2—A pronoun. 1—Also a pronoun.

(The answer is on page 52)

GEOGRAMS

There is the name of a state capital hidden in each of the following sentences. They are not haphazardly hidden, but, when found, will show some definite arrangement, not necessarily the same in each sentence. What four capitals are they, and in what states are they located?

He staggered as if seized with sudden vertigo.

A cheap sale makes bad friends.

Happiness earned lightly ends nearly always.

Disturb no man's effort to win.

(The answers are on page 52)

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

Which ocean - - - - did you travel on
To get to the - - - - that way?
I had a - - - - on the boat of - - - -,
So I sailed across without pay.

(The answer is on page 52)

BABY BAFFLERS

By H. A. Ripley

Every fact necessary for solution is in the Baffler below. See how long it takes you. Three minutes is excellent; five minutes, good; seven minutes, fair.

"My, those crackling logs are cheery and comfortable!"

"It is cozy, isn't it, dear? Don't let's go skating this afternoon; let's just sit here by the fireside and dream and read." Newly married Mrs. Mortimer Lawrence was in a romantic mood.

"Right you are, honey. Listen to that wind howl. Reminds me of a skating incident I witnessed last year."

"Tell me about it, Mortimer," the bride encouraged, snuggling close.

Mortimer lit a cigarette and went on: "Well, it was almost twilight on a cold, cloudy, brisk day when I stopped my car near little Lake Tainter in the charming city of Waldon. Some children were skating, their little faces rosy and their bright-colored scarfs flying in the wind as they screamed and laughed. Their antics and attempts at fancy skating were so amusing that I roared.

"Soon I was surprised to see an old codger appear with a pair of skates thrown over his shoulder. He buckled them on and started out—and I must say he was good. It was while he was making a perfect figure eight that the accident occurred. He suddenly lost his balance and plunged headlong into a deep hole . . ."

"Heavens! Was he drowned?" the wide-eyed bride asked.

"Not that old boy. He wasn't even wet!"

"What? Why, Mortimer, how could that be possible?"

How *was* it possible the old codger didn't even get wet?

(The answer is on page 52)

IT HAPPENED IN—

Truth Is Funnier than Fiction

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A defendant in the fourth Kansas City vote-fraud trial was quoted in testimony as complaining that he was tired one recent election day because "Republicans marked their ballots so hard you could scarcely rub them out."

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

SEALING WAX contains no wax. In medieval times beeswax was one of the ingredients of sealing wax. Today it is usually composed of shellac, Venetian turpentine, and coloring matter—no wax being used.

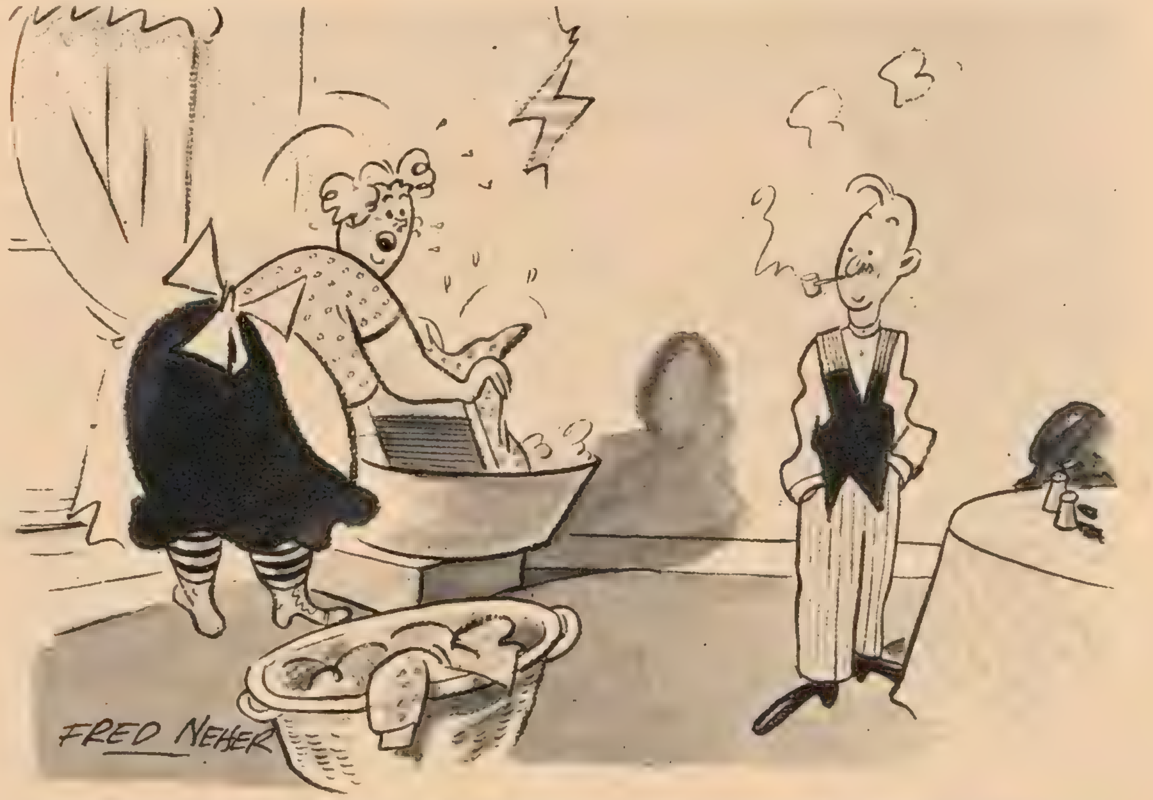
SPONGES are not plants. The commercial sponge is really the horny skeleton of an animal low in the scale of life.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

By Oliver Swift

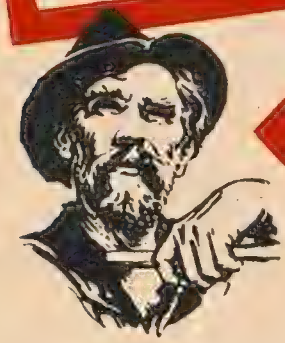
★ ★ ★ ★ **KATRINA** by Sally Salminen. Farrar & Rinehart.

A beautiful novel about a beautiful soul. Katrina herself is unforgettable. And the Aland Islands—with their stoic peasants, venturesome sailors—live vividly in these pages. No wonder Katrina won the Helsingfors Novel Contest!



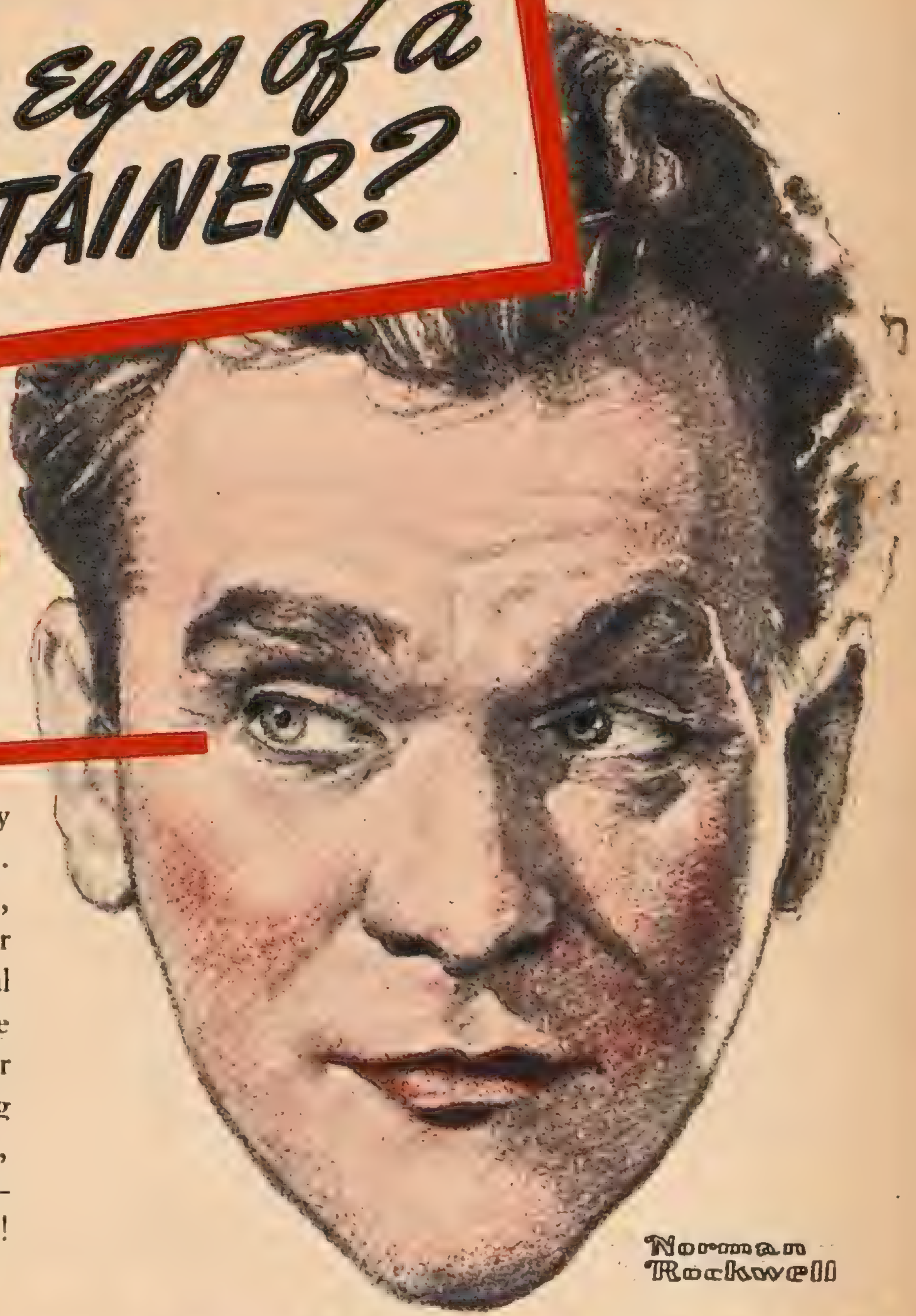
"You better start puttin' on weight if you want that Santa Claus job again this year."

Have you the eyes of a GREAT ENTERTAINER?



This is the Face of

JAMES BARTON



James Barton in "Tobacco Road"

. . . the great entertainer who heads the cast of the record-breaking theatrical success, "Tobacco Road". Mr. Barton, in the role of "Jeeter Lester", has looked across the footlights at no less than 1700 packed houses! Have *you* the eyes of a great entertainer?

EYES OF A GREAT ENTERTAINER

Large, clear and alert—customarily held in somewhat narrowed position. The brows are heavy and far apart, and grow closer to the eye at the inner edge than at the outer edge. Several horizontal lines are observed above the brows and also at the eyes' outer edges. These are the fascinating eyes of one—alert, gifted, sensitive, thoughtful, humorous, generous, understanding—the perfect entertainer!

As a great entertainer you, too, will score a real *hit*, if the next time you entertain, you serve your guests with the "*double-rich*" Kentucky straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

SCHENLEY A 90 PROOF whiskey—with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

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Cream of Kentucky

ECSTASY for Every Woman

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Arresting . . inspiring . . A challenge to age and despair! A famous lady reveals her joyous creed of living

BY MAE MURRAY

WHAT'S happened to the world, that it is grown so desperate? Why do so many millions live in bitter poverty? Why is this beautiful planet so inflamed with hatred, so tremulous with fear?

The answer is simple.

The world has forsaken God. It has forgotten Him, has denied Him, or does not know Him.

Man, left to himself, is a liar, a thief, a murderer, a creature of lusts and jealousies and fears and hates, the unhappiest animal that lives. Unhappy men breed poverty and crime and war. Men with the knowledge and the love of God in their hearts are happy. And there never was a happy person who brought any misery into the world. There never can be.

I'm not a philosopher. I'm not a preacher. I'm not at all a sanctimonious person. I'm merely one of the happiest persons alive today. And it's out of the boundless joy stored up in me that I give you this advice: Be happy; be blissfully happy; live in ecstasy.

I have always been happy because, ever since I was a little girl, I have loved God and trusted Him; because my faith in Him is that of a child.

"How do you do it?" most people have asked me. "How do you keep so young and beautiful, so constantly gay? How is it you can do so much work every day, dance every night, and never seem tired? What's your secret?"

I'm not praising myself because I feel young and beautiful. Youth and beauty fade and die unless there's something within to warm and protect them. That I have, too—an unceasing joy, an ecstasy. Without that ecstasy—which is the knowledge of the reality of God—I am nothing.

I'm happy to be alive. I wake up in the morning, glad of the miracle of a new day, joyous in the thought of breathing the morning air, seeing the beauties God has strewn outside my windows. Everything I do—reading, studying, planning, meeting people, exchanging ideas—everything I do or see or feel delights me.

I am a Catholic, born and raised. But I've studied a lot of other religions, and loved them all too—because they teach God. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Moslems, Buddhists—we're all one.

If I could only make people realize what true happiness lies in finding God and living with Him day by day! Knowing Him, knowing He's always present, always with one, keeps one young—young as a child. It keeps one happy, for we Christians know God wants us to be happy.

Commune with God. You can find Him anywhere. In the silence of a church. In the bustle and roar of traffic. In the woods and fields. In your office, in your home. Seek, and you will find.

God is closest to me when I dance. Dancing is the earliest form of prayer, and it is still one of the highest forms of prayer; for it is an offering of everything you are, everything you have, body and mind and soul, beauty and action and rhythm and joy, a joy so intense it's almost pain.

When one is happy he pours love out of him. He flings love out of a full purse to the crowds—and love comes back to him. We receive only what we give. Love begets love; hatred breeds hatred; fear makes greater fear.

So many, many people want to take. So few want to give. But it is giving, not taking, that brings happiness. The more we give, the more we have to give.

People have asked me why I left Hollywood. I left it because there were too many imperfections to contend with, too much petty jealousy, too much bickering. I walked out of a picture. I had to, to keep my happiness, my peace of mind.

The trouble with Hollywood is that most people who go there go to take, not to give.

Ever since I was a child I wanted fame and honor and love. I still want them. I gave myself freely for them. I got them. I still have them. But, without this inner happiness of mine, what would they mean? I have made money. I have been broke. I have been hungry. I have been wildly in love. I have known hurricanes of grief that would have destroyed me but for my knowledge that Christ walks with me ever, leading me.

Honor and fame and love are good things. Bread is good. Gold is good. Tears are good. All things are good if we use them rightly. All things are good to the pure of heart, to the simple of soul, to those who have found true happiness.

This morning, as I was about to enter my hotel, a taxi driver saw me.

"Hello, Mae," he cried.

"Hello," I answered.

We beamed at each other. And my escort was furious.

"You shouldn't let such things happen," he reprimanded me. "A taxi chauffeur calling you by your first name! Where's your dignity?"

"Dignity!" I said. "Poof!"

"You should be above that sort of thing," he insisted.

"I don't want to be above it," I said. "I'll never be above it. I'm proud to have people love me enough to greet me joyously when they see me, whoever they are. The sort of dignity you mean is the false front of a snob, the grave of man's love for his fellow man. It's ugly and hypocritical."

Yes, I love fame and honor and love. And I felt all that in the taxi driver's greeting. Fame is good, and honor is good, and love is supremely good. But we must work for them—work hard, work patiently, work constantly.

I have boundless energy. It comes out of my happiness. I'm making radio broadcasts six days a week. I've bought the rights to a book, and I'm making a play out of it, a moving-picture play. I'm making it in New York. I'm also planning a stage production. And I'm arranging for a tour of dances in South America, to begin next March.

Yet I have plenty of time to do other things. I can dance all night, get a good hour's sleep, and put in a full day when I wake. People ask why I do so much. I can't help it. I love to be busy. I love to tackle new things. I love to conquer them, and then go on to something better. I must always strive to reach a higher goal; always seek perfection.

How could one do else, walking with God? How could one tolerate anything that was not perfect?

How wonderful it would be if we'd start teaching all our children about God! That would remake the world.

Children should be taught to know God, to love Him, to serve Him, and to love their fellow humans for the love of God. They should be taught that in God is all strength, all power, all energy, all happiness. They

After 40

should be taught that only through loving God can they find happiness, that only in happiness can they find energy, and that only in energy can they achieve perfection.

We should tell them, "Be happy and you'll be good," for happy children are necessarily good children.

Millions of little boys and girls are reared, under our modern civilized educational systems, so that they will never know real happiness, will never find it even in marriage—which should embrace all that is most joyous, all that is best and finest and holiest in life.

Marriage is glorious, the supreme romance, when there is perfect love on both sides. It is a sacrament, a union blessed by God.

But we do not teach children that. We fill their little minds with stale jokes about marriage. We dull their eyes to the majesty, the beauty, the joy of the sacrament. We even allow them to think there's nothing but sensuousness in this consecration of two bodies and two souls.

Sensuousness! There should be nothing vulgar, nothing low, nothing ugly in the world. There is a beautiful sensuousness in the Catholic Church—the flaring lights of candles, the smell of rich incense, the gold vessels on the marble altar, the chanting of the choir, the sunlight streaming through the stained-glass windows.

Sensuousness. How that lovely word has been degraded!

There must be sensuousness in marriage, for there is sensuousness in perfect love. And without perfect love, without beauty, without trust, without romance, marriage is profaned.

Do we teach our children that? We do not.

MY friends ask, "But can one be happy all the time? Doesn't ecstasy cloy?"

Of course one can be happy all the time. Happiness is our natural state. How could it cloy? One may know bitter moments, but if one keeps the knowledge of God constantly in one's heart those bitter moments are made easy; they give way to ecstasy.

This knowledge of the reality of God is a power, a tremendous power. It conquers all things. But you can lose the power, just as you can lose the use of your arm or your leg, through neglect. One must fight to keep happiness. One must fight ugliness, all uncleanness, all imperfections, all stupidities, all sins.

And again let me say—and let me emphasize it—I do not mean that one must be sanctimonious. Sanctimonious people are usually hypocrites. The Pharisees were sanctimonious—long-faced dolorous men who believed themselves better than others, who fasted and gave alms publicly.

My creed is joyousness and energy. I love living, food, talk, clothes, work, play, dancing, love. One doesn't have to be a nun, or a priest, or a minister, or a rabbi, to live a good life. One merely has to be happy and make the other fellow happy.

One of the best and greatest and happiest women in this world is Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

There is a woman who walks with God—a beautiful Chinese Christian woman leading four hundred million people to happiness, fighting their fight every moment, warring against unheard-of odds—famine, pestilence, frightful poverty, abysmal ignorance, opium, and now hordes of enemy soldiers desperate for conquest.

Never in history was there a woman like her, unless it be the saintly Joan of Arc. Yet not even Joan had so many nor such tremendous obstacles to overcome. Not even Joan could win so wonderful a victory.

I read about her in Liberty not long ago. A story by Fulton Oursler. Reading it, I felt pure rapture. It was the first intimate, complete, and authentic account of her character I had read.

There's an example of all I've been talking about, that lovely young woman. She learned about God early in her life. She learned to love Him. He flooded her with happiness. And she's conquering China for Him and for her people, making the greatest fight the world has ever witnessed. God helping her, she will win.

When you have God in your soul you can do all things—even things that seem impossible. With God, you can remake not only China but the entire world.

"But how can I find God?" people have asked me.

Everybody can find God—even the worst sinners. It doesn't matter what religion you have. It doesn't matter if you have no religion. You have only to wish, earnestly and devoutly, to find Him.

Slip into a church and commune with Him in silence. Shut yourself up in your room and pray. You'll find Him in prayer. Only in prayer. Cleanse yourself of sin. Ask His forgiveness. Repent, and do not sin again. He'll not only forgive: He'll fill you with ecstasy.

Yes, you can have ecstasy. You can keep it as long as you wish. How can ecstasy perish, when every moment strengthens it, when even the merest trifles feed it? Walking in the sun or the rain or the wind, looking at pictures, at people, at shop windows, at the towers of New York, kissing a baby's neck.

It is important to have ecstasy. Ecstasy makes a plain face shine with more beauty than the Queen of Sheba owned. It makes a superman, a superwoman. It enhances everything. It brings success in material things, as well as in things spiritual. With ecstasy in your soul you can do all things, have all things.

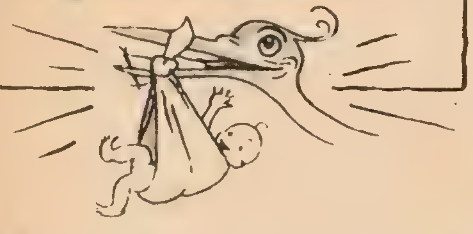
Any woman, no matter how old or ugly she may think herself, can achieve both youth and beauty through happiness. And any happy woman—or any happy man—can have everything he wants out of life.

Find God, the source of happiness, the source of everything that is good. Cling to Him. Keep Him in your heart. And you'll remake your world.

THE END

PIPE STAGGERS STORK!

. . then Joe switched to the brand of grand aroma



HELP! Send for the S. P. C. A. Notify the S.P.C.C. And let's start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes! Smoking over-strong tobacco in a gummy bowl is a mean trick to play on a self-respecting briar. Clean it out and smoke a fine, mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Slow-burning. Blended of the finest burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. Two full ounces, as only a 50-pipeful tin of tobacco *could* be. Try Sir Walter!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later— Your Favorite Tobacco"

UNION MADE

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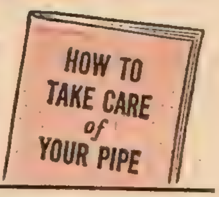
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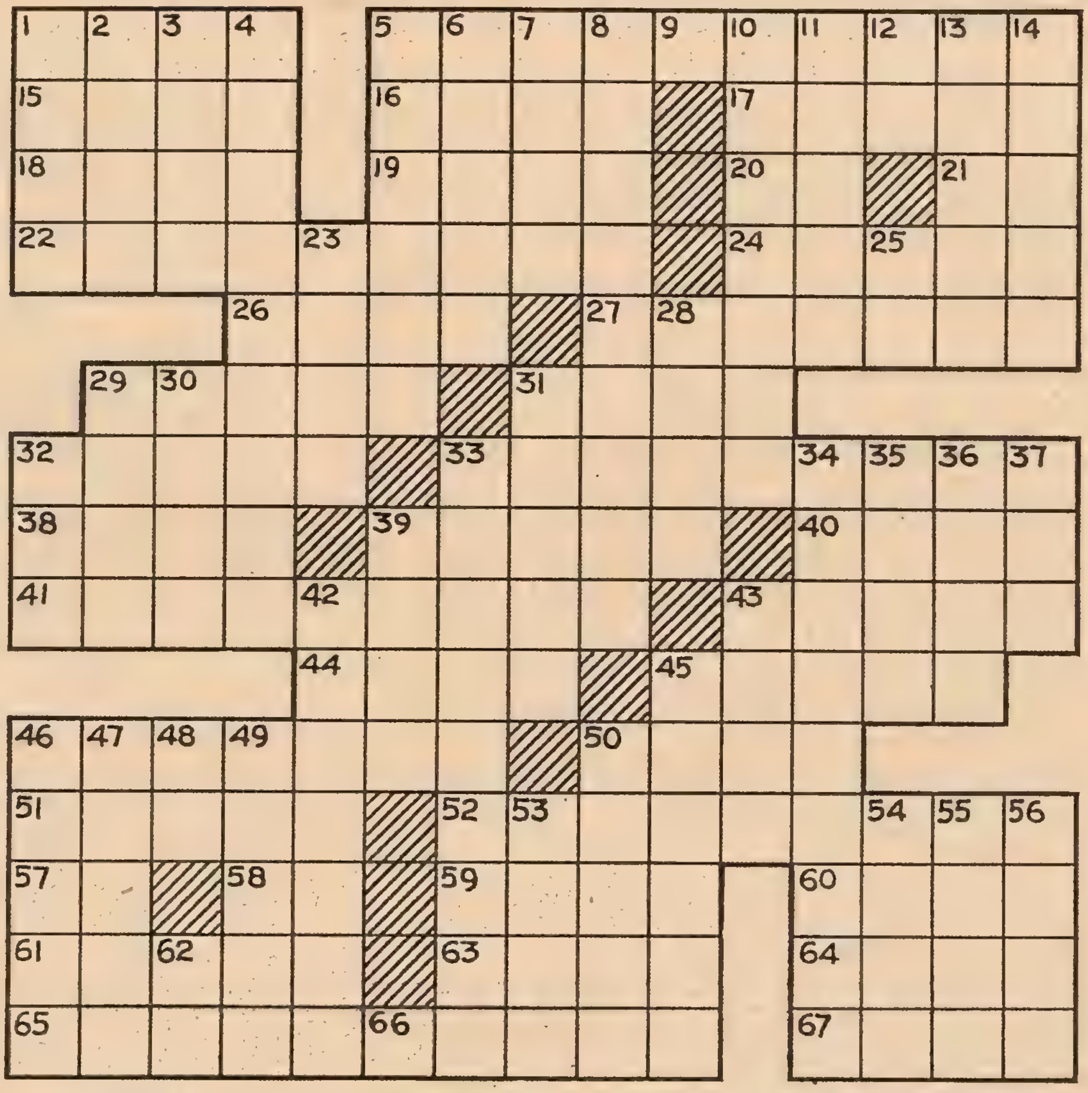
by Ted Shane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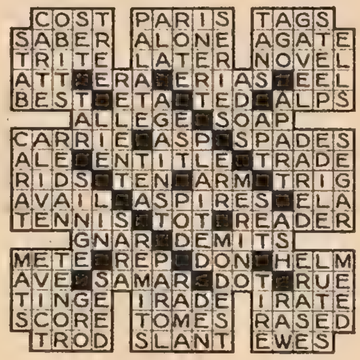
HORIZONTAL

1 A big overhead
5 "You may tell the upper classes, They can keep their —— ——, For Heaven will protect the woiking goil!"
15 All-Turkish derivative of Fatima
16 What Time Marches On for
17 Did this make his ears burn!
18 The friendly Carnegie
19 That there one (Fr.)
20 Again the blind pig (all right, you think of a new def.!)
21 Egyptian hot spot
22 They're breaking up a lot of China these days
24 Tube, man, sanctum, pig's ear
26 The French without
27 Early American armor
29 To attempt to fling the carcass aboard the fractious eohippus
31 French coughee at the opera
32 True confessional
33 Marinated bellboys (two words)
38 Would you say a complaining farmer had this kind of belly trouble?
39 Bigger than an oven, holds more dough
40 Wasn't her story side-splitting? (pl.)
41 Where officers chew the fat (two words)
43 Would you call fresh shrimps and dentist kids little ones?
44 Greasers
45 The windiest spots in America
46 This is simply poisonous
50 What milady gets from the make-up box
51 The Island of Hope
52 Every fall you'll find them surrounded by thoughtful students
57 Tail of the legal where
58 Short night
59 The nickel thing the Scotchman gave his girl
60 Press agent
61 The hardest place to sit on a horse
63 Get on the safe side here
64 What a chair, slippers, and an open fireplace spell
65 The difference between good and bad little boys
67 Increased the weight with lumps of lead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SABER ALONE AGATE
TRITE LATER NOVEL
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BEST ETA TED ALPS
ALLEGE SOAP
CARRIE ASP SPADES
ALE ENTITLE TRADE
RIDS TEN ARM TRIG
AVAIL ASPIRES ELA
TENNIS TOT READER
GNAR DEMITS
METE REP DON HELM
AVE SAMAR DOT RUE
TINGE IRADE IRATE
SCORE TOMES RASED
TROD SLANT EWES

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 She laid a couple of eggs, by Jupiter!
2 Big verse-and-tent man
3 It collects on teeth and isn't a dentist
4 Most profitable things to fish for
5 In moral apple-pie order
6 Squares up
7 What hot mamas do to icemen
8 What fight promoters are
9 It's never served in 5 across
10 Morning-after crunch
11 Business men's hangouts
12 These letters always go in opposite directions but meet in time
13 Hat bird
14 The hottest thing about Mr. Roebuck
23 This is far from few
25 Two thirds of one
28 When you do, caret
29 They're the cat's!
30 Proletariat turbines
31 Takes a gal for a ride (masculine)
32 She was a horse for work but could never say neigh to any male
33 It holds the speed record for crossing the Atlantic
34 Cafés des Gastriques Disturbances
35 He peddled hot doggerels around Rome
36 Women wants (masculine)
37 You'll find them in every sissy
39 Kind of woman always seen in the daily mirror
42 Bread burner
43 Kind of mutuel assistance the horsy-minded often need
45 It solves the problem of balancing a $25-a-week income with a wife and six kids
46 Got an earful
47 La Dinsmore
48 The Senior Horsehide Circuit (abbr.)
49 The lure of the movie houses
50 When this gets dirty it's simply scandalous
53 Work up
54 What a man of a few million words is
55 The oldest bugle in the world
56 Past tense of snow
62 Department of Procrastination (abbr.)
66 You'll find this is usually on the square

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

The intimate story of Guldahl, the champion who wins without nerves

Philosopher—and champion—of the fairways, and his greatest admirers, Mrs. Guldahl and son.

He-Man Cinderella on the Links

By DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

THE big-shouldered, boyish-faced man sifted his way through a ring of 5,000 scrambling spectators and strode on to the undulating eighteenth green at the Oakland Hills Country Club outside Detroit.

His golf ball lay some eighteen feet above the pin, and he needed two putts to get it down and win the 1937 National Open championship, break Tony Manero's record of 282 strokes, and assure himself an income for the forthcoming year of somewhere between twenty-five and forty thousand legitimate dollars.

So he took out a comb and combed his hair.

Ralph Guldahl is like that. If he has any nerves in his huge body, they must be hidden pretty deep in that overlay of fatty tissue that covers his great bones. He's been playing golf in the big time for somewhere around six years now, and nobody's ever seen him unstrung while playing.

Here's an example: During his final round at Oakland Hills he played a fine shot to the green. A jittery spectator of the type that always thinks the view is better on the other side of the fairway, broke through the guard lines and ran across the face of the green as Ralph shot. He flicked the oncoming ball with his toe and kicked it fifty feet off its course and into a trap.

Guldahl walked up to the green, looked down at the ball, and grinned, then took out a sand wedge (niblick to you, John Q. Duffer). He made a ninety-foot explosion shot to the pin, and laid the ball within four feet of the cup. Then he calmly walked on to the green and rammed the ball home for a par four.

"That simple-minded ape might have cost you the championship, fella," Harry Cooper, who was playing with Guldahl, said.

"Shucks, I'd rather have an explosion shot than a long approach like that any time," Guldahl said. Then he was reflective. Finally he added, "Besides, when I finished second to Goodman, four years ago, I overshot a green, hit a guy on the noggin, and had my ball bounce right back for a birdie. Those things all even up."

This week Guldahl is back on the Miami-Biltmore links where a year ago his sagging fortunes took a $2,500 turn for the better, seeking that same $2,500 that lifted him from despair to national headlines.

The $2,500, if it comes at all, will come harder this year. They'll be watching him. And when those sharpshooting Coopers and Sneads and Revoltas are on your heels, you earn your two-and-a-half-grand titbits the hard way.

BORN of Norwegian parents, his father was an Americanized farmer and laborer. Ralph began his golfing education in Dallas, Texas, when he was twelve, taking up caddying, off and on, to earn money for schooling. He's twenty-five now, holder of the National and Western Open and half a dozen other titles, was a member of the Ryder Cup team, and unquestionably is one of the half dozen best golfers in the world.

As a boy, he worked at all manner of jobs, developed a fine pair of hands and big muscles on his six-foot-two-inch, 210-pound frame by hard work. He was an apprentice carpenter, he delivered ice, he dug ditches, he worked at anything he found to do, and he also played a good game of football.

He turned golf professional at eighteen. Because of his long hitting and smooth swing, his game attracted wide attention in his first National Open championship in 1932. In his second Open, at Chicago in 1933, he needed to sink a four-foot putt to tie Johnny Goodman for the championship. He rimmed the cup.

"Shucks, baby," he said, "where's my hoss?"

He was talking to his wife, Laverne, and he was talking about a white horse he'd seen a few days before in a riding academy. He'd just blown first money and a chance to make $25,000 or $30,000, but that didn't bother him. He had $800 coming for second place, and he wanted that horse. The next morning he was riding that horse, wearing white spats and carrying a gold-headed cane. Chicago's lake front hadn't seen anything like that outside of its World's Fair grounds in quite a while.

He had his reaction from that four-foot putt, however. He didn't think he blew it at first. "Just missed it," he said laconically. "Heck of it is, I missed it at the wrong time. Everybody has to miss that kind, but I had to pick out the last putt in the Open to miss mine."

Then he got to thinking maybe he'd blown the putt. There's a difference, in golfing terminology, between blowing a putt and missing one. When you miss one, it just doesn't go down. You hit it right, but a blade of grass or a bit of gravel, or an invisible drift of the green carries it a fraction of an inch off line and you rim the cup. A golfer knows, when he hits a ball, whether he's blown a shot or just missed it.

Some of his friends told him that he'd blown the championship. He worried for some days and then concluded he had blown that putt. He was convinced in another week that he'd lost control of his nerves.

"I made up my mind I was a bum and always would be a bum," he said. "A guy that kicks away twenty-five or thirty grand with a little four-foot putt couldn't have much intestines,

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I told myself, and, doggone my socks, I got to believing it."

He got to believing it to such an extent that his game went all to pieces, his personality came loose at the seams, his good nature soured and he became a brooding misanthrope, curt, surly, and disagreeable. He quit one job after another, lost some because he couldn't pull himself out of his mood, and finally decided that he didn't have any business in golf anyhow.

In the meantime Ralph, Junior, had arrived. Buddy needed medical attention, spinach, and Grade A milk. Finances dwindled.

When the winter of 1935-36 came on, Ralph Guldahl carried his two sets of golf clubs to a hock shop. The artisan was without tools. He took odd jobs wherever he could get them. Finally he was given a job by one of his former pupils as an automobile salesman.

He wasn't much of a salesman. The friend had remembered him as a smiling, affable, good-natured raconteur of the Will Rogers stripe and figured him as the perfect salesman and contact man. He found a moody, brooding, silent, introverted youth who couldn't talk to customers and didn't seem to want to try. The friend allowed him to stay on, but that didn't do the Guldahl family finances any good.

One day Ralph met a sporting-goods manufacturer on the street. He mentioned that he was selling automobiles. The sporting-goods man had an automobile. He also had an idea. He told Ralph he belonged in golf, that he was a natural golfer, that he'd never be anything but a sour-pussed old man out of golf.

"Go'ff [he pronounces it that way] made me that-a-way," he argued. "I don't see how it can get me out of it."

"Tell you what I'll do," the manufacturer said. "I'll stake you to enough money to enter the next tournament that's played around here. You play and win and you've got a job. A golf job."

"Play?" Guldahl was puzzled. "What with? My knife and fork?"

"Where's your clubs?"

Ralph told him.

THE sporting-goods citizen called a clerk and told him to bring his golf clubs down right away. Half an hour later Guldahl had one of the fanciest sets of clubs he'd ever seen at his disposal.

"Fella, those were something," he says.

But he took the clubs, entered a small local tournament, won $250, went to San Antonio and won the tournament there and collected $240, all his own, and returned to his friend. The friend presented him with a set of orthodox professional clubs and told him to keep the borrowed money he'd won and get himself off to the Western Open.

Guldahl went to Iowa and won the Western. He also pulled down a little money there. He had a job. The manufacturer made good on his promise.

Guldahl counted his quarters last fall and discovered that he had enough money to start on an invasion of the winter tournaments.

When he hit the winter-tournament circuit, Harry Cooper was about $4,000 up on him in winnings. But there were plenty of prizes left, including the Miami-Biltmore Open, which is good for $2,500 for the citizen who finishes at the head of the pack. Ralph pointed for that one. In order to be sure of getting there (gasoline, spinach for Buddy, high-test cosmetics for Laverne, etc.), he entered and won two minor tournaments. Then he went to Miami. The Miami-Biltmore, with one of the greatest fields in golf (it always draws the tops because of the muscular prize money), was more or less spread-eagled by the big Texan, and now he was creeping up even on Cooper in the money business.

AFTER the Miami tournament he couldn't be stopped. He won the Augusta Open, finished on Byron Nelson's heels in the Masters at Augusta, picked up another set of top currency at Pinehurst, and arrived in the North with approximately $7,000 in prize money picked up since he'd returned to golf, less than seven months before. To add a fitting climax, he successfully defended his Western Open title.

Guldahl is slow-talking, slow-moving. He has the shoulders of a football tackle, a huge leonine head with a wavy black mane that many a movie actor would envy, and the small, almost delicate features of a fifteen-year-old boy.

Wherever he goes he has a gallery. If he doesn't attract them, Buddy and Laverne do. He calls them his mascot and manager.

"Do you know where I won that Augusta Open?" Guldahl said. The answer was somewhat varied: Third round, seventeenth green, and so on.

"Nope," said the Open champion, as he hoisted Buddy into his lap. "I won it upstairs in my hotel room giving this bunch of bones and butter a bath [indicating Buddy]. Mrs. G. stayed out on the eighteenth green to see to it that nobody came up there and beat my total."

Such a man is Ralph Guldahl, the most colorful champion since Sarazen stuck his nose over the hill that flanked Skokie's eighteenth green back in 1922.

It's quite a stride from hocked clubs to $8,000 in the pocket and $35,000 or $40,000 waiting to be plucked, but the Texas Philosopher of the Fairways made it, and there isn't a golfer, professional or amateur, or a golf official, either, in the country who isn't more than secretly pleased. He's what the materially minded boys call box-office, and if there has been one thing golf's needed since Bobby Jones checked out, it's box-office.

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

The Picture Collector

BY

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

IN 1924, Mr. James Van Buren Harwood, a highly prosperous broker, a man of fine taste in books and pictures, was getting along with Julia, his wife; but not more than getting along. There was no hostility, in public or private. The Harwoods had been married for fourteen years. Julia Harwood was beautiful; her interests were not conspicuously different from those of her husband.

For four or five years Harwood had been going about town with Miss Ethel Grannis, twenty-four and personable. Miss Grannis was employed as secretary to Benjamin Kamrath, head of the Kamrath Galleries, specializing in modern painting.

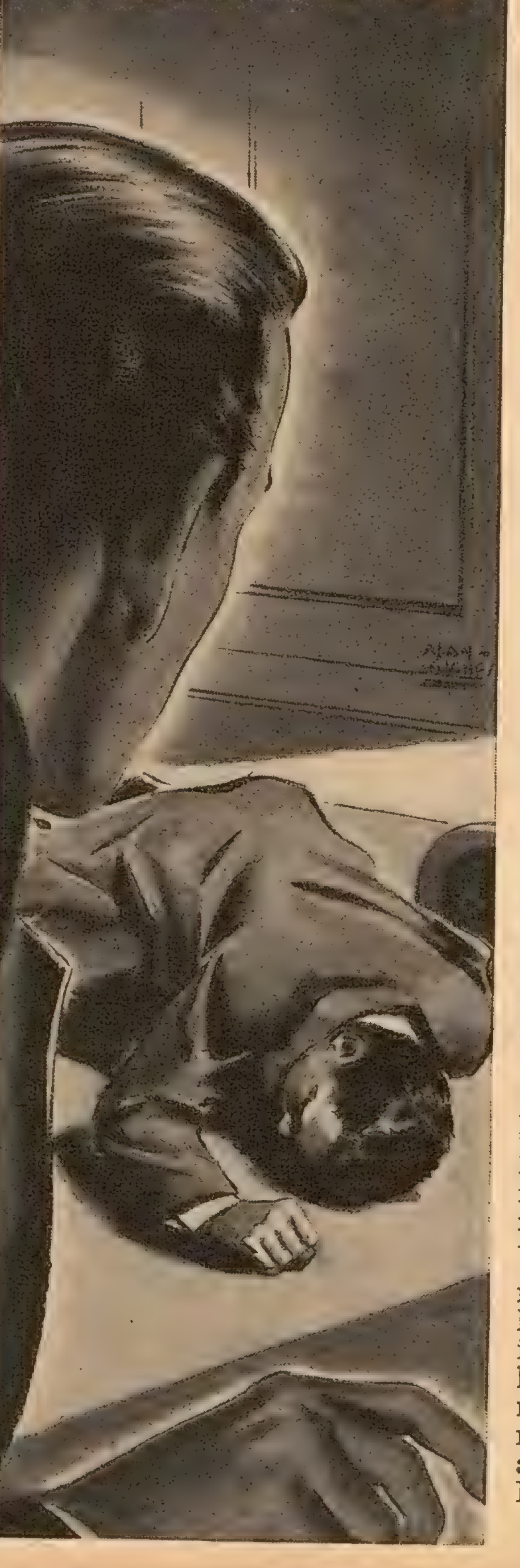
For Harwood, as soon as money became plentiful with him, became a collector of paintings. “What a thing to spend money on!” his friends would say. “Exactly my comment,” would be his retort, “on your country-club memberships, your bridge and poker playing, your summer home in the country. I can buy a good many fine pictures for what those things cost you; and in five, ten years I still have the pictures. You haven't even got your score cards to show for it. And in a year, or fifteen years, a picture I buy for two hundred dollars might be worth twenty thousand dollars.”

Harwood and Miss Grannis began by talking about painting and painters. He would ask her opinion, which was good and invariably honest, about this or that picture; generally he deferred to it. She grew fond of him, as women grow when they feel that men are dependent on them. . . . In two or three years he, with natural taste heightened by Miss Grannis' expert knowledge, became as adroit a buyer and as good a judge of picture values as the average dealer.

As happens with amateur collectors—and Harwood's love for pictures was utterly uncommercial—he began to specialize. The paintings of the young American Edgar Cole became his obsession. . . . Cole was a young man from Pocatello, Idaho. His subjects were all Pocatello: stores, storekeepers, Idaho farms and farmers, barbers—one of Saturday night in a barbershop got his first critical acclaim in the Sunday New York Times and Herald Tribune—street scenes; nothing but pictures of what he had grown up with.

He was almost a discovery of Harwood's. Harwood had seen and bought, with Miss Grannis' sympathetic approval, the first Cole to be shown in the East. He paid fifty dollars for it. Later he bought all that he could pick up; even wrote to Cole, praising his work. Cole, then barely recognized, gratefully sent him a portrait of an old Idaho miner.

In 1928, Cole, by this time pretty well known, came to New York to attend the first exhibit of his pictures. Harwood was there for varnishing day, met Cole, and was astounded at his frailness, though he couldn't have been more than thirty. Harwood invited him to dinner at his house; there were only Cole, Miss Grannis, and Mr. and Mrs. Harwood. And though the dinner was unalcoholic, for Cole had said that he didn't drink, Cole excused himself at the end, saying that he felt ill, and so he appeared. The Harwoods and Miss Grannis talked for an hour or so, mostly about the wraithlike incorporeality of the artist, till Miss Grannis went home at ten o'clock.



That winter there occurred the death of DuPlessis, the famous French modernist, whose pictures had been bringing five thousand dollars, and frequently more. A tremendous rise in prices immediately followed the news of his death. A dealer who had a DuPlessis would increase his price from seventy-five hundred dollars to thirty thousand dollars—and get it. A man who bought three, ten years ago, for two hundred dollars sold them to a dealer for thirty-five thousand dollars.

And the next autumn, November, 1929, Cole had his second show in New York. Harwood, like many others versed in finance, lost not only every cent that he had, but more; his debts ran to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with no assets, for his house wouldn't bring the price of the mortgage. No assets but his precious—to him—Coles; but they wouldn't bring much: the open market for pictures by living Americans was especially poor now.

But Harwood again invited Cole to dinner, Miss Grannis and Mrs. Harwood again being present. Cole, no more robust-looking than before, this time remained after dinner. The four went to the big living room, the one with the eight Coles on the walls. The talk was general, small, and a few perfunctory words were said about DuPlessis' death. And at ten thirty Cole rose to leave.

At the door, as he was about to go out, he dropped to the floor. Faintness, vertigo, or what? Harwood ran to a near-by doctor's office. The doctor came at once. Cole was dead.

Harwood telephoned the newspapers, which carried the obituaries next morning. In a week a Cole owner could name his own price for a picture. Harwood sold forty of his for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars within two months.

I told this story to two women. One said that Harwood killed or poisoned Cole. The other said that Miss Grannis, also knowing how the prices of his pictures would increase, poisoned him. An autopsy? No suspicion attached to anybody.

And a novelist, male—I told him first, because I foolishly thought that he could write a mystery novel about it—said, elegantly, “Nuts! The Mrs. killed him, put something in his dinner. She knew Harwood wanted to marry the gal, she wanted plenty of alimony, and she knew how broke Harwood was. Mystery my eye!”

THE END

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH BEDAUX?

What manner of man, what kind of past turned the Windsors back so suddenly from America? Here is the true story

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHAM!—as they say in the comic strips.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor had their seventy bags packed and on the pier, and were about to embark for America to study housing and industrial conditions, when an angry barrage from the public press forced a last-minute cancellation of the trip.

What happened?

The astounding attack was inaugurated when the Baltimore Federation of Labor, a unit of the American Federation of Labor, adopted a resolution censuring the visit. Particular condemnation was directed at dapper Charles E. Bedaux, variously referred to as adviser, guide, and sponsor of the famous couple on their proposed tour. Other labor groups joined in the battle, and the trip was off—mainly because of Mr. Bedaux.

One million workers in more than 1,000 factories throughout the world knew the name Bedaux. His system of human-power measurement had directly affected their lives and incomes. But Mr. John Reading Public picked up his newspaper and wondered: "Who is this fellow Bedaux? And what's so wrong with him anyway?"

In the newspapers at that moment Mr. Bedaux was being denounced. He was being called "an archenemy of labor," a Fascist. He was being referred to as "the father of the most exhausting, inhuman 'efficiency' scheme ever invented." He was being described as Mephistophelean, a monster who had "made his money from the sweat of the textile workers." He was charged with having invented an "antilabor stretch-out system," with having thrown thousands out of employment.

He was accused of concealing "ulterior motives" in offering himself as guide to the Windsors in America. He was denounced for "attempting to promote Nazism."

By implication, he was called a notorious reactionary and a schemer, and the "wrong company" for His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor.

So spleenful was the energetic lambasting of Charles E. Bedaux in newspapers, so unstinted was the hatred manifested toward this man of mystery by labor organizations, that it seemed incredible that so tremendous a bogeyman, if these attacks were truly justified, should not have been called sooner to public attention.

Mr. Bedaux, to use his own phrase, was "butchered" by the press—and the butchery was swift and complete.

It might be sportsmanlike to write a few lines now, in calmer days, about Charles Bedaux, and to write something besides hysterical vilification.

He's not in Who's Who. He is in the Social Register. Until this year he had never met either the Duke or Duchess of Windsor. Then he met them through mutual friends. They were married in his 100-room, four-century-old Château de Cande, near Monts, France.

MEAGER facts about the man have appeared since those stormy days when Bedaux cabled the Duke regretfully that he must withdraw, as guide, from their proposed tour in America. Most of the general picture the public has obtained of the man is inaccurate.

Here, briefly, is the true story of Charles Bedaux, industrial engineer, inventor, amateur explorer. It is the type of story for which Americans have a fondness—a success story. It is a mixture of Horatio Alger and Peck's Bad Boy, for Charles Bedaux was once the despair of an otherwise estimable family.

He was born in suburban Paris on October 10, 1886. His family was scholarly, respectable, possessed of a flair for mathematics. Bedaux's father was a mathematician and designer of bridges; his three brothers, mathematicians, today are in government service. A sister holds three doctor's degrees.

Charles was the only member of the family who did not do well at school. Roistering, life-loving, adventurous, he cut most of his classes in favor of Paris taverns.

At nineteen, with the help of his mother, he ran away to America. He arrived here in 1906, knowing no one, unable to speak a word of English.

In a French saloon on Sixth Avenue, in New York City, not far from the old Hippodrome Theater, Charles Bedaux got his first job—washing bottles. He lost it later because it included delivery of cases of liquor which he was not then sturdy enough to carry.

Shortly after that he got work as a weaver in a silk mill in Hoboken, New Jersey. He lived in a cheap boardinghouse, where he met an older man, a typesetter on a Hoboken newspaper, who took a liking to young Bedaux and patiently taught him the English language.

Bedaux says that he has often tried to find that friend of thirty years ago. So far, he has not succeeded.

It was in the Hoboken silk mill, Bedaux says, that he first recognized the necessity for some method, in labor, to protect the workingman. Himself a worker, he was earning fair wages doing piecework, when competition forced his employer to cut drastically the rate being paid Bedaux and his fellow pieceworkers.

A Negro laborer he met on the street told him to try to get work on a new construction job—the building of the first tunnel beneath the East River.

Bedaux has often been referred to as a former "sand hog." He was not that. He worked as a drill hand in the tunnel. For many weeks he earned what was to him incredible wages. Then he contracted the "bends" and was hauled away to a hospital.

When he got out, he found waiting for him at his boardinghouse a post card from a school of languages where, some weeks previously, he had applied for work. The card told him of an opening.

He was sent to Philadelphia, where he taught French for ten dollars a week. One of his pupils, with whom he discussed the piecework system of American labor, told him to get back into the industrial field.

He followed that advice, landed with a chemical manufacturing concern at St. Louis, Missouri.

Three things happened swiftly in St. Louis: He married Blanche Allen, who had won, in a contest, the title of "most beautiful girl in Missouri." He had a son, Charles E. Bedaux II, born in St. Louis, June 18, 1909. And he hit upon the "Bedaux system of human-power measurement" that has made him a multimillionaire.

Many explanations have been advanced covering the invention of the Bedaux System. Bedaux's own explanation, given to me recently in his sixty-third-floor office in New York's Chrysler Building, is this:

BOGEYMAN
REACTIONARY
ARCHFOE OF LABOR
SCHEMER
NAZI PROMOTER
FASCIST
MEPHISTOPHELEAN

"While in St. Louis I made a study in my spare time of the function of power plants. I soon found that engineers had assigned units of measurement to power of all sorts—fuel, water, electrical. Why, I wondered, couldn't a wholly scientific and mathematical measurement of man power be ascertained?"

He did it finally. Watching fellow workers, he timed their activities for periods of a minute. Breaking down their working minute, he found that it was made up of a number of seconds of work, compensated for by an equally definite number of seconds of rest.

Thus he arrived at the Bedaux unit, called a "B." It comprised the amount of work a normal man did in one minute, working at a normal rate of speed under normal conditions, availing himself of a full measure of relaxation, dependent upon the type of work being done. So, according to Bedaux's reasoning, the average workman had a productivity rating of 60 Bs an hour.

If that same man's productivity could be increased to, say, 75 Bs an hour—by elimination of waste motions, standardization of equipment, or any one of a number of efficiency moves—then the employer's cost of manufacture would be decreased and the worker would be entitled to more earnings for his stepped-up productivity.

That, stripped to its simplest form, is the system which was to earn Charles Bedaux immense wealth, not a little fame, and, recently, a 95-B headache.

Certain labor factions have bludgeoned Bedaux in the press as an archfoe of labor and inventor of a hated stretch-out system. Bedaux has answered that his system, far from being inimical to labor, has brought better working conditions and increased pay; has made jobs, not done away with them; and has placed men in jobs for which they are better adapted. Nor does the system of Charles Bedaux, who says he is a sincere friend of labor, play politics. He cannot, he points out, afford to. A survey conducted by an English trades organization claimed to have found the Bedaux System beneficial to workmen in some instances; not beneficial in others.

You take your choice.

Certainly some of the papers that have been most energetic in their attacks have not bothered to make even a superficial examination of the workings of the Bedaux System, and if this article elicits from the thousands of laboring men in America who have "worked on Bedaux" some response, that response should be an authoritative and illuminating commentary.

Though Charles Bedaux hit upon his system as early as 1909, he did nothing with it until 1918. A naturalized American citizen, he went to Belgium in 1916 to do some engineering and efficiency work in plants there. Later, with four other Americans, he formed the American Volunteer Corps and joined the French Foreign Legion. He saw seven months of service, was decorated with the Legion of Honor, broke his foot and was invalided out.

He returned to the United States, still cherishing his pet scheme—the Bedaux System—and installed it, in 1918, in the Imperial Furniture Company in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He claims that it produced immediate results—increasing wages for the workers, decreasing costs for the manufacturer. The plant is still using it.

From that point on, Charles Bedaux was catapulted into riches and success. His system was installed in eighty-five plants within six years. Today he employs hundreds of trained engineers, has put his system to work in twenty-two countries. He points out that the French Socialistic government—a government of labor—has imposed the Bedaux System there.

Today, at fifty-one, Charles Bedaux is still full of the nervous energy that brought him astounding success while yet a young man. Short but well built—he is invariably described as Napoleonic—he has a large and handsome face, a broad determined jaw, dark alert eyes, and a high forehead. He has a warm smile and cordial manner and an astounding habit of answering almost any question about himself with unabashed candor. His speech retains a faint French flavor. His English vocabulary is large and fluently used. His habit of heavy drinking he left back in Paris when he first came to America. He smokes cigarettes. He can't sing, doesn't play cards. He rides and plays golf, but prefers hunting as an outdoor sport.

He is an erratic if indefatigable worker. Possessed of an idea, he will work for days without pausing to sleep. Then he will go to bed and stay there for days.

HE has married a second time. His present wife was Fern Lombard of Grand Rapids. It is Mrs. Bedaux who, when he has been working too feverishly, will suddenly insist that it is time for an exploration trip. She is as calm as he is high-strung, and they share the same enthusiasms. Both are voracious readers and they prefer to do their reading in a tent on mountain or desert rather than in their apartment on Fifth Avenue.

Bedaux has led scientific explorations into the bleak Canadian Rockies and into the South Seas. He is the first man to have crossed the Sahara Desert, from coast to coast, in an automobile. Mrs. Bedaux accompanied him on all of these expeditions.

The Bedaux System is not his only invention. At the present time he has obtained patents on a new one, in which several large industrial firms are exhibiting interest. It is a selector-system method of tabulating by the photoelectric cell.

He has a ready and often brittle wit and does not hesitate to turn it upon himself. He has the ability to express himself well, both verbally and in writing. He can pound a desk and raise angry, dignified hell. Or this multimillionaire can find time to sit down at that desk—as he did—and write this letter to a little girl friend of ten years:

My dear ——:

If ever, at any time, the scolding of Father and Mother tries your patience too much . . . I freely suggest that you run away from home and join me.

To achieve this end, I have a very good plan. Throughout the year, there are nearsighted old ladies who constantly sail from New York to Europe. These old ladies are usually loaded with flowers and fruit that they can little use. When you make up your mind, just go and stand by a flower shop and plant yourself in one of the flower baskets. . . .

For food, it will be easy. Just reach out for a fruit in one of the baskets. . . . Then, when you get to Paris, just cry: "It's ——!" I will be sure to hear and will be there, ready to take you in charge. . . .

This, then, is the many-sided Charles E. Bedaux—internationalist, industrial engineer, amateur explorer, inventor, ex-bottle washer, and friend of His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD Woman

Ghosts vanish, and a once-glamorous star faces a new future as a richly human tale of youth and age moves on

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HERA LAVELLE, once a famous movie star, now a bitter haggard woman beggared through drink, stands on Pasadena Bridge trying to muster strength to throw her wasted body over the rail on to the rocks below. Her mind goes back to the old days when she was rich and happy—the days before Ian Hall, the only man she ever loved, was taken from her. Since his death she has lost her place in the world of pictures, lost her beauty and the will to live. Suicide, complete oblivion, is the only thing left to her.

But before she can jump from the bridge, a girl appears out of the darkness, speaks to her kindly, and leads her to a waiting car. In the car is an old friend of Hera—Solano, once an internationally famous clown, now half blind. Solano and the girl, Sharon Halliday, have been searching for Hera, they tell her. They take her to Sharon's bungalow and the girl nurses her. Hera wonders why this stranger has taken her in. As far as she can remember, she has never before seen either Sharon or her small niece, Holly Fane, who lives with her.

Then a gleam comes. Holly tells Hera that Sharon is in love with a young man named Donald Lent. Donald is the son whom Hera deserted years ago when she left his father, Sam Lent, to seek her fortune in pictures. She leaps to the conclusion that Sharon is caring for her for Donald's sake. " Even though I'm a bum," she tells herself, " they still want me."

But Donald doesn't want her. When he comes to the house, he greets her coldly, and tells Sharon she must choose between Hera and him. Sharon tells him to leave. Hera is more puzzled than ever at the girl's determination to help her.

She is about to question Sharon when little Holly is taken with one of her frequent attacks of asthma. For a time everything is forgotten in anxiety over the child.

PART TWO—A RIDDLE . . AND THE ANSWER

AFTER a while I found the strength to stand up, take off the nightgown, and face the mirror.

The redness had left my eyes, but my face was still gaunt and pale. I looked like Flora Finch in her homeliest make-up. My beak stood out of a mass of wrinkles. A red beak. I was thin as a witch.

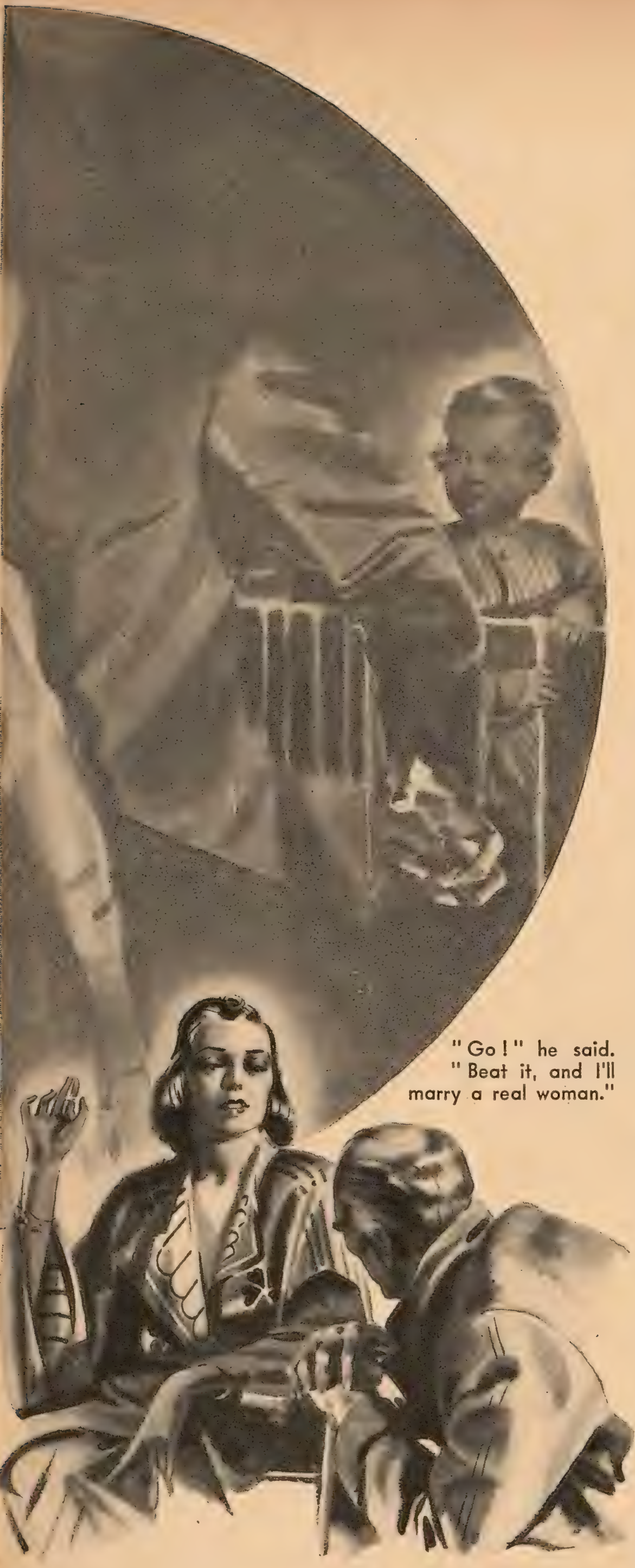
Maybe Sharon Halliday has rats in the house and expects me to scare them away, I thought.

I climbed back into the nightgown as quickly as I could, and went around looking for my clothes. I couldn't find them. Sharon had burned them, I thought. Maybe that was what I smelled the other night. No, I remembered; that was asthma powder burning. It was still burning.

I found a kimono and a pair of mules. But my feet were still swollen and tender. I couldn't wedge them in. I had hardly shoved them under a rug—so I wouldn't have to look at them—when Dr. Hannefether came in.

" Well, well! " he said. " It's nice to see you up."

He was a round little man with a long thin pair of legs. He made me think of a cricket. And there was a cricket's chirp in his voice.



"Go!" he said. "Beat it, and I'll marry a real woman."

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON

He stooped down, tore off the rug, and put my feet in his lap. He sat on the edge of the bed and began to examine them. I could have kicked him.

"Now, now, now," he chirped, "let's not be overmodest, Miss Lavelle!"

Nobody had ever accused me of modesty. But then, I'd never been old and ugly—not until now. Well, I thought, it was something to have achieved modesty after so many years.

"Why does Sharon Halliday want me here?" I asked him. "Do you know?"

The doctor didn't look up.

"I didn't ask her," he said.

I wanted to ask him about Holly, but I was afraid to.

"How long must I stay here?" I said.

"I'd say until your feet are better. Two or three days at least. And then you'd better not walk very far."

He was writing out a prescription when Solano's dog came flying in. It was a little white dog with black ears, a fox terrier. He came sailing through the door, turning over in the air like a Japanese acrobat in white silks. He bounded on to the bed, jumped, did a pinwheel over the doctor's head, and fell into the doctor's lap, squirming over my feet, grinning like a clown.

THE doc put away his pen and patted the dog.

"Ach," said Solano's voice, "I hope he disturbed nothings."

Solano's head was thrust around the half-opened door, and the rest of him followed it into the room, came around the bed, and bowed. He was carrying a heavy walking stick in one hand and a woolly cap in the other.

I snatched my feet away from the sawbones and hid them again under the rug. Solano might be going blind, but I wasn't taking any chances.

But I'd no sooner covered them than the dog tried to uncover them.

"Clown," Solano said, and pretended to shoot him. The dog played dead.

"It's all right," I said. "You can't fool a dog. He knew what I was hiding. A couple of bones with a little meat on them. Let him alone. Sit down and talk to me."

"For a whole week I have been waiting to talk to you, Hera," he said. He took my hand and kissed it. "I will not tire her, doctor?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head.

"And how is my little friend Holly?" Solano asked.

The doctor didn't answer right away. He walked over to the window, looked out at the dusty palm trees, frowned as though he didn't like their looks.

"A gallant spirit," he said. "A radiant spirit. Sometimes I think nothing can beat it." And then he hedged. "At least nothing immediate. She's breathing better now. But the attack has left her very weak."

He picked up his hat and walked out without another word. The dog opened one eye as he went by, saw Solano was watching him, and played dead again.

"A wonderful dog, Solano," I said. "How did you train him?"

I didn't care two cents' worth about that; I was only making conversation. I was embarrassed, being alone with Solano. I was afraid he'd talk of things I'd been trying to forget. I was afraid I'd talk of them too.

"Kindness," Solano said. "Nothing but kindness."

"Never the whip?"

"Never. The whip is good—but cruel. How do you think my father trained me? When I was four years old he started training me. With a whip."

Solano's face was made out of rubber. It took any shape he wanted it to take. As he talked of his father he assumed the look of a fierce old man.

"I was born in a little town in the north of Italy," he said. "My father was Italian, my mother Swiss. My father was a clown, my mother a bear trainer. I was the

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oldest boy—a puny little kid. And they whipped me and whipped me and whipped me—sometimes until blood streamed down my back—to make a clown of me. I could turn cart wheels when I was five. I could juggle when I was six. By the time I was ten I could do magic, make funny faces, keep my balance on a moving ball, tie my legs into knots, anything my father or my mother told me to do. A boy will do many things to escape the whip. No?"

So that explained his rubbery face, his supple body, his marvelous powers to amuse.

"It was cruel," I said. "It was inhuman, Solano."

And then I got hep to myself.

"But wasn't it just as cruel of me to leave my baby?" I couldn't help asking him.

"Ach," he said. "It was different with you, Hera."

"No," I said. And now I felt like talking. He tried to shut me up, but I wouldn't let him.

"I'm hungry to talk," I said. "You got to listen to me, Solano, whether you want to or not."

He had a little rubber ball in his right hand. He made it vanish and reappear every little while as I talked. It sort of hypnotized me, made me see myself a little clearer. Solano didn't look at me, except once in a while, and then I knew he didn't see me.

"How old do you think I am?" I said.

"Women like you, Hera," he said, "you might be any age."

"I'm forty-seven," I said. "I was born in Chicago in 1890. My dad was a carpenter. He came over from Norway. My mother was French. We lived in a poor neighborhood. You had to walk a mile to the nearest el station. I went to school and all that. And when I was big enough I got a job as cash girl in the Boston Store. But I don't remember much about that. And I don't remember much about the gang I ran around with. But there wasn't a movie I ever saw I don't remember. I can tell you who was in every one."

"I've heard that," Solano said.

"It's true," I said, and went on talking about myself.

I HAUNTED the nickelodeons in our neighborhood, begged pennies when I had to. I stayed to see the show over and over again, and sometimes I ran all the way home to tell my mother the funny or terrible things that happened in the picture.

All day long, six days a week, after I left school, it was run my legs off through the aisles of a department store, everybody screaming at me: "Kesh, kesh, kesh! Kesh girl! Miss Jensen-n-n-n! Kesh, Sara. Hurry! Customer's waiting, Sara! Kesh!" How I did it I don't know. I was always in a daze, dreaming about Clara Kimball Young, or Alice Joyce, or Wanda Hawley, or Enid Bennett, or Pauline Bush, or Rosemary Theby—the gowns they wore, the things they said, the situations they continually faced.

All night, and all day Sunday, I lived with my friends of the movies, until the "good night" sign flashed on the screen and the lights were turned on. Remember what dark smelly damp little holes in the wall most of the movie palaces were? I loved them—even the rattiest of them.

One night I went to the Bijou Dream, out in Ravenswood, and I didn't have a cent. I waited for some of the gang to show up, so I could borrow a nickel. But nothing doing. I was desperate. I waited until the manager turned his back, then ducked in. But I didn't get away with it. The manager caught me, pulled me out, and tanned my bottom—hard.

Afterward he was horrified at what he had done, and apologetic. He insisted I be his guest every night for a week. His name was Lent. Samuel J. Lent. He was about twenty-five then. I was seventeen.

ONE night after the show he asked me to marry him. I didn't have the sense God gives geese. All I could think of was that if I married him I'd always be able to see a movie show free. It was better than marrying a millionaire or a duke. We ran away to Crown Point, Indiana, the next morning. We were married there.

Sam had a swell system in his Bijou Dream. A man and a woman stood back of the screen and talked or sang with the lip movement of the actors and actresses. The first talking pictures! I told Sam I had to have that job. I guess it was the only thing I ever asked him.

"You want me to fire the dame that's got the job now?" he said. "She's all right. She's got a different voice for every actress. She sings swell, too."

"Sure," I said. "Fire her. And give me the five bucks a week you pay her."

"I'll fire her," Sam said, "and you'll work for nothing."

Sam was like that. That's why he's a multimillionaire today.

I stayed behind the screen all night long, seven nights a week, taking all the feminine parts, talking, whispering, weeping, screaming: "No, no!" "And I love you, Wilfred." "Look out, Jack; he's got a gun!" "Never let it be said that a woman of the Wilberforce family ever sought favors of a blackguard." That kind of stuff. Some nights my throat was so sore I could scarcely utter a sound. But I loved it. I was an actress.

One night I got all wound up in a part and couldn't let go of it. I started to denounce the hero. I denounced him for five or ten minutes. The picture moved on—cowboys chasing renegade Indians and shooting them dead, the hero struggling on the cliff edge with the heavy, the heroine fighting her way up through the brambles to the rescue; but I was still calling the hero names. The hero and heroine clinched and started out into the setting sun, but I was just getting warmed up.

The audience, mostly kids, whistled and stamped and hooted. They screamed. But I couldn't let go. If Sam hadn't come, and gagged me with his hands, and carried me away, I guess I'd be there yet.

My baby was born a few days after that. I resented having him. Because he kept me home and away from the movies. We didn't have a nurse. Sam didn't make more than twenty-five bucks a week net. After I got well, I had to lug the baby along when I went any place. He was a heavy kid, too. And lungs? You could hear him for blocks. Many a movie show he chased me out of.

I knew one of the motion-picture actors who happened to live in our neighborhood. He gave me a note to Vic Eubanks of Essanay. And there I was. It was as simple as that. Sara Jensen, cash girl, Sara Lent, became Hera Lavelle, playing in "Swedie" comedies. I got thirty bucks a week —and I got a nurse for the kid.

When Essanay moved to California, I moved too. I didn't see the baby after that. I seldom even thought of him.

Sam and I had one hell of a scrap before I went. He wanted me to stay home and take care of the kid, be a real wife and mother. I laughed in his face.

"All right—go!" he said, "Beat it, and I'll get a divorce and marry a real woman."

HE was a good guy, and I was sorry he took it that way. But nothing he said had any effect. The only way he could have stopped me from going to California was to shoot me. Sometimes I wish he had shot me.

"You were ambitious, Hera," Solano said. The little rubber ball had become quintuplets, jumping from one hand to the other.

"I was drunk with ambition," I said. "We all were. And drunk with California, and with money, and with flattery, and with highballs and real champagne. Drunk with glory."

"I know," Solano said. "I was there."

Of course he was. I had forgotten. He wasn't in the movies. He had his own theater in Los Angeles. He was the greatest of us all. He had been decorated and feted by emperors and kings. He was the funniest man in the world, the greatest actor, and the richest.

"I met you there," I said. "Ian Hall introduced us after your show."

"Yes. He was the star of Kalem then."

"I'd never seen him on the screen. I met him, not knowing who he was, on the Essanay lot. I took one look at him. And I was lost."

"Poor Hera!"

"Oh, we were happy. Even if we couldn't marry. Even after he was paralyzed."

"How many women would have cared for him as you did?"

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ONCE you're bald, it's too late for anything but a wig. But if you want to keep your hair and keep it neat, you'd better check up. Is your forehead getting deeper and is dandruff shedding on your coat collar and lapels? If the answer to either or both of these is yes, then you'd better head for a drug store and Kreml.

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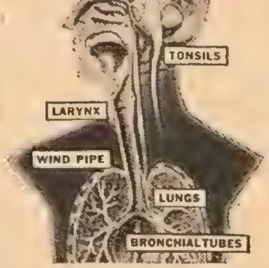

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" Millions," I said. " Even his wife—maybe."

" For fifteen years? Day and night? Never half a mile away from him? "

" Fifteen years! " I said. " Was it that long? " I couldn't believe it. And yet Solano was right. It was fifteen years; yet it seemed no longer than a week.

It didn't hurt to talk of Ian now. That surprised me. In fact, it felt good to talk of him.

" Even in his wheel chair," I said, " he was more beautiful, more clever, more masculine than any other man on earth."

" And more brilliant," Solano said.

The little rubber balls fell to the floor. The dog jumped up and nestled in his master's arms. Solano wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

" And now, Hera," he said gently, " what are you going to do? "

" I don't know," I said.

" Ian would want you to go back in the movies. To be a bigger star than ever."

" Always the clown," I said.

" No, no, Hera! " he cried. " Now I am not the clown. Now I am only a poor down-and-outer. A blind clown! What good is that? Now I am something else, Hera. A man who loves you."

You know how actors are. " Hera, I love you," they say. " I love every hair in your beautiful head. I adore you." And all it means is, " Hera, thanks for the sawbuck, and please don't ask for it back."

" Sure," I said. " Everybody loves me. Everybody loves a winner."

Solano's rubber face squirmed.

" Please, Hera," he said. " I know I am nobody. But always I loved you. Like Ian did. That way, I mean. I got a house, Hera, and a little money saved. And a dog. The dog can be a movie star."

THE light from the dying sun was in his nearsighted eyes, hurting them, making them blink. Spotlighting him. It showed him such a tired, hopeless, melancholy little man.

" He'll bring us a little money, Hera. Enough, with what I have, to feed us. Until you are strong enough to go back to the movies again. See, Hera, I am asking you to support me in my old age. And I am ashamed. What am I offering you, my dear? But—like you said about Ian, when I first saw you, I was lost. I still am lost, and always will be, Hera."

I couldn't say a word.

" What will you do, though? " he said after a time. " Sharon has no money. In the movies she is only an extra. Weeks go by and she makes nothing. And she must buy medicines, pay the doctor. Sometimes when a call comes from the casting office she cannot go—because Holly is ill and she has no one to leave her with."

" She can leave her with me now," I said. " For a while, anyway."

He set the dog down and groped for his walking stick, and could not find it. I put it into his hand. The dog began to pick up the rubber balls and fetch them to its master. Solano put them one by one into his pocket. There seemed to be dozens of them. He was so funny I couldn't help laughing. But, oh, I felt like anything but laughter.

He smiled and bowed.

" Always leave them laughing when you say good-by," he said. " Exit the clown." He kissed my hand. And so did his dog. And I sat there unmoving for a long, long time.

It was dark when I got up and walked out of the room. I could walk all right, but not very fast. Sharon heard my footsteps, and came running out to help me into her room.

Holly was lying in bed, nothing showing but her little black head. Her eyes blazed a welcome through her bang.

HELLO, Hera Lavelle," she whispered. " What did the doctor say? Are you convalescing too? "

" I'm swell," I said.

A smile lighted up her whole face.

" I prayed to the Infant Jesus for you," she said.

Sharon helped me into a rocker, and picked up two dolls she had evidently thrown down when she heard me. " I've been entertaining Holly with a dialogue between Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Schultz," she said. " Isn't it about time for dinner, though? I'll bet you're ravenous."

She put the dolls on the bed and went out to start dinner.

" How are you, Holly? " I asked.

" Wonderful," she said. " And Sharon's played the nicest little play. Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Schultz had a bitter fight. Accidentally Mrs. Schultz said something nice about Mrs. Murphy. She didn't mean to; it just slipped out. Then, of course, Mrs. Murphy had to say nice things about Mrs. Schultz. It was so funny! "

I waited for the tinkle of her laugh, but it didn't come. I took up the dolls and acted their parts. And what do you know! I got stage fright so bad I shook.

" It's all right, Hera Lavelle," Holly said in a thin piping voice. " I know. You're upset about your son. And so is Sharon. Her heart is breaking. Don't play any more tonight."

In a moment or two she was fast asleep, her mouth open, the bang over her eyes, breath rasping a little in her throat. Sharon, coming in with a tray, went quickly to the bed, stood for a moment looking down on the sleeper, then turned to me, with a sigh, and placed the tray on a little table near the rocker.

" I'm sorry about Don," I said. I felt like a fool.

" It's all right," Sharon said. " I had it coming to me."

She filled my plate with food, poured tea into my cup, asked if I wanted sugar or lemon. I tried to eat but couldn't. I sipped the tea. It was hot and good.

" What do you mean, you had it coming to you? " I said.

"Punishment for my sin," she said.

"Sin?"

I didn't believe it. Not for a minute. Not that girl.

"I hated some one. You can't love God and hate one of His creatures."

"You've been reading Mary Pickford," I said, trying to wisecrack. Like most everybody, I get uncomfortable as hell when people talk about God. "'Why not try God?' Mary said. She wrote a piece with that title."

Sharon went on eating, making no comment.

"I hated you," she said. "I hated you worse than Don ever did. I've hated you most of my life. I think I've hated you more than one woman ever hated another since the world began."

What a slap *that* was. Cold chills ran through me. I didn't know why.

"I don't hate you now," she went on. "I stopped hating you a long time ago. After Holly came to live with me. You were Holly's idol. Her mother and father adored you, kept scrapbooks full of your pictures, clippings from newspapers and magazines. They were killed in an auto accident—going out to my father's grave. My mother died a week later. And Holly and I were alone.

"She's the most precious thing in the world—the dearest, the brightest, the bravest. She's suffered all her life. Her body is so frail I can't look at it when I bathe her. But she believes in God, trusts in Him, loves Him with all her heart.

IT was Holly who drove the hate and the anguish out of me and turned me to God.

"Every morning she says a special little prayer. Not for herself. For other people. People in trouble, sick and dying men and women, wounded soldiers, refugees fleeing from war in Spain and China.

"'If people understood each other,' she says, 'they wouldn't quarrel or fight. They'd love each other and help each other.' You have to understand Holly to understand me—to know what I'm talking about."

I was going to speak when the phone rang. Sharon jumped. Her face paled. Her hands trembled. Her lips quivered as she said, "It's Don."

"Shall I answer it?" I asked.

"Please," she said.

It was Don. I knew his voice at once.

"Sharon?" he asked.

"No," I said. "It's your mother."

There was no answer. Only a bang in the ear. "He's gone," I said. "He hung up."

Sharon bent her head for a moment. When she looked at me again her blue eyes shone serenely as ever. But she put away her food and her teacup.

"Why did you hate me?" I asked.

"Oh," she said. Her thoughts had been far away. "After Holly came, my hatred turned into a kind of wonder, a tremendous curiosity. I

How long since a pretty girl looked at YOU like this?

If you figure it's been too blooming long, then maybe your mirror can tell you the reason.

Do you look too old for your age?

Are your jowls and throat wrinkled a bit? Does your skin look rough? Troubled with ingrown hairs?

Does your skin feel dry and tight after you shave?

Then throw away old shaving methods. Get yourself a tube of Barbasol and get yourself a Barbasol Face.

A Barbasol Face feels softer and smoother—looks more handsome and younger by years.

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Barbasol is a cream—cooling, soothing, refreshing. Gives the sweetest shave you ever had and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as that schoolboy complexion.

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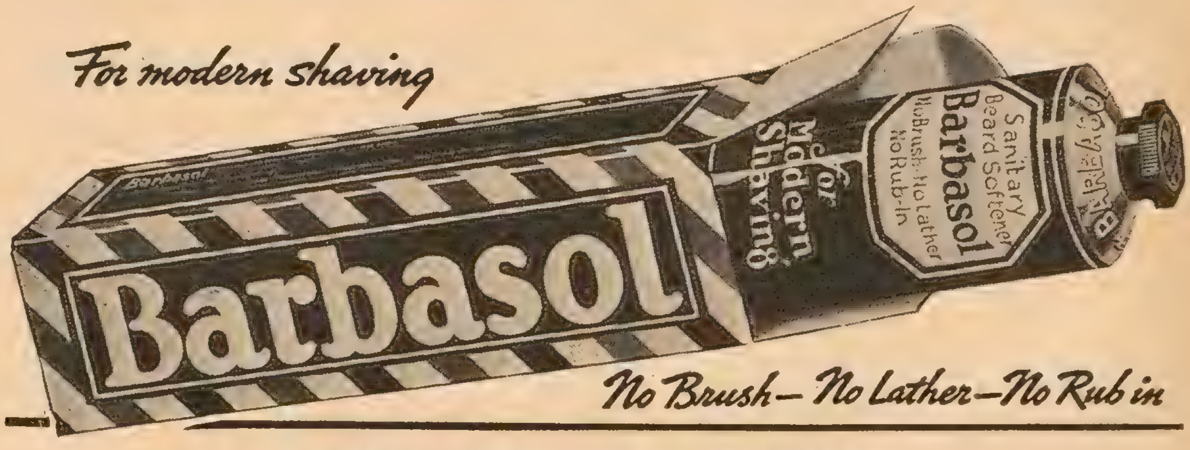

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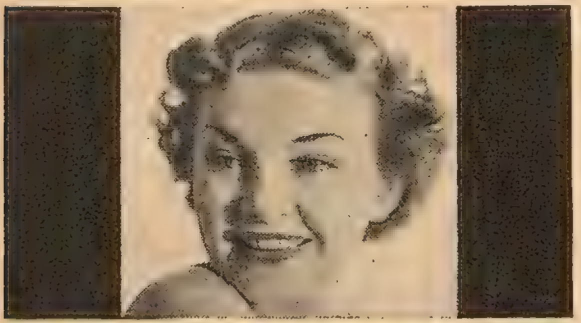
LOCALLY, Piso's soothing ingredients cling to your throat, quickly ease and relax irritated membranes that bring on coughing spells. . . .

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions - - loosens tight phlegm. For coughs due to colds, ask your druggist for a bottle of Piso's (pie-so's). PISO'S 35¢ 60¢



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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your grouchy, gloomy feelings. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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wondered where you were, what you were doing, how you lived. It got so I had to know. I had to find you, and talk to you, and ask you to forgive me for hating you. So we came here from Chicago—Holly and I. In a trailer. I was sure I'd find you in Hollywood. I sold the trailer, rented this place, and got a job in the movies. I asked everybody I met, but nobody knew where you were."

"I get it," I said. "You were like the monk in Thais, seeking out the sinful, wanton Thais, to bring her back to God. You think I'm a strumpet because I lived for fifteen years with a man I loved, a man I couldn't marry?"

Sharon nodded.

"Forgive me, I did. But Holly reminded me that much is forgiven those who love much; and that it is God's right, not ours, to judge our fellow creatures. I wanted to bring you to God. Yes. But I wanted also to bring myself to Him. And I couldn't do it save through you. Because I'd hated you. And then, too, I had to know how much you loved Ian Hall, how much he loved you."

"Like any other woman," I said.

"Yes. Solano found out where you lived. He told me. We hurried there; but you'd gone, and left no forwarding address. Every day for a week we went to Pasadena and searched for you, riding slowly down the streets, walking through the crowds. We were just leaving Pasadena, the day we found you, when I saw a church—a synagogue. And I went in and prayed."

"In a synagogue?"

"Why not? The Jews worship God. They were the first to find Him. Christ was a Jew, and all the apostles. Christians sometimes forget that."

"You don't look Jewish to me," I said. "Not with those blue eyes."

"I'm not a Jewess," she answered, "but I should be proud to be one, if I were one. The Jews have suffered so much for their faith. And the faith still lives in them."

"Go on," I said. "Let's not talk religion. It always gives me the heebees."

"I asked God to let me find you. So, when I saw you on the bridge, I wasn't surprised. And I knew exactly what to do."

"And how!" I said. "The old confidence racket. I honestly thought for a minute that you were in trouble."

"And you wanted to help me?"

Say, no woman ever looked at me with such eager eyes.

"Maybe," I stalled.

"But you were sorry for me?"

"Sure. And for myself. Now come clean, kid. What's it all about? Why did you bring me here and let me mess up your life? Why do you keep trying to pump me about Ian Hall?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked gently.

And then I got it. Smack! Like that.

"Almighty God!" I said.

She bowed her head.

"Yes," she said. "I'm Ian's daughter."

I was clutching the rim of the table. I felt it slipping out of my hands. I felt myself falling backward. I tried to save myself but I couldn't. I went down for the count.

I was back in bed when I came to. Sharon was bending over me, sprinkling little drops of water in my face. I shut my eyes, not wanting to see her, not wanting her to see me.

"I hated you, too," I said. "And your mother. You because your father always talked about you, always wrote you. Her because she wouldn't give him a divorce. And after he died, and while I was crazy with grief, she came and took him away. After twenty years! I don't know where he's buried. I can't go to his grave, can't even plant one little forget-me-not in the dirt that covers him."

I guess I was crying. Sharon was bawling too.

"He's buried in a cemetery just north of Chicago," she said. "We'll go there together, the three of us, you and Holly and I. As soon as we can. Shall we?"

I thought it over for a minute.

"No," I said. "We'll stay here. The three of us. Until we've licked Hollywood—and licked it good!"

Has glittering, successful Hollywood a place for Hera? Next week brings new surprises in this swift, thrilling story of a fallen star's struggle to wipe out her past, and her battle for the happiness of two young lovers. Don't miss the coming issue of Liberty!

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 36

PYRAGRAM ANSWER

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THIN ISIS
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IS IT GUSHED IN
DISTINGUISHED

GEOGRAM ANSWERS

He staggered as if seized with sudDEN VERtigo. Denver, Colorado.

A cheap SALE Makes bad friends. Salem, Oregon.

Happiness Earned Lightly Ends Nearly Always. Helena, Montana.

DisturB nO man'S efforT tO wiN. Boston, Massachusetts.

PUZZLE POEM ANSWER

LINE, NILE, LIEN, NEIL.

BABY BAFFLER ANSWER

The Old Codger Was ROLLER Skating!

STORM OVER HOLLYWOOD

Filmdom's weather-makers engulf an island, cloud up on some gangsters, and give your reviewer a trying week

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE HURRICANE

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine, Jerome Cowan, Al Kikume, Kuulei DeClercq, Layne Tom, Jr., Mamo Clark, Movita, Reri, Francis Kaai, Pauline Steele, Flora Hayes, Mary Shaw, Spencer Charters, Roger Drake, Inez Courtney. Screen play by Dudley Nichols, based on the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 105 minutes.

THE authors of Mutiny on the Bounty attempt an epic of bad weather. Here they show what a hurricane does to the tiny island of Manukura in the South Pacific and to its inhabitants. Mostly the yarn concerns a wild untamed island boy who gets involved with the authorities for a minor offense, breaks jail time after time until he piles up an endless sentence, finally gets away and back to Manukura in a tiny boat just as a hurricane hits the coral isle. There the native girl he married just before his arrest awaits him.

The beat of native drums is always behind the lazy troubled lives of the few Europeans on the island. There is the grim narrow-minded administrator, his lonely wife, the wise broad-minded Catholic priest, a doctor given to liquor and languor. The authors show what the corrosion of the tropics does to these whites. Most of all The Hurricane depends upon its sweeping panorama of the storm as the great gale engulfs the island with cataclysmal fury. Even the South Pacific couldn't do it better than Sam Goldwyn.

Jon Hall is the handsome native who can't endure captivity. Dorothy Lamour offers a ★★★★ figure and minor acting ability as the bride. Actually the best work, outside of the gale, is done by Thomas Mitchell, who mixes prescriptions and hang-overs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sam Goldwyn put out $2,000,000 for this Polynesian blowout. Sent entire company to Samoa at $100,000 for background shots, but made The Hurricane itself back of Santa Monica Blvd., in the heart of Hollywood. $150,000 went to build a native Samoan village complete with a languorous lagoon 200 yds. long; $250,000 went to destroy it. Twelve Liberty motors blew the wind; studio hands with large paddles made waves; when close-up dialogue was needed the famous soundproofed Solly the Serpent provided noiseless wind; giant hoses and wind machines made spray; and the havocking tidal wave was manufactured by pouring 130,000 gallons of water a minute down the spillways of a 65-yard chute into the studio 4-foot-deep tank. Said tidal wave was generated to eight feet in height, but with clever miniature backgrounds photographs a mere 80 feet. Force of wind was enough to allow players to lean against it. It blew 90 miles an hour; and the native actors shivered with fear as they worked. Some had been through the dreadful 1915 Samoan hurricane and said the homemade Goldwynd was worse. About $200,000 was spent in rehearsing effects. Everything was in charge of a James Basevi, the gent who destroyed San Francisco for M-G-M a year or so ago. . . . Fragile as she is, Mary Astor refused a double (as who didn't?), allowed herself to be whacked by 32,000 gallons of water, blown by synthetic winds. After each dunking, cast was rushed over to Sam Goldwyn's steam rooms and Turkish-bathed back into shape. Nobody got drowned; everybody got awfully clean and much healthier. There were plenty of bruises, but it was pretty much fun all around. . . . Dorothy Lamour has spent most of her film career in a coat of tan, a bra, a pair of slippers, and a sarong. Her wardrobe in this cost the studio about $200; she really has more on than a Miami Beach sprite. She'd like to slink around in Park Avenue dens in ermines, but she'll wear sarongs meanwhile at $500 a week; says they're healthier than civilized clothes. Dorothy's married to orchestrarian Herb Kay; her picture rise has been sensationally speedy. . . . Jon Hall is cousin to Norman Hall, one of The Hurricane authors; never thought three years ago, when he read The Hurricane in MSS., he'd play the native boy Terangi.

★ ★½ THE LAST GANGSTER

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, James Stewart, Rose Stradner, Lionel Stander, Douglas Scott, John Carradine, Sidney Blackmer, Grant Mitchell, Edward S. Brophy, Alan Baxter, Frank Conroy, Louise Beavers. Screen play by John Lee Mahin from an original story by William A. Wellman and Robert Carson. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 80 minutes.

POSSIBLY this is the gangster picture to end gangster pictures. Joe Krozac is one of those underworld czars in the days of what the film calls "a national mistake." Because he wants children, he marries a little French girl who knows nothing about him. Then, just as a boy is born, Uncle Sam reaches out and gets him for tax evasion, ships him to Alcatraz for ten years. The little French bride in time marries a reporter. But always

Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall in The Hurricane.

"My little girl had a bad cough. Results from Foley's wonderful. Cough gone. Chest clear. She's busy playing again." — Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michigan City, Indiana.

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FIRST PRIZE, $500

D. A. Shaw
Canton, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE, $100

Carl C. Hartman
Indianapolis, Ind.

THIRD PRIZE, $50

Helen Nash
New York, N. Y.

10 PRIZES, $10

Hardy Ashton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass.; Fay C. Burke, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Zandra Du Barry, Jonesboro, Ark.; William H. Fletcher, Atlanta, Ga.; Elizabeth T. Knight, Alexandria, Va.; Nadine McGonagle, Chicago, Ill.; John F. Schmidt, Sioux City, Ia.; Henry A. Shull, Dallas, Tex.; Ella C. Zuppinger, Buffalo, N. Y.

50 PRIZES, $5

Ben B. Berkey, Cleveland, Ohio; Vivian E. Bertrand, Lockport, N. Y.; Lillian Blackstone, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Frank H. Bond, North Providence, R. I.; Catharine G. Burton, Knoxville, Tenn.; Anna F. Cohane, New Haven, Conn.; Thomas J. Craig, Jr., Lynbrook, N. Y.; Elizabeth R. De Beixedon, Albuquerque, N. M.; Marjorie Donegan, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. R. T. Donnelly, Michigan City, Ind.; Marie A. Essipoff, Great Neck, N. Y.; W. R. Falks, San Francisco, Calif.; Elsie Feigley, Baltimore, Md.; Marianne A. Fox, Gloversville, N. Y.; Mrs. T. Fraser, East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Mabel Gardner, Minneapolis, Minn.; Charles R. Higgins, Worcester, Mass.; Thomas J. Hoffman, Topeka, Kan.; Julius Hoven, Watertown, S. D.; H. N. Hudson, Charlotte, N. C.; William Kalben, Baltimore, Md.; Marion B. Kraemer, New York, N. Y.; R. S. Krause, Quakertown, Pa.; Bertha E. Lane, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Martin Lapp, Fort Wayne, Ind.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Maud M. Lytell, Lansing, Mich.; Ernest Marshall, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Marcus McCanna, Butte, Mont.; Maude L. McLaughlin, Milford, Ind.; L. M. McRae, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Minnette H. Miller, Charlotte, N. C.; Paul Miller, Alliance, Ohio; H. H. Mueller, St. Louis, Mo.; James V. Nara, Uniontown, Pa.; Mrs. F. H. Norcross, Reno, Nev.; Mrs. E. D. Peacock, Little Rock, Ark.; Herman R. Preiss, Lansing, Mich.; Fred Shaefer, Atlanta, Ga.; Mary E. Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Clifton C. Symmes, Annapolis, Md.; John E. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Edward A. Tourtellotte, Neenah, Wis.; Mrs. John Vick, Casper, Wyo.; Mildred L. Walters, Birmingham, Ala.; Elmer Whittaker, Taunton, Mass.; Dwight A. Williamson, Chicago, Ill.; Loa G. Winegar, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Albert W. Wright, Jamestown, R. I.; Mrs. Annette E. Zeedick, Pittsburgh, Pa.

hanging over them is the shadow of the caged gangster brooding in futile rage and waiting the end of his sentence.

All this may sound like an effective melodrama, particularly as the screen's ace trigger man, Edward G. Robinson, plays Krozac. But the yarn drags, lacks punch. You never seem to care particularly what happens to the reporter and the gangster's bride, done pallidly by James Stewart and Rose Stradner nor, for that matter, to Mr. Robinson's Krozac, either.

This film has a lot of bad weather, too. Another week of this sort of thing and your Beverly Hills will be laid up with rheumatism.

VITAL STATISTICS: Edward G. Robinson started playing gangsters back on the stage in The Widow from Chicago; is typed by the public as a bad man. Can handle other roles and has, and can show you figures to prove he's played more comedy parts than bad men. Is a C. C. N. Y. grad; has liberal political sympathies; is a fiend for symphonic music. That number on his prison uniform in this is the phone number of a pretty gal in the M-G-M studio research dept. Since he plays the worst criminal in captivity, studio was fearful lest number might bring a suit from a discharged prisoner of same number. . . . Brunettey, pretty-mouthed, open-faced Rose Stradner debuts in America in this. M-G-M's newest Viennese import, she's the inevitable Reinhardt lassie, which means she can play Shakespeare, Shaw, Schnitzler, Ibsen. She's convent-bred, has been an artist's model, played in the same company as Luise Rainer. . . . James Stewart remains unmarried; has done nothing (he claims) to add to his "normal, modern, and undistinguished biography." He was once stage manager for Jane Cowl; is a confirmed bachelor but can't get any one to believe him because he's seen around with so many pretty gals. . . . All those prison meals were catered by one of Hollywood's most fashionable restaurants, but then prison meals are getting better too, now that so many splendid people are in them. . . . The tear-gas bombs used in this do not contain tear gas. They contain a harmless smudge smoke. Don't say I never told you anything. . . . Nobody was hurt during the riot scene because all the tin plates, china, cutlery, and food was nice and marshmallowy or rubbery. . . . Alan Baxter is known as the Fiend of the Golf Courses around Hollywood because he plays the most ruthless golf in town, galloping right over people in his path. He's otherwise married, a pleasure hound, entertaining, a terrific overhand bowler, a poet, a bon vivant, and given to wearing open-faced sandals. . . . Lionel Stander is bringing Buchmanism to Hollywood; is its leading liberal; is founding an intellectual colony where he and his cronies can insulate themselves in specially built houses and grounds against the Hollywood phony. Stander combs his bush of wild hair with an egg beater; denies he has it cut with a buzz saw. He's a great pool player, can outtalk any three soapbox artists, is twice married, serious, amusing. He has played any type of role you can think of, except handsome. . . . John Carradine hasn't missed a meal now in some years, and though he eats quantities, cannot put on a pound. Thinks were he to fatten he might become a handsome heroic type.

★ ★½ PORTIA ON TRIAL

THE PLAYERS: Walter Abel, Frieda Inescort, Neil Hamilton, Heather Angel, Ruth Donnelly, Barbara Pepper, Clarence Kolb, Anthony Marsh, Paul Stanton, George Cooper, John Kelly, Hobart Bosworth, Ian Maclaren, Chick Chandler, Bob Murphy, Inez Palange, Leo Gorcey, Huntley Gordon, Marion Ballou, Hooper Atchley, Nat Carr, Lucie Kaye. Screen play by Samuel Ornitz, adaptation by E. E. Paramore, Jr., from a story by Faith Baldwin. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. Produced by Republic. Running time, 85 minutes.

FAITH BALDWIN'S novel—of a great newspaper publisher with a God complex who tries to run his son and his grandson just as he runs his chain of dailies—offers interesting screen possibilities. Not all have been realized, but the film has a certain emotional interest. It is a Madame X variant with so-called woman appeal.

Pitted against the wood-pulp tycoon is the woman his weak son married and then discarded under the pressure of his father. The powerful publisher has taken the child of the brief union from the mother. Years pass and the woman becomes New York's leading criminal lawyer, a handsome shyster who wins her cases with shrewd trickery.

The story has a dramatic courtroom climax, but on the whole the picture fails of its full force because of a none too expert script and conventional direction. Frieda Inescort is sympathetic as the bad girl of the courtroom. Clarence Kolb makes the publisher interesting and understandable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Neil Hamilton was the Robert Taylor of ten years ago; never seems to age. Thinks actor types reproduce themselves every few years. Got his great movie break in Beau Geste. . . . Walt Abel yearned so much for the theater as a boy, he became a candy butcher in one in St. Paul, Minn. His first thrill was seeing Anna Held come through the stage door, and Fred Stone practice lariat throwing. Playing in stock in various cities, he attended the local universities, picked up quite an education; got his first real break playing in Desire Under the Elms down in Greenwich Village. He's happily married; doesn't play the Hollywood hoteries; likes the quiet mental life. . . . Babs Pepper's father runs New York's Astor Hotel. She was born there, and has spent her life in hotels. She was in George White's Scandals, and was one of the last three gals glorified by Ziegfeld. Her education was finished off in a Virginia finishing school. Got started in the quickie factory that made this. . . . Clarence Kolb's in love with his game farm up around Alameda County near San Francisco, where he raises swans, phezzies, apricots, veggies, and grapes. Was born in Cleveland, where his paw was a railroad yardmaster. . . . Frieda Inescort's been a real Portia on the stage—namely in George Arliss' Merchant of Venice. She's married to Ben Ray Redman, a crack litry critic; has had quite the intellectual stage career and life. . . . Ruth Donnelly says she picked up her breezy screen humor from her father, who was a harder-boiled wry-tongued newspaperman. . . . Heather Angel was born under the learned spires of old Oxford, where her paw was a professor. An excellent education only made Heather want to be an actress; she's happily married to Ralph Forbes.

★ ★ LANCER SPY

THE PLAYERS: Dolores Del Rio, George Sanders, Peter Lorre, Virginia Field, Sig Rumann, Joseph Schildkraut, Luther Adler, Lionel Atwill, Maurice Moscovitch, Holmes Herbert, Lester Matthews, Fritz Feld, Carlos De Valdez, Yvonne Severn. Screen play by Philip Dunne, from a story by Marthe McKenna. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 80 minutes.

A SPY yarn, shrewdly enough devised and elaborately pictured, yet somehow failing to possess any cinematic kick.

The British Secret Service discovers that a young English officer bears a surprising resemblance to a captured Teuton. So they train their man to ape the guttural speech and stiff military mannerisms of the prisoner, see that he gets through the lines into Berlin. There, as an escaped prisoner, he becomes a national hero and the way is opened for him to get possession of plans for the coming offensive.

The melodrama lacks pace. The characterizations are too deliberate. There is too little action. George Sanders plays both the captured German and the British officer who resembles him. Best work is done by Maurice Moscovitch as a kindly old German general tired of killing. Peter Lorre as a Berlin military aide who grows suspicious of the spy, and Dolores Del Rio as a cabaret dancer play relatively minor roles.

VITAL STATISTICS: Actor-writer-director-producer Gregory Ratoff is a Hollywood phenomenon and one of its most colorful guys. Does everything with film except make it. . . . Dolores Del Rio's been around Hollywood for 12 years; was discovered in Mexico by Edwin Carews; is married to Cedric Gibbons, noted set designer; manages to be Hollywood's most svelte and well gowned gal. Despises diets; eats anything but turnips; likes milk, hunting, and hiking. . . . Peter Lorre is the leading horror actor of the world. He's of Rosenberg, Hungary; is 5/5, the shortest of the screen's bogeymen. . . . The fans found George Sanders too handsome in Lloyds of London & Slave Ship, to sneer as a villain forever, so studio has reformed him. . . . Fritz Feld, who was the Piper in The Miracle, used to work in the same Berlin night club with Ratoff—Feld as M. C.; Ratoff as singer and jigger. They met for the first time in 18 years on Lancer set. . . . So beautifully did Joe Schildkraut, who used to knock the gals silly at bargain matinees, handle his monocle in this, Zanuck gave him a long contract. Joe's also good at handling languages, music, dogs, gals, any kind of acting. . . . Hollywood extras shied away from working in the mob scenes. Were required to shave their heads, and it takes time to grow the fuzz back on. A month, to be exact. Army of 500 was finally recruited by promising heavier pay envelope.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue.

★★★—The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 33

1—Maude Adams.
2—Hungary.
3—The deer fly—with an all-time high of 818 miles an hour.
4—Brownstone (and yourself imprisoned, most likely!).
5—The influenza epidemic.
6—Polo.
7—Public schools (tuition ranges from about £100 to £150 a school year).
8—No alternative.
9—Usually 400 to 500 tons; the ship was primarily designed to provide ample passenger accommodations.
10—From the Dutch yankee (verb), meaning to snarl; yanker (noun), howling cur. The disparaging term was applied to Connecticut settlers by those in New Amsterdam.
11—A method of training children.
12—German Minister of Foreign Affairs.
13—The University of Maryland.
14—Poland's first Premier is now living near Lausanne, Switzerland, in self-imposed exile.
15—The American Baseball League in batting.
16—An egg-laying mammal.
17—Haiti.
18—Ralph Connor (the Rev. Charles William Gordon), who died last October.
19—Deaf.
20—

The Marx Bros.

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS?

Like Twenty Questions? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 8.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Monday evenings.

Panic Loomed . . . The Show Went On!

Crowded Theatre Goes Dark as Fuse Blows

"The dog-and-pony number was finishing", writes Stage Manager Frank M. Polhamius, Jr., of 195 Fuller Lane, Winnetka, Ill., "when an overloaded main fuse blew out. As the stage went black, panic threatened the lives of thousands crowding the full house.

"Part of my equipment as stage manager is my trusty 'Eveready' flashlight. Before the audience could sense that anything was wrong, I called for the curtain, dashed to the wings and played my flashlight on the apron of the stage like a baby spot.

"Fortunately, a dance team was ready to go on. In a split second they were on the stage and going through their routine in the spot furnished by my flashlight.

"DATED 'Eveready' batteries in that flashlight had lighted my way around dark theatres for many weeks before they were called upon to meet this spine-chilling emergency. So you can bet I realized in those critical moments just how much it can mean to buy batteries that are *fresh* and full of life. No one can ever know how many lives were saved by DATED 'Eveready' batteries that night.

(*Signed*) Frank M. Polhamius Jr.

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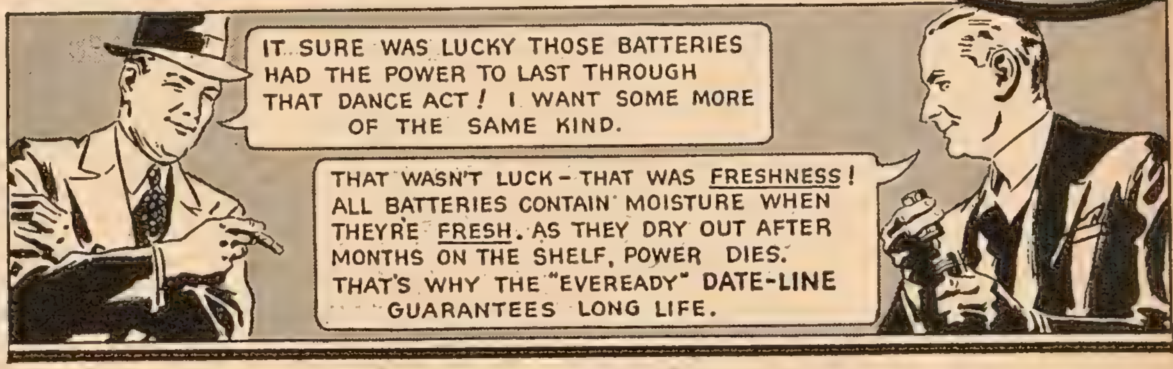


IT SURE WAS LUCKY THOSE BATTERIES HAD THE POWER TO LAST THROUGH THAT DANCE ACT! I WANT SOME MORE OF THE SAME KIND.
THAT WASN'T LUCK – THAT WAS FRESHNESS! ALL BATTERIES CONTAIN MOISTURE WHEN THEY'RE FRESH. AS THEY DRY OUT AFTER MONTHS ON THE SHELF, POWER DIES. THAT'S WHY THE "EVEREADY" DATE-LINE GUARANTEES LONG LIFE.

SAY "LUDEN'S"

LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S 5¢
Now WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
5¢

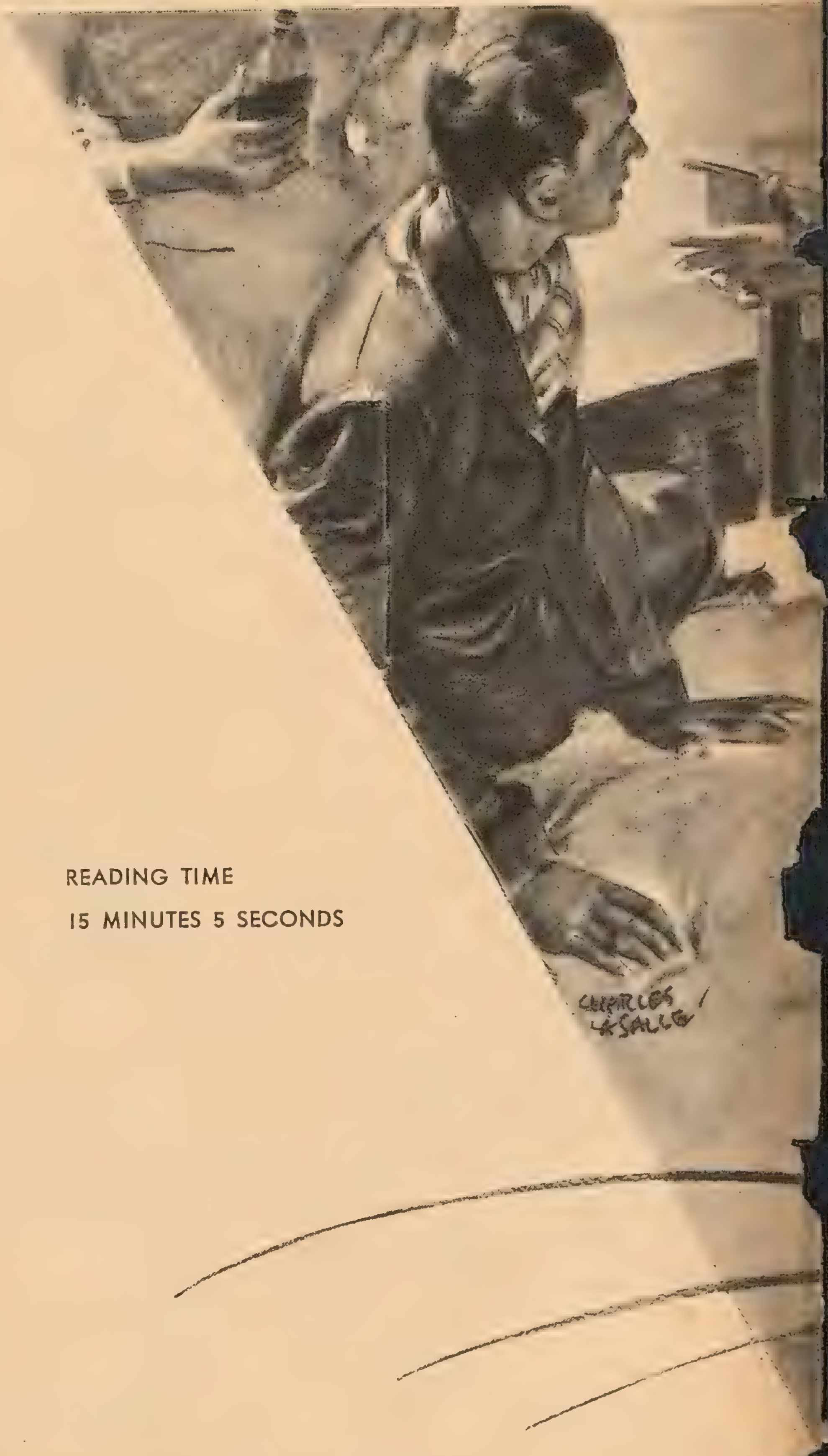
Because BUILDING UP YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE HELPS YOU TO RESIST COLDS

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

Too Man

BY CORNELIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY



READING TIME

15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Can divorce end all when love still lives? . .

BIG handsome Dick Lombard marries sweet little Patsy Van Heuten when both of them are nineteen. Their ranches adjoin in Reno, Nevada. Dick is rich and takes delight in physical action almost to the point of brutality. His bride, on the other hand, is fond of books and beauty, and is far more serious in her outlook.

Despite different tastes, their first year of marriage is one of complete happiness—until Craig Wendell, a novelist who has written a best seller, visits them. Immediately Patsy is attracted to the quiet, cultured writer, and Dick becomes jealous. Rudely, forgetting his duty as host, young Lombard declares that he and his wife are going for their nightly ride, and insists upon it, though a furious storm is raging outside and Patsy expresses her fear of it.

Her horse stumbles and throws Patsy, injuring her seriously. Dick is grief-stricken and contrite; but when she recovers, Patsy feels that they must part. Something has happened to her love for him. Naturally Dick puts the blame on Craig Wendell, who has devoted himself to Patsy during her convalescence. Hurt and angry, Dick rushes to New York without saying good-by.

There he hits the pace. Good-time girls and plenty of parties and drink. Lucia Valiant, society girl and tennis champ, likes him a lot. So does Florette Vincennes, a beautiful night-club torch singer. But Dick declares he is through with marriage. The fact is he can't forget little Patsy, though they are now divorced.

Nor can Patsy forget him. On his twenty-first birthday she sends him a present of a white porcelain horse, calling herself a fool even as she does it. Meanwhile her father has lost his money, and Craig Wendell suggests that he and Patsy go into business together, establish a resort ranch. The novelist hopes to win her heart, too.

PART THREE—THE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

THE package from the exclusive Reno shop arrived at Dick Lombard's East River apartment in New York. But Dick was at Southampton, visiting Lucia Valiant. Dick's Japanese servant took the package when it came. He shook it to see if it contained, by any remote, illegal chance, liquor. Deciding it didn't, he put it in the rear hall closet along with tennis rackets, discarded golf clubs, a pair of skis, and two bridge tables. As Hito banged the door, a polo coat—loosely hung on a peg—slipped down and covered the package. And there in its wrappings the little white horse lay.

A week later, when Dick returned from his prolonged house party, he found that Hito also had been partying. The apartment was a shambles. And Hito, lime-green from alcoholic hang-over, was fired on the spot. He departed in an Oriental sulk—and with no remembrance of the package from Reno.

Decorators were called in to re-do the apartment. A painter, rearranging the back closet, put the unopened package containing the little white horse up on the shelf with other miscellaneous objects.

Meanwhile Patsy, out in Nevada, couldn't know of this mishap. She hadn't exactly regretted her impulsive act on Dick's birthday, but she had had time to feel ashamed of her lack of dignity. Her pride again asserted itself. She blamed the Martinis. She knew no word would come from Dick. Still, for weeks she rode down to the mail, childishly exhilarated by a forlorn hope. . . . That little white horse might possibly tell him so much! . . . Oh, she was a fool all right!

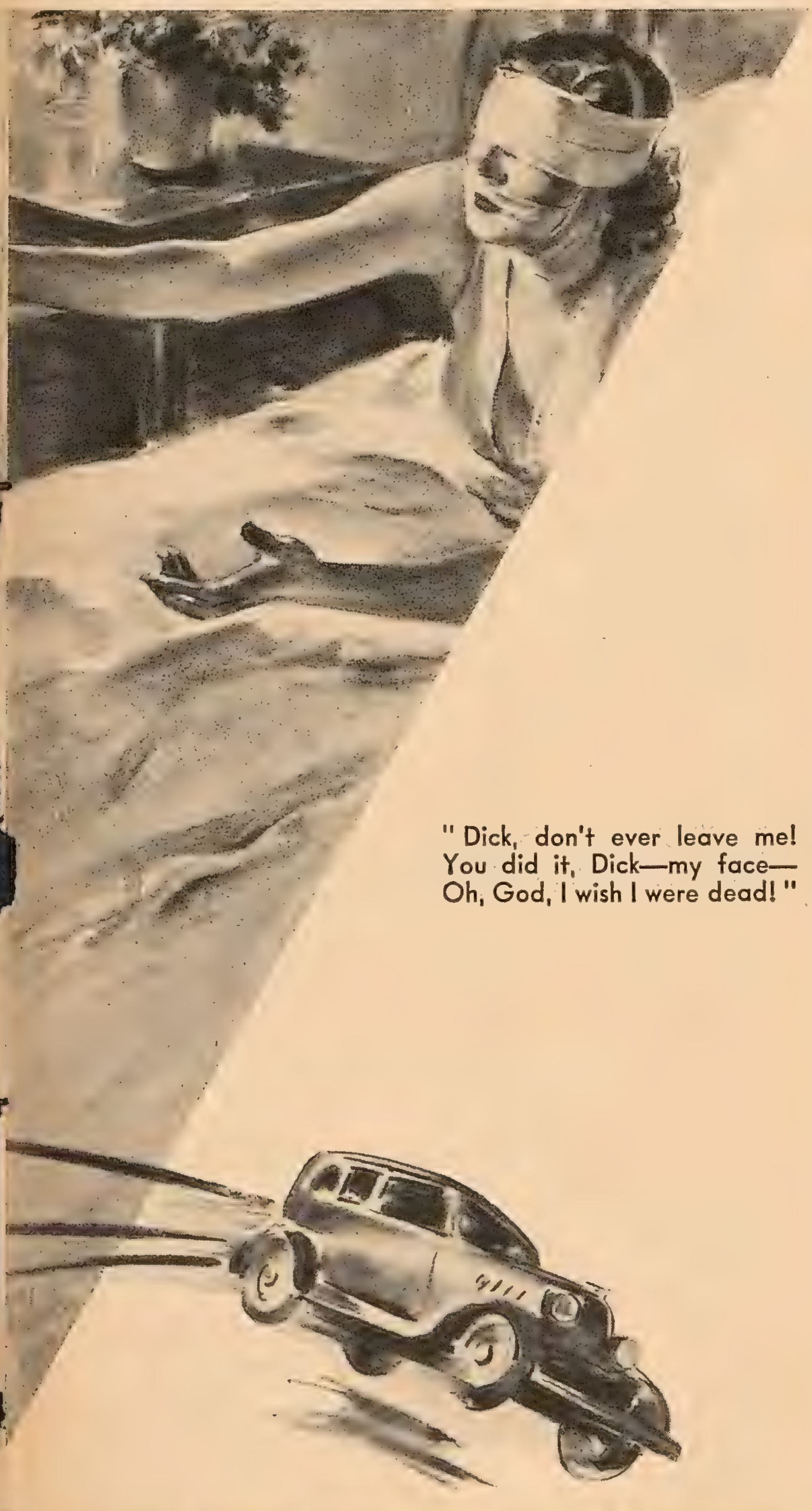
Patsy was thinking these thoughts one August day as she rode to the mail. She wasn't riding her pony now, but a bigger horse. . . . She was going to ride bigger and bigger horses! And swim in deeper pools. And get tough! She looked across her golden undulating fields to the distant slope where a row of desert poplars marked the boundary between her land and Dick's. She fancied she could see him riding there, could hear him hallooing to her.

But the only humans she actually saw in that bright landscape were carpenters finishing the first little Basque cottage along the shore of the aquamarine lake. The only sounds she heard were hammerings and sawings, and an occasional cry of a curlew, the loneliest bird in the world. Lonely as she was! . . . But she mustn't think thoughts like that!

y Wives

VANDERBILT, JR.

CHARLES LA SALLE



"Dick, don't ever leave me! You did it, Dick—my face—Oh, God, I wish I were dead!"

Now two hearts learn the ways of loneliness

She lifted the Arabian's reins, tapped her heels smartly against his flank, and gasped as the big horse swung into motion. For miles she rode, trying not to let the animal under her sense her fear of him. But he did. And, once sure of it, he became possessed of the devil. Yet Patsy stayed on. She tightened the muscles in her slender thighs; she dug her knees in. And she rode him home to the KX ranch house—to confront a white-faced Craig and a beautifully dressed but tragic-looking woman who had been watching her approach.

"Don't do that, Patsy!" Craig begged as he helped her down. "Don't ride him again. Stick to your little pinto."

"Pintos are sissy!" Patsy said. But she was sorry for Craig because his fear for her had been so great that his hands were trembling. . . . Life was certainly a mess! As though some god on Olympus stayed awake nights thinking up complications! . . . She eating her heart out for a Dick she had sent away! Craig eating his heart out for love of her! And this sad-looking woman standing beside Craig—a "cure seeker" too! . . . We're all cure seekers, thought Patsy, and what's the medicine?

"Patsy, this is Mrs. Harris." Craig's voice had recovered its clipped cool English accent; "an old friend of mine from New York. Is to be here twelve weeks—"

Patsy shook hands with her first customer.

Thus Patsy's business career began.

AND back in New York, Dick's career rocked along, mounting steadily, crazily, until it nearly came to an end. He was hitting the high spots in a big way in those last few hilarious months before the crash of '29. He gave parties that were the talk of the town.

He made money hand over fist in the skyrocketing stock market. He bought a seat on the Exchange. His huge youthful figure became a familiar sight, towering above those Wall Street groups where bargaining was wildest. They began to refer to him as Captain Kidd, Jr., because he was such a fearless young pirate. Everything he touched turned to gold. Men liked him because he was rough, outspoken, hearty, and a fool for luck.

So in that New York autumn Dick was riding high and developing into something of a financial as well as a physical giant.

Lucia Valiant frequently said to him, "Big boy, if I could be sure you wouldn't interfere with my golf game, I'd marry you."

To which he replied, looking her up and down in the insolent way he'd adopted—and had found that women seemed to like, "I could do worse. You've got yumph."

But he didn't mean it too seriously. For one thing, he'd sworn off marriage. Marriage meant boyhood, past, Patsy—all things he had buried. Soft things that got under his skin and weakened him. He was a man now. Patsy'd been right—they'd been too young. . . . Patsy! He could think of her now almost without bitterness. He could almost wish her happiness with her writer, who, according to reports from Reno, was still hanging around her. A couple of softies! Let them marry. Not for him.

Besides, there was Florette, whose red hair was like the dawn of a Nevada sunset. Florette, who was living in the chromium-and-leopard-skin apartment that he had given her. Florette, Speakeasy Girl, who was cashing in on the publicity of being seen night after night with the blond young giant of Wall Street fame. Florette, who swore she loved him; that she'd give up her ever-increasing success as an entertainer any time he said the word. And she seemed to mean it. Her beautiful green eyes glowed when she smiled possessively at him.

"You're a mountain lion," she told him one afternoon when she was in his apartment arranging flowers for a cocktail party. "You roar and smash and scratch something terrible. But I can take it! 'Cause I'm a panther—small and tough!"

"I like my women tough, Red!" he said. "All Lombard women have been tough!"

"But I'm not really a Lombard woman—yet," she pouted, pursing her full pretty lips and leaning her tawny head against his shoulder.

He pushed Florette away from him. He looked at her as though she were a beautiful stranger. Yes, undoubtedly one of the most beautiful girls in New York! Earl Carroll said that of her. But she was for the moment a stranger to him, Dick. And all because the slender feel of her in his arms and his own words about "Lombard women" had suddenly too vividly recalled Patsy.

"What's the matter?" asked Florette, smoothing her black velvet dress over her diminutive hips and readjusting the childish bow under her pretty chin. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

Dick laughed shortly. "Maybe I have! Ask Punch to rustle in the drinks, will you? No reason for us to stay dry just because my guests have lead in their feet!"

When she had vanished into the butler's pantry, Dick crossed swiftly to his desk. There it was—October 5, 1929—staring at him from the calendar. Patsy's twenty-first birthday! . . . What had he always promised her?

Dick wasn't given to impulses. But this one was so surprising that it threw him off guard. Maybe he was tired. Or the gray drizzle outside his windows had soaked into his spirit, lowering his resistance. He went to the telephone, called a swanky toy shop, and ordered a merry-go-round for Patsy. "Any kind. . . . A Swiss music box? Has it horses that go up and down? . . . Yes, yes, that's fine. . . . Send it to Mrs. Richard Lombard, KX Ranch, Reno, Nevada. . . . Charge it. . . . What? . . . No, I haven't a charge account—but I'm Richard Lombard. . . . All right, all right. Naturally not! I'll send my man over with the money! . . . But get it packed. . . . No, no card!"

He hung up. He felt warm for the moment—connected with life again. He and his past and Patsy and all the things that meant anything were suddenly one again.

But only for a second.

A wide-eyed Florette appeared at his elbow.

"What on earth—"

"Forgot a kid's birthday," he explained gruffly.

"But—you sent it to—your ex—"

"Yes."

"Does she still keep your name?"

Her question angered him, then shocked him. "I—How do I know!" But now that he thought of it, he was sure Patsy hadn't kept even his name. She had left in Lombardy—so his factotum out there reported—all her wedding silver, the linen and towels. . . . No, she wouldn't have kept even his name! Dick's glow faded and was gone. He was suddenly sorry for himself, cheated. Life had certainly handed him a raw deal!

"Pour me a drink," he ordered. And he called in his red-nosed servant Punch—who was as hunchbacked and bright-eyed as if he'd stepped off the cover of the English magazine of the same name.

BY the time Dick had instructed Punch, his guests had begun to arrive in twos and threes, swearing at the weather, the unseasonal cold wetness of the streets; bewailing business or dates that kept them away from coral islands and sunny Southern waters.

With their able assistance Dick proceeded to get much more bottled than usual and in much quicker time. He was brutal, insolent, bawdy. Seemed to derive satisfaction out of cruelty.

Lucia—who wasn't drinking because she was leaving for Hot Springs, Virginia, and a tournament the next day—was worried about him. She thought she understood Dick; felt that she and he were cut pretty much from the same cloth. She hated to leave him—but had to. Training—her game—

"Don't let him ride or drive tonight," she warned Florette before she reluctantly wrapped herself in furs and departed.

But Florette, exquisite cheeks flushed, green eyes unnaturally bright, was in no mood for advice. Particularly not from the high-hat Lucia, whom she alternately despised as a cold fish and feared as a powerful rival.

In fact the memory of Lucia's too-solicitous words prompted her to agree to a ride later on in the evening—after the other guests had gone. "Just we two, Dickie, under the stars!"

"No stars," said Dick, helping her into his big car. "Night without stars." . . . And as he ripped into second gear, he wondered why those words sounded familiar. . . . "Night without stars—blue heaven."

And later, when he came to in a hospital bed, he wondered why the whole dizzy, wet catastrophic night seemed to be something he'd lived through before. . . . Morning found him wide awake, practically recovered. "Not even concussion," the doctor said. "How you escaped I can't imagine—but then, the driver is never as badly—"

And then, for the second time, Dick asked how Florette was. This time they answered him.

"It's her face," they said. "Oh, her eyes are all right—we had to sew the lid of one on—no harm to the sight. But as far as her looks go—"

"God!" gasped Dick, sinking back in bed. . . . The world whirled about him. First—white walls, expressionless hospital faces; then—night clubs with Speakeasy Girl crooning in spotlight—shining hair, green eyes, curved red lips crooning, "Oh, give me something to remember you by." Gorgeous Florette, little Red, most beautiful girl on Broadway! . . . Florette without beauty! Her career! Her life! . . . He couldn't let this happen!

Dick sat up again vigorously. "Get specialists," he ordered. "Any one—all of them. Money doesn't count! Here, help me up!"

"Easy there. Your leg will be a trifle stiff for a few days. You twisted—"

"To hell with my leg! I can do business on crutches! But Florette can't *live* without her looks!"

THE Reno papers carried the story of Dick's accident—as it had of his parties, his successes. Patsy read with tears in her eyes and fear and longing making her heart one vast twisting pain.

"He's all right," she told Craig on the second day after the accident. It was a cold, sleeting afternoon. Craig had brought her the mail and papers. They were reading them before the open fire. "He wasn't hurt seriously!" she said. "But the girl! Oh, how dreadful for her—and for him!"

Craig nodded. But he was thinking of the other time when a headlong ride of Dick's had almost broken a girl. And now in Craig there was no pity. Men like Dick Lombard should not only have their "licenses to drive revoked"—as the paper reported—but should have their licenses to live canceled! Men as attractive as that, as powerful, as unbridled, shouldn't be allowed loose in society! . . . What charm did the brute have, to be able to hold Patsy after all he had done to her—even after this? For there was no doubt about it—Craig studied Patsy's flushed tense little face before him, with her eyes that were great brown wells of tenderness.

Craig swore at that moment, there with Patsy before the roaring fire, that he'd play every card, use every trick, to get her away from Dick Lombard! His efforts so far—establishing her in business, loving her silently, patiently—hadn't been enough! Somehow he'd save her! Had murder been a way out, at that moment Craig felt capable of murder.

"You're not sorry for Dick!" Patsy exclaimed, half reading his look. She felt for the first time hostile toward Craig. "And I thought you understood life and people so well! Thought you could look down under surfaces and see the truth! Why, Dick would rather have had this thing happen to himself!"

"You may be right," said Craig wearily. "I don't seem to know many of the answers." He reached for his hat and stick. "Shall I meet the train for your new guest? Or will you let Lank do the honors?" Lank was the new chauffeur, butler, carpenter.

"Lank will, thank you." Patsy was still reading the paper: "Specialists were called in at once for consultation. . . . As soon as possible an operation will . . . But the nerve shock has been severe. . . . Time is essential." . . .

Craig went out into the rain-swept Nevada afternoon.

Two days he stayed away. And he who could so easily, with a mere flick of his pen, solve problems in the lives of his paper people, could glimpse no light in his own darkness. As far as he could see, Time was his only ally—Time and the old advice, "Easy does it."

But when next he saw Patsy, on a clear bright autumn morning, it looked as though he wasn't even going to be allowed Time as an ally.

From the moment he mounted the ranch-house steps he knew something was astir. Yura Dope looked as cross as ever when he let him in; but everything else was unnaturally cheerful. Craig could hear Patsy singing upstairs. And when he entered the big living room with its crackling fire, his old friend Mrs. Harris met him with a glowing face.

"Craig," she laughed, "you'll think me an old fool, but"—she was trembling like a girl; not even the flames behind her were as bright as her eyes—"Patsy and I are going to New York!"

Fear struck him—cold, reasoning fear.

"I'm going back to Ted! Patsy talked me into it—the darling! Said divorce was a mistake for us! I telephoned Ted last night, and he wants me. Everything seems to be going wrong in Wall Street. He's working his head off. And he needs me!"

But Craig was really no longer listening. Relief had flooded through him—only to be followed by swift doubt. "Why is Patsy going too?" he asked.

"I—I don't really know." Eleanor Harris veiled her eyes. "For the trip, I believe. She's been so—"

Craig's glance traveled to the table beyond her.

She followed his eyes. There in bright perfection stood the little merry-go-round.

"It's sweet, isn't it?" Eleanor said, rising—glad to escape his further questioning. "It came yesterday for Patsy—from New York. Look—it plays divinely." She turned the key. The giddy toy revolved, the tiny horses went up and down, small bells jingled. Upstairs Patsy's voice joined the tune, "Funiculi, funicula—tra-la-la—"

Later, when Patsy was alone with Craig, she told him—because she couldn't ignore the question in his eyes.

"Dick wouldn't have sent it if it didn't mean anything! And oh, Craig, I've got to see him—find out! I promise to make it casual. I'll be, oh, so dignified! I won't throw myself at him! My heart has ached for him so, these last few days. Maybe I can help by being there! Maybe, even"—her eyes were like dark stars—"maybe we've both suffered enough—as Eleanor has—and grown up enough to be ready for each other again!"

Craig felt suffocated. He took her hands. "I want you to be happy," he said. What else was there for him to say? Hadn't even Time deserted him?

Time had. But not chance. For at that moment Lank shambled into the room with the morning papers.

THE story that those papers carried was an echo of what had happened when Dick was first admitted to Florette's hospital room. White-faced, he had limped over to stand beside her bed.

She huddled there, a forlorn broken thing, crying through swollen lips, tears slipping down under the bandages. She wasn't a waxen silent invalid like Patsy. "I can't live," she whimpered hysterically. "I won't live if my face—Dick!" She groped for his hands. "Dick, don't leave me! Don't ever leave me! You did it, Dick—you broke me—my face— Oh, God, I wish I were dead!"

Dick, in a dumb agony, tried to obey the signal of the nurse. He started to pull his hands away from Florette's feverish grasp. But she shrieked, "Promise me—Dick! You'll never leave me! Even if I'm hideous, Dick! I'm yours! You did it, I tell you—you!"

The nurse swiftly prepared the needle. A doctor, hearing the cries, entered.

"I promise," said Dick. And he limped from the room.

THE papers carried the story: "Richard Lombard to Wed Florette Vincennes, Crash Victim."

Is that newspaper headline true? Will Dick Lombard marry the disfigured torch singer out of chivalrous sympathy? And if so, what will the end be, with Patsy still in the back of his mind? There are more amazing twists and turns in next week's Liberty for you.

BROWN-FORMAN
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
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90 PROOF
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BOTTOMS UP!

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Bottoms Up
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY . SINCE 1870

A BROWN-FORMAN QUALITY PRODUCT

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

WOMEN love automobiles. . . . To help their husbands buy a new car, many women in more than moderately well-off circumstances are willing to save the cost of a maid by doing their own housework. . . . If it comes to a financial question between the new car and the maid, they give up the maid. . . . I can't prove this, but I am told reliably that some women have even been known to avoid having babies because the expense of motherhood might cut the new car out.

This is not a tirade against automobiles. I am a woman. Nothing gives me a greater sensation of luxury than riding in a fine car. I love automobiles. Love them devotedly! I talked with Helen Dryden about them.

Helen Dryden serves as a sort of liaison officer between us girls who love automobiles and the men who make them. Helen Dryden is a lady artist with a clear practical mind. She tells the automobile designers how to satisfy our feminine tastes. I asked her what women want most of all in automotive improvement.

"Room," said Miss Dryden. "Always more room. More room for our fluffy summer skirts and silky evening dresses. Women also care about safety. We don't want flower vases, or ash trays, or any gadgets sticking out to ruin our faces if we get bumped by another car. And we don't want plush upholstery that sticks to our clothes."

I agree with Miss Dryden on every point. Women love automobiles. But we love them roomy, safe, and smooth. Helen Dryden is a famous style authority. Thirteen years she designed covers for Vogue. Born in Baltimore, she was a contemporary schoolgirl there with Wallis Warfield.

☆ Perfume is by far the most popular form of Christmas gift from woman to woman, as well as from boy to girl. It is always more complimentary to give first-class perfume, even if you can afford only the smallest bottle. Here are some of the best perfume buys on the market:

Mori's delicate flower scents in smart hexagonal bottle at $1. . . . Any of the Matchabelli perfumes—my favorites are Duchess of York and Georgian Carnation — from $1.25. . . . Exclusive, exquisite Elizabethan Tapestry or Tuberose by Mary Chess, from $1.75. . . . For sports wear, Chanel's new Cuir de Russie, and Chanel's new Glamour for evening; from $2.25. . . . Lucien Lelong's amusing Penthouse set of four different odors in different bottles, from $2.50. . . . Squat opulent bottles of the elusive Milord, by D'Orsay, $3.50. . . . Coty's Emeraude in lovely package of Persian design, $3.50. . . . Carnation, by Charbert, in a gay gift package of red, white, and blue, $3.50. . . . Newly introduced Chevalier de Garde perfumes, Fleurs de Perse, H. R. H., and Roi de Rome, in crystal globe bottle with crown-and-eagle stopper, from $4. . . . Hudnut's gold-and-white-wrapped R. S. V. P., unusual fragrance, $5. . . . Weil's exotic fascinating Noir, made especially to harmonize with our present fashion for wearing black, $13.75. . . . Jay Thorpe's gorgeously bottled Naughty but Nice, $15.

Helen Dryden

☆ Thanks to the sharp prickles along the edges of holly leaves, we glimpse many a Christmas happiness that we might miss otherwise. People hang holly at their windows, and the thorns on the holly prevent the people from pulling their shades down. So, as we travel our winter roads by train or bus or car, we can look straight into cozy warm-lit homes, see children playing in the hearth glow, watch tidy wives exert themselves as busily as bees, and see their husbands, early home from work, making themselves useful (or so they think) around the place. . . . Reminds me of the dolls' house I had when I was a little girl. I'd light the lamp inside, then peek in through a window and toast my imagination in the comfort of my dolls. . . . Now I can feel the same soft mellow feeling when I drive through any American town at Christmas time, past the warm-lit, holly-garlanded windows of happy little homes.

☆ Three good Christmas-gift books for men: Thrilling Triumphs of Crime Detection, by George Barton, with a foreword by J. Edgar Hoover (published by David McKay Company, Philadelphia; $2). . . . Wings Over Asia, by Lowell Thomas and Rex Barton (published by John C. Winston, Philadelphia; $2). . . . The World in Maps, by W. W. Jervis—all about maps and map making (published by the Oxford University Press; $3).

☆ Your husband rules the roost if your handwriting looks more like his than it did when you married him. If, since marriage, his handwriting has changed so that it now looks more like yours, then *you* are the boss of the family. A recent congress of handwriting experts came to this conclusion. In any marriage, they said, the weaker mate will take on the handwriting of the stronger mate. . . . An excellent reason, if true, for destroying old love letters and hiding such current scribbles as this year's Christmas list.

☆ Sherry Cream used to be a dessert much favored at Christmas parties in old Colonial days. It deserves reviving because it tastes so good, looks so festive, and is comparatively easy to digest after the richer holiday feasting. Make as follows: Use 24 almonds, blanched, dried, finely ground. . . . Over the almonds pour 1 cup boiling milk. Add ½ teaspoon bitter-almond essence. Let cool. Now beat the yolks of 5 eggs with 2 tablespoons cream, adding 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ cup sherry wine. Stir this into the almond mixture. Place in double boiler over simmering water. Stir one way until custard thickens to consistency of heavy cream. Cool; pour into sherbet glasses; then chill thoroughly.

Just before serving, crumble a few candied violets or candied rose leaves on top.

THE END

Passion Before Marriage

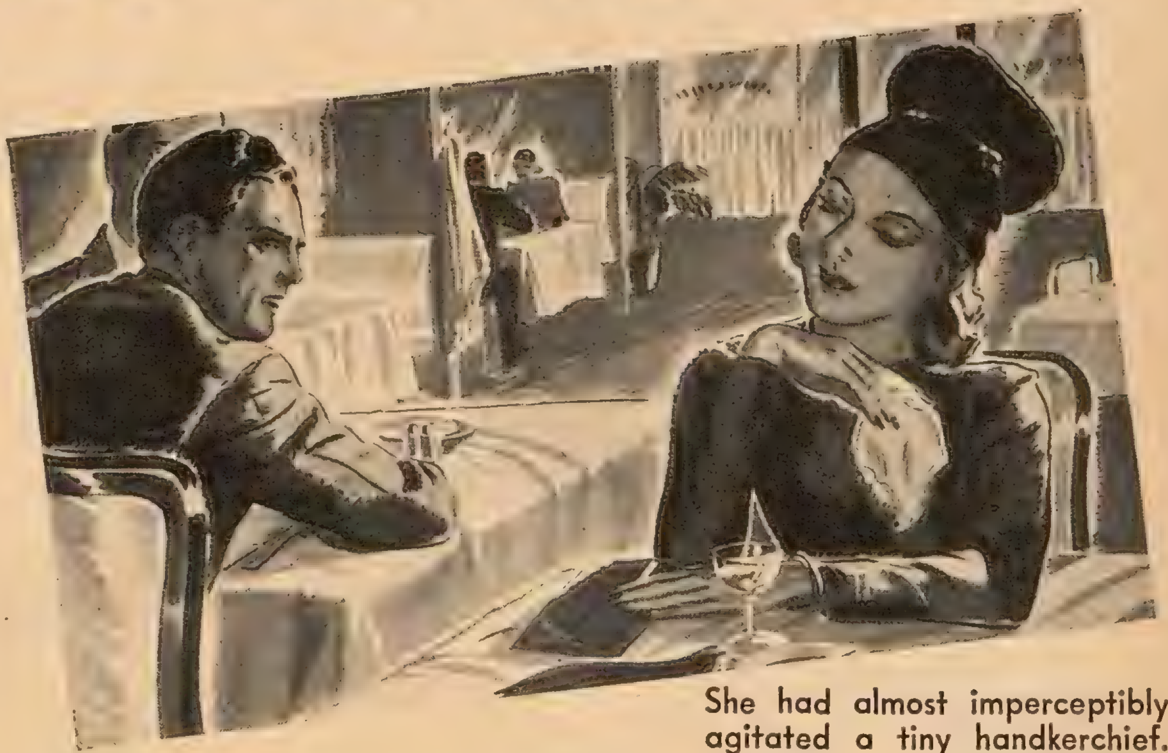
The fourth article of a challenging series on a vital problem of today

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

These Changing Times—THE WAY INTO TEMPTATION!—Do Girls Now Lead?

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

In these articles Mr. Collins is reporting to you as Liberty's investigator who has been finding out how much ground there is for the current anxiety concerning youth and sex. All his "case histories" have been obtained from members of one family.



She had almost imperceptibly agitated a tiny handkerchief.

THIS is a mother-and-daughter problem," a wise woman said to me. "The boys aren't in it."

In the larger sense, that is true. Boys haven't changed much in their attitude toward the sex act. A good many of them have always gotten whatever they could from a girl—and it is my observation that they still do.

The change—and it is a cataclysmic one—is that, as one of them expressed it:

"Feminine sales resistance has reached a new low."

Indeed, the petting girl of 1937—known in her own circle of boy friends as a "free neck"—is something new under the sun.

Or should it be the moon?

What I had been trying to do for weeks was to get an accurate boy's-eye view of her. And now that view was to be broadened and illumined by what I shall call

CASE HISTORY NO. 4

It was in Gus' little restaurant in New York's East Fifties that I welcomed to my table the twenty-one-year-old son of my old friend H. Terry ———.

John ——— was an ideal specimen for the investigator's microscope. Not alone because he was on the dean's list for more than average excellence in his studies, or because he had just completed a highly successful autumn as a first-string blocking back, but also because, although born in New York City, he had pursued his so-called higher education at his father's Midwestern alma mater.

John had been around—which his first remark may or may not have indicated. It was:

"God, what a stink!"

It evidently referred to the aroma that emanated from the young lady at the table on our right, who had celebrated my handsome young guest's arrival by an almost imperceptible agitating of a tiny lace handkerchief, which had given off a perfume. The general effect was that of a quick shot of Cleopatra, Madame Du Barry, and Gypsy Rose Lee.

"What do girls think they are," continued my young friend, "going in for that sort of thing?"

"I like a little perfume on a woman," I ventured.

"A little? Sure, that's swell. But a dame that smells herself up like that is just asking for it."

"Asking for what?"

"What do *you* think? Read the names in the ads—'Passion's Hour,' 'Burning Night,' 'Call to Arms,' 'Forbidden Moment,' 'My Sin.' What kind of a private mind has a girl got who goes up to the drugstore clerk and asks for one of those hot numbers?"

"You're a little hard on the girls, aren't you?"

John didn't honor me with a reply. I showed him a clipping and told him I had a suspicion it referred to his college. It read:

> There is one sorority on the campus, the chief membership requirement of which is that the girl has low grades in her studies and is a "fallen woman." Large quantities of liquor are ordered for the meetings, which are held in hotel rooms every two weeks. The chapter gatherings are closed with a song that is unprintable.

"That isn't our college," John said with dignity. "It's ———." He named a coeducational university.

"And this also, from the same account?" I inquired.

> The fraternity houses also entertain in a thoroughgoing manner. One house has an arrangement of beds, well partitioned, in its roomy basement, where a bar and radio are offered as primary attractions.

"I wouldn't know about that," he answered. "Of course it isn't true at my frat house. I will say, though, that almost every hotel near the campus is open for business to student couples."

I had been told as much before. The dean of one coeducational institution had allowed himself to be quoted to that effect.

"And you think the girls are more to blame for this sort of thing than the boys?"

"I think they're keener on it. You see, it's old stuff to us boys. Not necessarily from personal experience; but we just grow up with the knowledge that we're allowed a lot of liberties the gals didn't used to have, and so we're not so doggone hot about taking advantage of them. Of course, there's a boy now and then who feels he has to prove his manliness. But boys aren't anywhere near as strong for this sex thing as most people believe—especially female people."

"You really think that?"

"I know it. I'll bet ninety per cent of the boys who get mixed up with girls do it because they think the girls expect it of them."

"Don't you think the girls sometimes 'get mixed up,' as you call it, for similar reasons?"

"Sometimes, yes. But most of the girls I know who go in for this sort of thing on a wholesale basis are self-starters. With all this flumdoodle about the 'new morality,' they're going us one better, maybe two."

This statement, as I have already reported, coincides with the best expert opinion on the subject.

"Are the girls the only ones you blame when you get together in what you call your 'bull sessions'?"

"Hell, no," he said. "Very often the girls aren't really to blame at all. It's their parents. Sis is lucky. She's got Mary!"

Both ——— children, in the modern manner, call their parents by their first names.

"Swell gal, Mary," he continued. "She knows her way around, and doesn't call a spade a snow shovel. But take H. Terry. He's swell, too. But he doesn't know Havelock Ellis from Bronko Nagurski. He's still living back in the era when doctors put out 'manuals of physiology with the reproductive system completely ignored'—back in the era when 'the art of love was only known as an improper subject once written about by Ovid.'"

"That's Ellis, isn't it?"

"Why, yes; I didn't know you'd read—"

"We won't go into that now, except to say that your generation isn't the first one to be born with an interest in its body. The only way your generation is unique is that you seem to have lost control of it."

"No other generation has ever had the temptations we have. The girls in your day went around upholstered like an overstuffed chair. It took a two-years engagement to locate the springs. And they didn't dust their whole bodies with 'blended flowers' guaranteed to 'tempt . . . excite . . . thrill.' Hell, you didn't know what temptation was!"

"I don't think you can blame it all on the dressmakers and the perfumers. There is also a thing called petting, isn't there?"

"Definitely."

"And isn't that more responsible than any other one thing for all this going the limit?"

"I don't think so. Have you ever petted?"

I modestly confessed that in my day I had done a little spooning.

"Spooning? You ain't seen nothin'!"

THIS reply reminded me of the case reported by another investigator, where a mother was reminding her son that she and his father had been engaged four years, and he told her that it was different with them because they "only nibbled at each other."

"You old-timers have got this petting thing all wrong. You think it's a stimulus to going the limit. It isn't that at all. It's a substitute."

"Rather unsatisfactory substitute, I should say."

"You'd be surprised!"

The boy didn't pursue this phase of the subject, but his tone of voice confirmed what I had heard on every side: to wit, that if we think that *all* the boys and girls in the back seats of cars are confining their activities to hugging and kissing, we're crazy.

"And what do you boys think of girls who indulge in all this heavy petting—these technical virgins?"

"Oh, they're all right, I guess, if you like tramps. I'm not a fair judge. I'm in love."

"Ah, that's different!"

"You bet it is—no halfway measures for Sally and me."

"Good for you—and for Sally! When are you to be married?"

"That's the point. When *are* we? When is any young fellow going to earn enough money to support a wife?"

I didn't try to answer that question. I couldn't.

"There'll be a wait, of course," I blurbed, "but in the meantime you're happy."

"Yes, except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"I'm scared all the time for fear Sally'll have a baby."

END OF CASE HISTORY NO. 4

Here, in my friend's son, was exemplified what is, to many of us, the most menacing feature of the present youth-and-sex situation: the calm assumption of apparently decent and self-respecting youngsters that marriage is no longer possible as a sanctification of their love, and that therefore they must get along without it.

"Wait," we say to these lovers.

"Wait for what?" they say to us.

And what is our answer?

In John ———'s case the riddle might be subject to several solutions. But to young people whose adolescent years are not filled with the counterexcitements of school and college, the sex urge is much more urgent, and gets the upper hand at a much earlier age.

We see evidences of this phenomenon on every side. There seems to have been an epidemic recently of juvenile brides and bridegrooms. Distressing—yet nothing new. Historians tell us that "the girls of North Carolina married so early that grandmothers of twenty-seven years of age were frequently found. Early marriages were usual in all the states. Even girls of the 'higher classes' often married at thirteen." And in Oregon, as late as 1850, it was "not uncommon to see brides of fourteen."

The youth-and-sex problem as it looks to a father will be presented in an early issue.

There *are* those—and some of them are prominent in the ranks of students of this problem—who feel that a return to something very like these primitive conditions is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But when we look fondly into the trusting eyes of our own adolescent daughters, and realize that grandmotherhood at twenty-seven means conception at twelve or even younger, we of this modern world are loath to accept child marriage as the sexual cure-all.

The fact that there aren't many more of these early matings among present-day adolescents is not due, however, to any such sentimental scruples on our part or any inherited ones on our children's part. It is due to the very *un*sentimental fact that this whole passion-before-marriage problem is quite as much economic as it is biologic.

In frontier days, when the young could strike out into new worlds with every chance of success, the gap between puberty and matrimony did not exist. As the frontiers receded, however, the marrying age receded—to sixteen, and then to eighteen.

The war pushed it still further back until, in 1920, statistics showed that only about one fifth of our eighteen-year-old girls had entered the married state, and that seventeen-year-old brides weren't increasing in numbers as fast as thirty-year-old ones were!

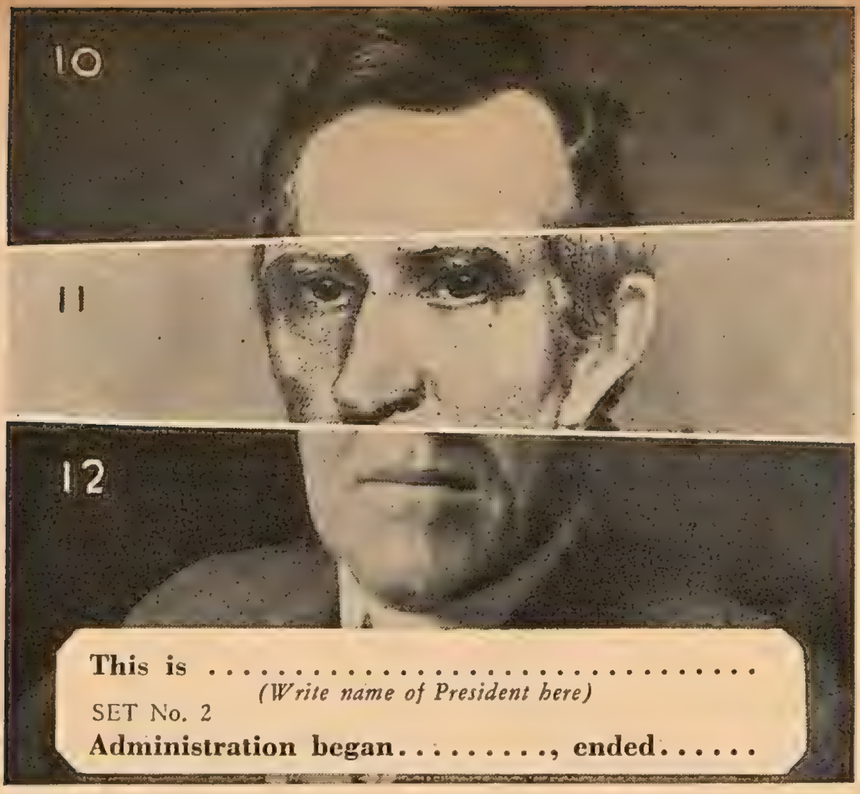
There are no specific figures available for the decade that followed. But the depression has, of course, not only wiped out any gains made during pre-1929 prosperity but has presented youth with a long-time sex-tension problem which no other generation has ever been forced to meet.

No problem exceeds this one in importance to the race. The world just cannot go on if the average young man and woman of marriageable age *cannot* marry. And for the economic jam, and the social atmosphere created by it, we cannot blame the younger generation.

In so far as this problem affects my young friend John and his girl, I resolved to do something about it.

I invited myself to a "bull session" with his father!

THE END



This is ....
(Write name of President here)
SET No. 2
Administration began........., ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of a native of Kentucky; the eyes and nose are of a medical student; the mouth and chin are of a Princeton graduate.

$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

ENTER NOW
YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

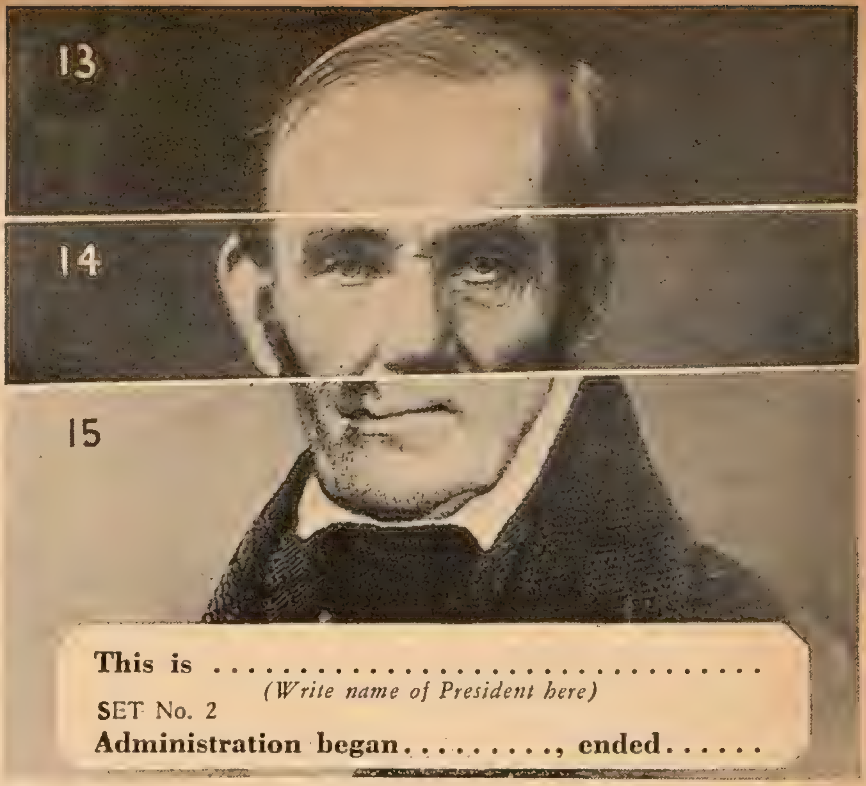
THIS is the second set of composite pictures of former Presidents. Unscramble them and identify them and you will be well on your way toward a share of the prize money. Your chance to win the $500 cash First Prize is excellent. Or you may win the $200 or $100, which are the other major prizes. In addition there are 270 smaller prizes to try for. Get started in this great game today.

SEND FOR SET No. 1

If you missed the first set of pictures last week, you still have time to get started. Simply write a note to the contest address in Rule 6 at right, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover mailing and handling, and a reprint of the first three composites will be sent you without delay. Solve them upon arrival and your entry will be even with the field.

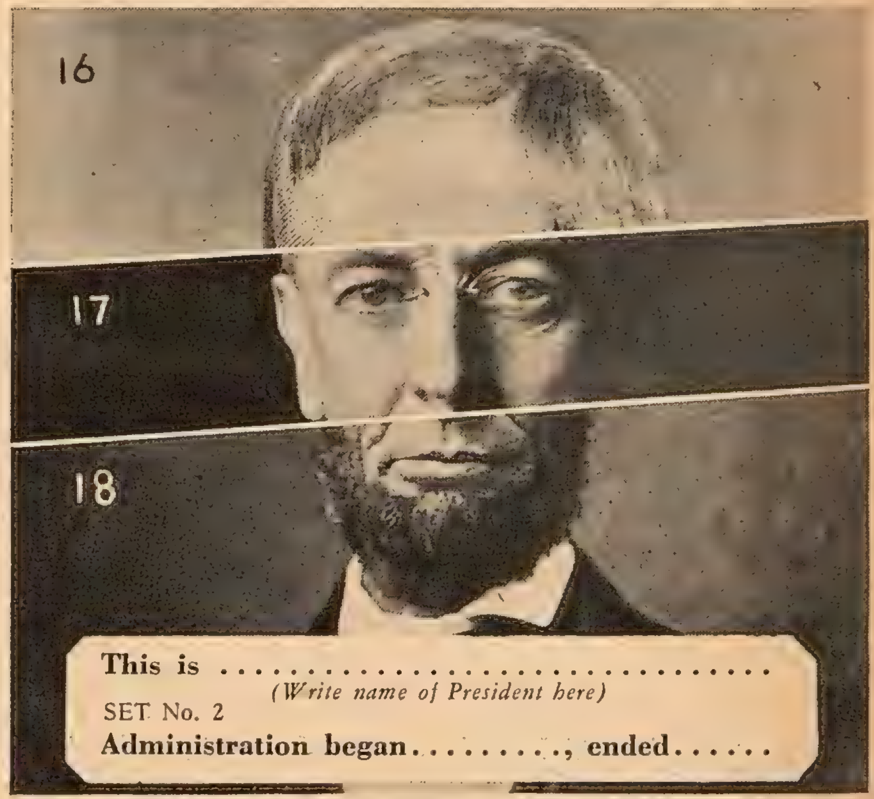
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500



This is ....
(Write name of President here)
SET No. 2
Administration began........., ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of an Atlanta lawyer; the eyes and nose are of an officer in the Black Hawk Indian war; the mouth and chin are of one who did not complete his full term in office.



This is ....
(Write name of President here)
SET No. 2
Administration began........., ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of a ward of a Revolutionary financial power; the eyes and nose are of a native Virginian; the mouth and chin are of an Illinois storekeeper.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Donnelly Blows Horn on His Baseball Forecast

New York, N. Y.—It has been said that nothing is so uninteresting as yesterday's paper or last week's magazine. Personally, I can't say that about Liberty.

My baseball forecast for 1937 appeared in the April 24 issue, and when the major-league seasons closed I reread my article. Now I think it's time to "blow"; so, with Vox Pop as a horn, I'm blasting back at those fans who took the slap at me in the spring. What have I to blow about? Let's see!

In the first place, I picked the exact first- and second-division clubs in *both* leagues. The national baseball writers' consensus didn't do that. Then, lining them up in the American League, Yankees, Tigers, Indians, White Sox, Red Sox, Senators, Browns, and Athletics, I only missed one position of importance. Chicago and Cleveland turn about, and that only by .019 percentage points. That's something!

I wrote about the Yankees: "They rank No. 1. They are going to have four or five teams to subdue before they can win." What happened? They ranked No. 1, and at one time or another had to beat down Detroit, Chicago, Boston, and Cleveland. Incidentally, I picked the Yanks' World Series line-up right down the sheet.

Writing about Detroit, I commented: "For sheer class Charley Gehringer is the best ballplayer in the land." I don't think there is any question about that now. And went on about the Tigers: "Rudy York heads the rookie list." Well, we all know what York did to prove he headed the list.

I summed up Cleveland's chances like this: "But the big 'if' is Bob Feller." Schoolboy Bob didn't and the Indians didn't. And Boston's hopes were smashed when the team bore out my prediction: "Unless the 'big names' come through, Boston can't hope for much better than fifth place." The names flopped, and the Red Sox finished *fifth.*

About Washington I wrote: "Not strong enough. Five teams picked to beat them." *Five* teams did! St. Louis was passed over with: "Isn't ready." And Philadelphia with: "Building a new ball club. They are ambitious." The Athletics' ambition carried them to finish nine full games ahead of the "not nearly ready" last-place Browns.

My April comments on the National League clubs were pretty hot, too! But read them again for yourselves, my dear panners.

All in all, I think that is a record that any sports writer has a right to blow about. My record books are filed away. However, when the clubs head south next spring, I'll dig them out, burn the midnight oil, and try to give Liberty readers a like picture of the 1938 pennant races.—*C. T. Donnelly.*

80 PER CENT OF CONGRESS MADE UP OF LAWYERS!

Moweaqua, Ill.—I have just finished reading Can the Legal Profession Clean House? (October 30 Liberty) and wish to congratulate you on the same. Can't we have some more articles like it?

The ordinary layman knows nothing about law, but if he ever has any experience with 90 per cent of the present run of lawyers he has plenty of experience and they (the lawyers) get his money. I certainly feel that it is one of the most unnecessary professions wished upon the American people, and if the lawyers don't clean house I sincerely think that the people should clean house for them.

In my opinion, one of the things that are the matter with this country at the present time is that we have too many lawyers who are acting as our lawmakers. Glancing over the list of senators and representatives of our country, and ascertaining their professions, you will find that they comprise almost 80 per cent of both Senate and House; and this situation exists even down to our state departments.

What we need at the present time is to throttle their golden tongues and put in some business men who owe nothing to the judge who happens to be on the bench at this particular time, or any of his colleagues.

I again want to thank you for nine and a half minutes of interesting reading.—*H. B. Ayars.*

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL FOR AMERICAN SEAMEN

Cristobal, C. Z.—Your article in October 9 Liberty, correctly titled Women and Children First, is certainly to the point and deserves the consideration of every American interested in the merchant marine. It is, as you stated, unvarnished—but, the truth is, very mild with regard to conditions existing on some American ships today.

I have been going to sea for almost ten years, and from my own experience have seen all the things you mentioned happen on American ships, and with a crew composed mostly of Americans or American citizens.

The American seaman today is the best paid in the world and his living conditions are the best of any ships. It is true that for years it was just the opposite. The present union has done a lot toward that; but, in turn, they are allowing too much agitation and making many unreasonable demands on the companies. The man on board ship today has the idea that all he has to do is to ask for something and he will get it through the union. The companies will only stand so much—and then lay the ships up for the simple reason that they will not show a reasonable profit. On the West Coast, one company stopped carrying passengers altogether because the union insisted on them carrying a full crew, regardless of the number of passengers carried, be it one or one hundred. They cut the crew in half—leaving those men out of work. Still, some men can't see the handwriting on the wall.

Your article may make some men realize what is happening to their jobs; and the sooner they begin to wake up to the fact that they are seamen, and with the public to serve instead of the public to serve them, the better it will be for all of us. Your article should make a lot of people think, especially seamen, and I hope I see others like it, and that they will lead to the general improvements needed. Still more can be done by the men who go to sea.—*A New York Seaman.*

TINKER'S DAM WAS DOUGH

Kendallville, Ind.—Some time ago my boss explained to me the meaning of "a tinker's dam," so we were much interested in reading Princess Kropotkin's article in November 6 Liberty. However, it seems that she is slightly misinformed, according to my boss.

The dam was not made of lead but of dough, as lead in those days did not contain the element to hold it in place while cooling, hence the necessity of a dam. When the lead set, the dough was brushed away and of course worthless.

V. P.'S
CONVENTION

Wouldn't it be fun to have a Vox Poppers' Convention and watch the fur fly as some of these "argufiers" meet? —*Z. J. K.*

F. P. A. AND HIS DATIVE

Bloomington, Ind.—In November 6 Liberty I read the article called Halloween—It Ain't What It Used to Be, by Franklin P. Adams. He mentions the fact that as a high-school student he used Daniell's First Latin Book, and says that he learned that the Latin deponents *utor, fruor, fungor, potior,* and *vescor* govern the dative. Now, either Mr. Daniell or Mr. Adams is mistaken. These verbs govern the ablative.—*Lambert Porter.*

MORE ACTION THAN A WILD WEST THRILLER

Spokane, Wash.—Wow! That sea yarn by Ray Millholland, Deep Six in the Mud (October 23 Liberty), packs more action than a Wild West thriller. It is charged " fore and aft " with excitement, peril, and a dash of spine-tingling drama thrown in for seasoning.

Please spare me for at least two copies, and serve something pleasant and restful, such as the short story Chinatown in the same issue. I'm geared so high, nothing but a " money or your life " fiction quiets me, and it's the blame of your mag. Keep them coming, but ease up every few weeks, please. —*Wesley Garritson.*

Hot Wires on Liberty's War Cartoon Cover

BALTIMORE MD—I CONSIDER YOUR FRONT PAGE COVER ON LIBERTY A DISGRACE TO THE WORLD WAR EXSOLDIERS AND THE AMERICAN LEGION SHOULD DEMAND AN IMMEDIATE APOLOGY —B AUBREY HARRIS

ST LOUIS MO—CONGRATULATIONS YOUR NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH LIBERTY COVER. IT IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST ARGUMENTS FOR WORLD PEACE WE HAVE EVER SEEN. ALSO APPRECIATE SENTIMENT OF YOUR EDITORIAL QUOTE THE SAVAGE BRUTALITY OF MODERN WAR END QUOTE SAME ISSUE. PLEASE ACCEPT OUR SINCERE THANKS ON THIS ARMISTICE DAY EVE FOR ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE PIECES OF PEACE PROPAGANDA EVER PUBLISHED. TEN THOUSAND STLOUIS LEGIONNAIRES AND EX-SERVICE MEN JOIN US IN EXPRESSING THESE SENTIMENTS AS THEY PREPARE TO CELEBRATE 19TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE END OF THE GREATEST WAR THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.—COLONEL JOHN J PHELAN REPRESENTING STLOUIS AMERICAN LEGION POST COMMANDERS CONFERENCE.

DESTROY THEM LIKE MAD DOGS!

Miami, Fla.—In November 6 Liberty I have just read Men Who Kill Little Children, by Eugene D. Williams.

Most crimes of this nature are due either to ignorant weak-kneed legislators or to spineless and sometimes dishonest pardon boards.

We hear much these days about sterilization, but this will not cure the type referred to. Complete castration is the safer solution. And when such a crime is actually committed, the death penalty should be invoked regardless of sanity, just as a mad dog is destroyed for the sake of future safety. —*Gaither Perry.*

DID SMOKE GET IN MR. RAY'S EYES?

Tujunga, Calif.—Say, in regard to Ambush (November 6 Liberty), what in h—— was that smoke doing going " east and west on *Ninth* in oily, ominous billows," when the truck stalled at *Seventh* and Broadway? Maybe the smoke got in Mr. Ray's eyes, because *Ninth* Street is two blocks away.—*Alvin C. Hagle.*

Colorado Springs, Colo.—The first installment of Robert Ray's Ambush would seem to prove that a fellow doesn't always have to go to college to become worldly educated. If the ensuing chapters are as good as the first I should think this one would stand a good chance of being Liberty's best story of the year.—*Robert S. Owens.*

JIM TULLY AS A FIGHT AUTHORITY

Manhasset, N. Y.—Why Joe Louis Will Not Be Champion Long, by Jim Tully, and ably echoed by Jack Dempsey (November 6 Liberty)—a remarkable document. It would have been better titled: Two Brave Irish Lads Whistling in the Dark and Holding Hands.

Taking up Tully's account of the recent heavyweight wake as told in November 6 Liberty, it seems Joe Louis didn't win that fight. Three other fellows won it—Jim, Jack, and Tommy Farr. Either history's wrong or Fighting Jim of Sunset Boulevard better get a new pair of bifocals.

Of all the 11 minutes 20 seconds of gush, Jim established three facts: Tommy Farr had a heart of Welsh oak (or is it Welsh-Irish oak?); Tommy Farr likes to sing rousing Welsh songs; Tommy Farr proved that a husky chunk of sinew twenty-three years old and weighing 203 pounds is very hard stuff to send into dreamland. Otherwise, Tully made a painful spectacle of himself as a fight authority.—*Bill Bray.*

UNABLE TO FIGURE OUT COURSE

Norfolk, Va.—The Baby Baffler in October 30 Liberty was too much for me. Although I quickly solved the time at which Wilbur Tweedle got home, I am still unable to figure out the course he steered in arriving there.

Neither on land nor sea have I ever steered a *north-by-northwest* course; but possibly I have never run afoul of Tweedle's particular brand of liquor. —*Herbert N. White.*

YOUR TIME ISN'T MY TIME

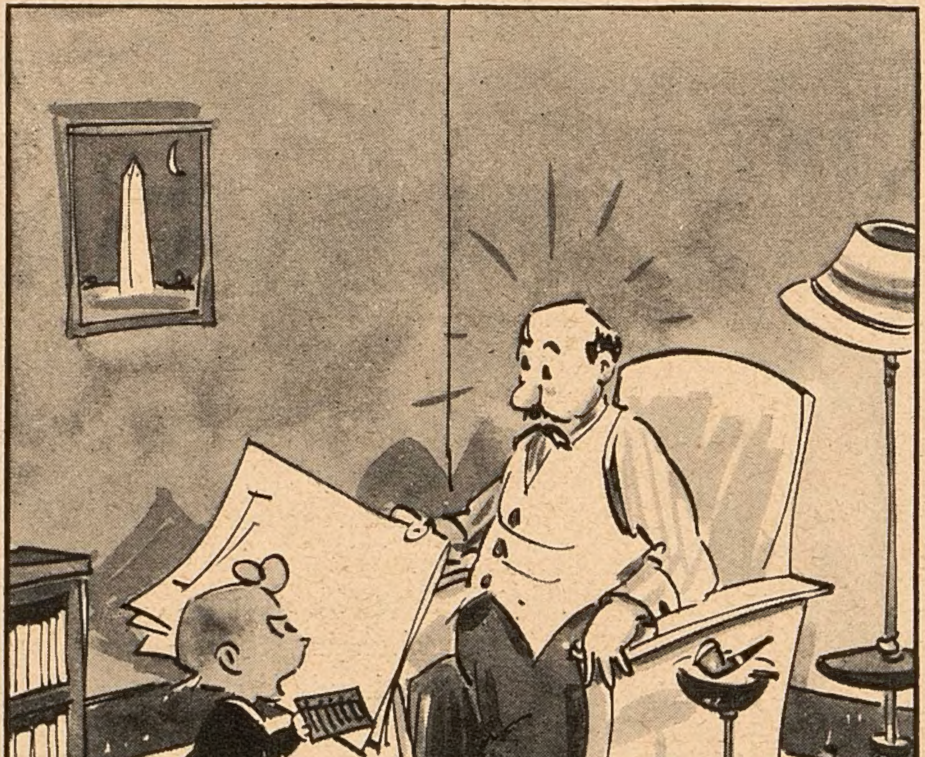
Baltimore, Md.—What a man your Limey of November 6 Vox Pop is! I kin read faster'n he kin —but I wanta know what I'm readin'.

Your time for the reading is about 50 per cent faster'n I wanta read.—*J. J. Novak.*

HARD ON THE SIGHT

Albany, N. Y.—It is to be assumed that friendly criticisms are always in order. I and other members of my family find that stories that are printed in circle or triangle formation — i. e., Death Over Galápagos and Mysterious Ways, in recent issues of Liberty — are not only hard to read but very trying to some eyes.—*H. L. Beal.*

"HARDTACK"



" I flunked arithmetic again, pop—why in the heck don't you learn to count? "

Blessed Divorce and Football Skullduggery

NOT MANY WILL ADMIT that they consider divorce a good thing of itself. The best that most men and women will say for it is that it is a necessary evil. Now comes Judge L. D. Miller, a Tennessee jurist of distinction and apparent good sense, who in a Liberty article next week delivers his opinion that divorce *is* a blessing and does more good than it does harm. Coming from one who in his judicial character has legally separated many discontented husbands and wives, this opinion is bound to create a great deal of heated discussion. We like to print provocative articles. When hundreds of letters shower into this office from excited readers, some praising, others damning an article, we know that we have touched a living nerve of public interest. On the other hand, when you, our friends, go placidly on your way, taking no time out of your busy lives to swear at us or give us a friendly salutation, then you are indifferent, and we feel glum indeed. An article that is so upsetting that it drives you to your desk to tell us your opinion, good or bad, has made you think. It is our task and our responsibility to offer topics worth thinking about. Certainly Judge Miller's piece next week lives up to that standard. You may not agree that divorce is a blessing, but you do owe it to yourself to hear the Judge's astonishingly frank testimony, then decide for yourself if he is right or wrong. Liberty, as usual, takes no sides on debatable subjects but will present all points of view.

☆

MORE EXCITEMENT about football. The article coming next week called This Football Skullduggery is a dynamite charge of accusation and revelation. This piece will also create an uproar of applause and of floor-stamping, crockery-smashing indignation. As in the case of the now historic Frank Scully article, we shall give all the space the objectors need. Again, you may agree, or disagree, but you won't want to miss this striking sports article.

☆

I WISH I HAD space enough to detail for you all that should be foretold about the exciting table of contents for next week. Do the Hollywood moguls know a star when they see one? Doesn't the public really make the stars? Frederick Lewis gives some facts and pertinent observations on this subject that show what keen dramatic critics are the much abused and exploited Mr. and Mrs. Ticket Buyer. Then there are two of the best short stories you will read next week: Oscar Graeve's Three Hours to Wait—and if the finish of that yarn doesn't want to make you stand up and cheer, better have your heart looked into—and Elizabeth Troy's timely Same to You! More! You will like Courtney Ryley Cooper's inside talk about the plans of Mr. Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation as set forth in his Home Town G-Man. Half a dozen other exciting stories and articles, generous installments of the popular current serials, and the regular features make up a fascinating package for you, crammed with entertainment, information, and inspiration.

GOSSIP from various of Liberty's activities: Jewish Advocate reprints from a recent issue Is the Klan Coming Back? by Hiram W. Evans, " together with the determined and encouraging editorial note with which the article is prefaced." . . . One woman writes to ask why we close our gates against manuscripts from prison convicts. . . . Answer is, we don't. . . . Convict 16902 has just sold us a clever Two-Minute Story, soon to appear. . . . I Am the Dead, our Vox Pop blast against dangerous driving, was reprinted all over and broadcast from many radio stations. . . . Great excitement these days among readers of books and radio listeners about E S P, knickknack name for Extra Sensory Perception, or telepathy, or just old-fashioned mind reading, as practiced and expounded by Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. . . . Readers of Liberty have known about E S P for two years, ever since Will Irwin wrote for us his famous piece on the experiments of Professor Rhine under the title Can We Mortals See Without Eyes? . . . A handsome new edition of Familiar Quotations, by John Bartlett, has just been published by Little, Brown & Company, under the editorship of Christopher Morley. . . . Here is a quotation from Mr. Morley's introduction to quotations: " The tactful editor does not too intrusively nudge his guests. What a genial impudence was that of the magazine that used to allot Reading Time—so many minutes and seconds—for its customers to accomplish a given piece." . . . We insist on remaining a tactful editor and refrain from nudging the Mr. Morley too intrusively. . . . " Hi, Babe, Get Up! " Steward Greeted Girl on U. S. Ship. . . . That is a headline from the New York Evening Sun, over an account of how Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, was announcing that a way must be found to enforce discipline on subsidized American vessels. . . . The whole scandal of our ships and the lack of discipline in crews has come out into open discussion since the appearance of our article, Women and Children First. . . . I want to thank the hundreds who wrote me about this article. . . . There were so many that it was impossible to acknowledge them all personally.

☆

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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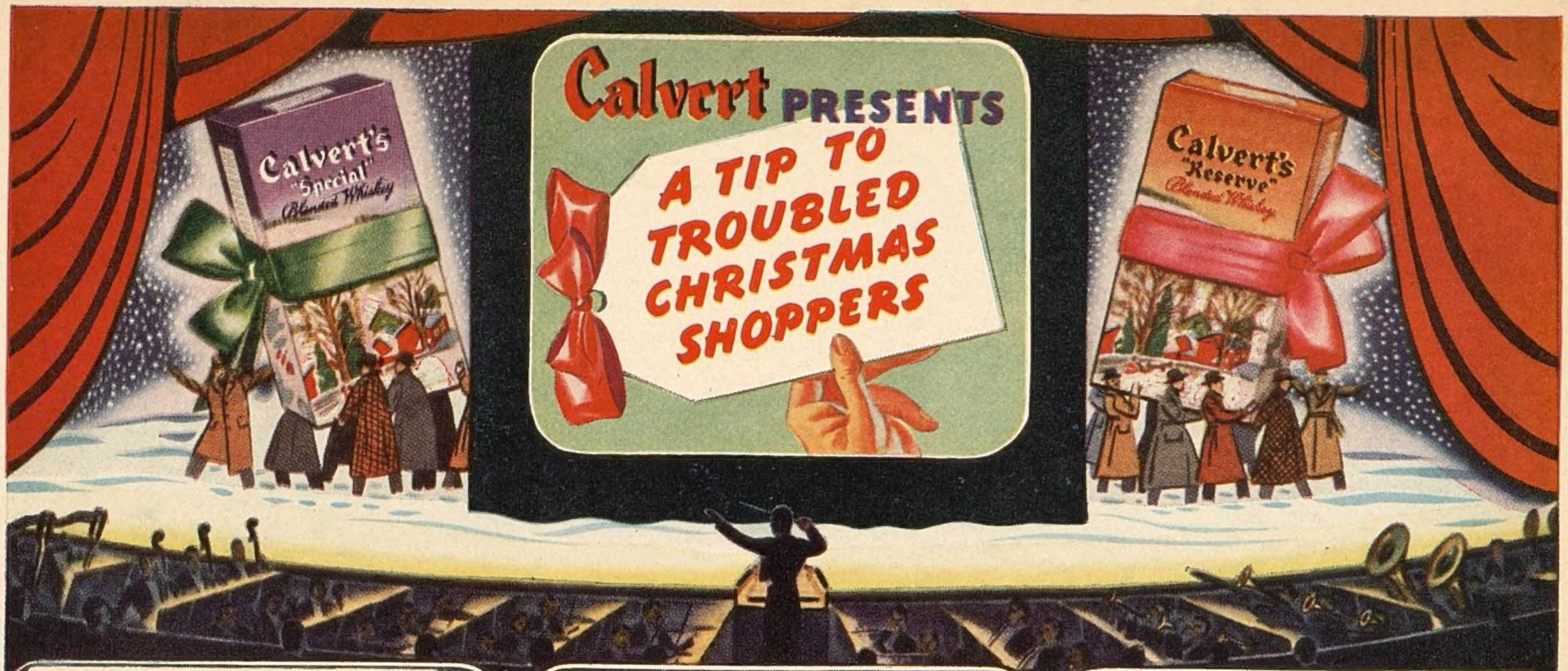
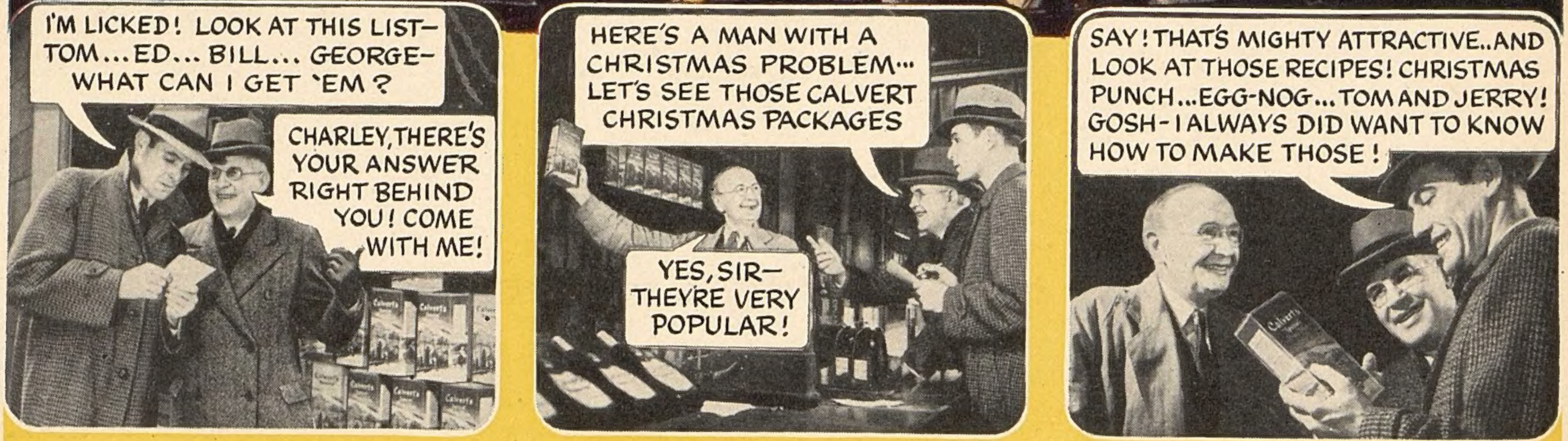
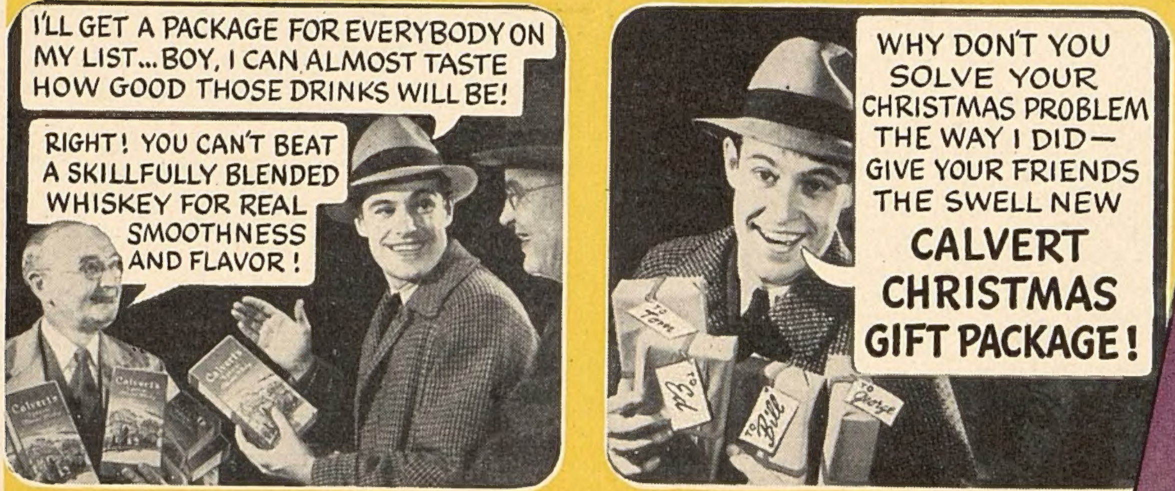
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

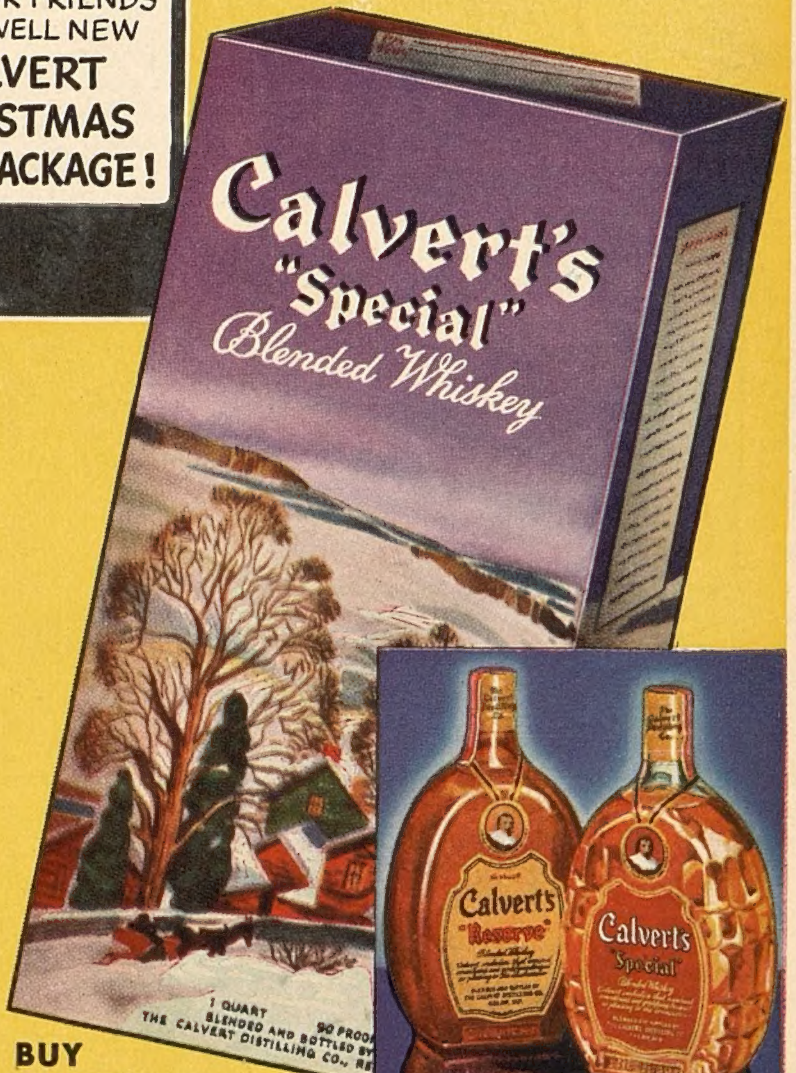

Calvert PRESENTS
A TIP TO TROUBLED CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS
Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey
Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey


I'M LICKED! LOOK AT THIS LIST—TOM... ED... BILL... GEORGE—WHAT CAN I GET 'EM?
CHARLEY, THERE'S YOUR ANSWER RIGHT BEHIND YOU! COME WITH ME!
HERE'S A MAN WITH A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM... LET'S SEE THOSE CALVERT CHRISTMAS PACKAGES
YES, SIR—THEY'RE VERY POPULAR!
SAY! THAT'S MIGHTY ATTRACTIVE..AND LOOK AT THOSE RECIPES! CHRISTMAS PUNCH...EGG-NOG...TOM AND JERRY! GOSH—I ALWAYS DID WANT TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE THOSE!


I'LL GET A PACKAGE FOR EVERYBODY ON MY LIST...BOY, I CAN ALMOST TASTE HOW GOOD THOSE DRINKS WILL BE!
RIGHT! YOU CAN'T BEAT A SKILLFULLY BLENDED WHISKEY FOR REAL SMOOTHNESS AND FLAVOR!
WHY DON'T YOU SOLVE YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM THE WAY I DID—GIVE YOUR FRIENDS THE SWELL NEW CALVERT CHRISTMAS GIFT PACKAGE!
To Tom
To Ed
To Bill
To George

SEE IT TODAY!

The Calvert Christmas Gift Package

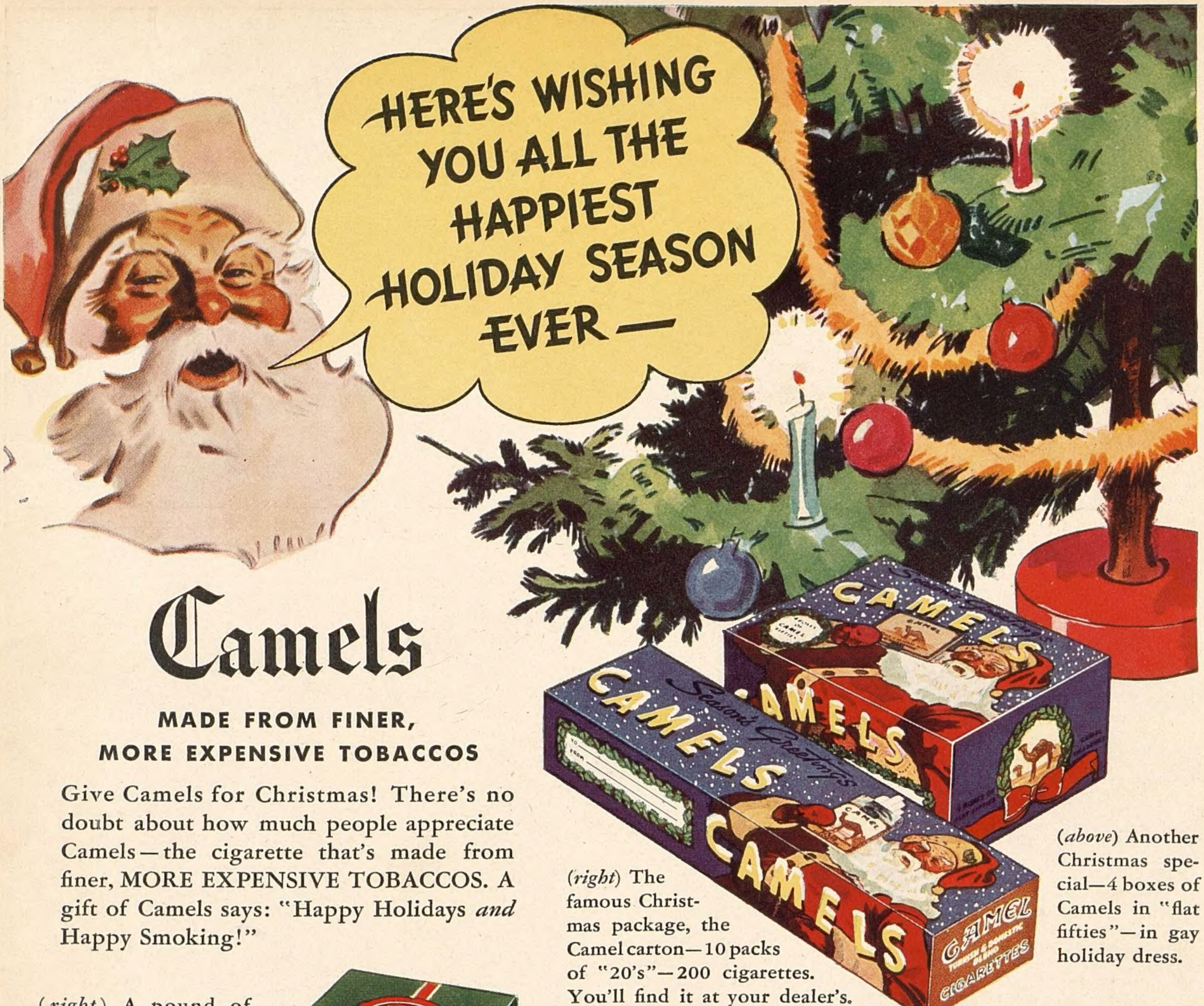

Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey
Calvert's "Reserve"
Calvert's "Special"

CLEAR HEADS
[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]

CALL FOR
Calvert
WHISKIES

BUY
BETTER
WHISKEY

COPR. 1937 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY — 90 PROOF — STRAIGHT WHISKEY IN THIS PRODUCT IS 5 YEARS OLD. 32% 5 YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKEY; 68% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY — 90 PROOF — STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 2 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 25% STRAIGHT WHISKEY; 75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 10% 2 YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKEY; 15% 5 YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKEY.


HERE'S WISHING YOU ALL THE HAPPIEST HOLIDAY SEASON EVER—
CAMELS
Season's Greetings
CAMELS
CAMEL

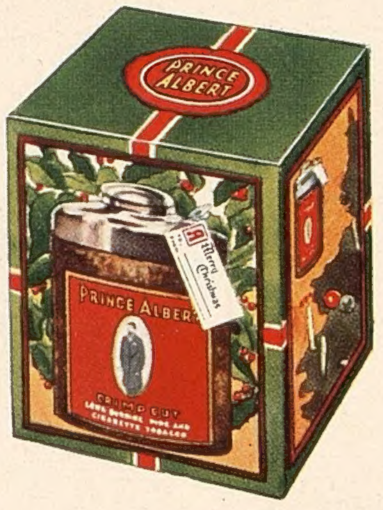
Camels

MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

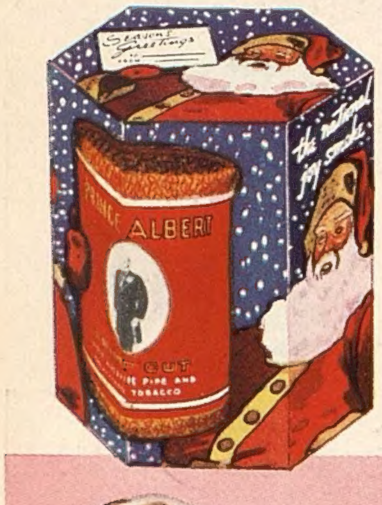
Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays *and* Happy Smoking!"

(*right*) The famous Christmas package, the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(*above*) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.


PRINCE ALBERT

(*right*) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.


PRINCE ALBERT

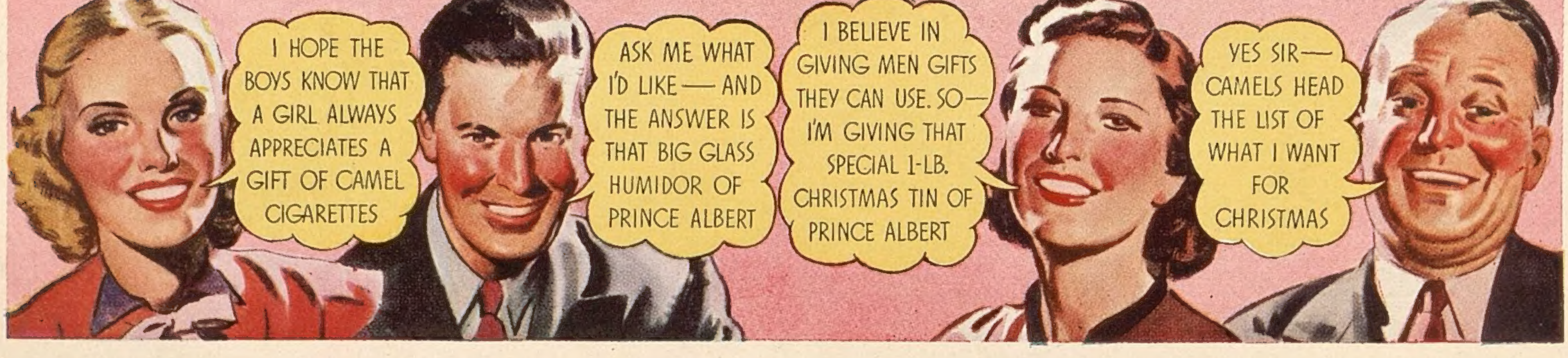
(*left*) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina


I HOPE THE BOYS KNOW THAT A GIRL ALWAYS APPRECIATES A GIFT OF CAMEL CIGARETTES
ASK ME WHAT I'D LIKE — AND THE ANSWER IS THAT BIG GLASS HUMIDOR OF PRINCE ALBERT
I BELIEVE IN GIVING MEN GIFTS THEY CAN USE. SO— I'M GIVING THAT SPECIAL 1-LB. CHRISTMAS TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
YES SIR— CAMELS HEAD THE LIST OF WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS